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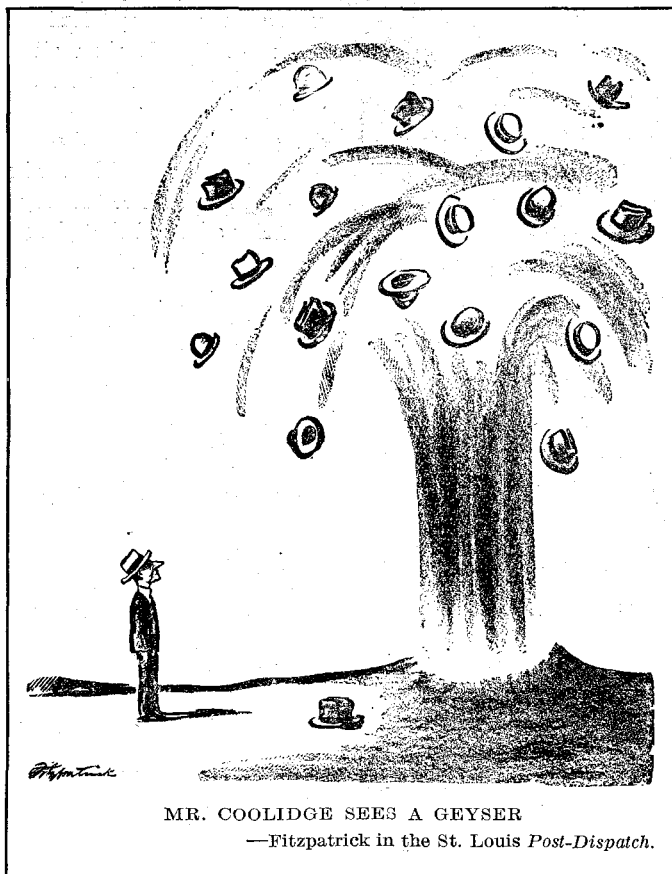
THE REPUBLICAN "FREE-FOR-ALL"

IT WAS LIKE THE BREAKING of a log-jam on a river in the timber country, it has been remarked, when President Coolidge published his decision not to run for the Presidential nomination and thus ushered in "the season of favorite sons." The political world has been counting so confidently on Mr. Coolidge's renomination that other candidacies had been little thought of. But now we have the spectacle of a free-for-all race in the Republican party, with ex-Governor Lowden an avowed candidate, and with lively canvassing of the respective strength and merits of unavowed or "receptive" possibilities like Secretary Hoover, Vice-President Dawes, Charles E. Hughes, Speaker Longworth, Senator Borah, and a score of "favorite sons" in a score of States. But while there are plenty of candidates "hidden in the bushes somewhere," they are, as the *Philadelphia Inquirer* notes, "decidedly coy." The *Minneapolis Tribune* (Rep.) finds two possible reasons why the potential Republican candidates are so inarticulate: "First, it may be deemed good politics for any man aspiring to the Presidency in 1928 to keep his counsel to himself insofar as the general public goes. One prefers to believe that the second reason is the more cogent, namely, that it would not be the best of taste for any man to declare himself a candidate so long ahead of the primaries and conventions of next year." What these gentlemen fear, as the less sympathetic *New York World* (Dem.) sees it, "is that too much publicity focused on their budding candidacies at too early a moment may be blasting." Looking ahead, *The World* suggests that:

"What we are likely to see is, first, a period of intense politeness, coupled with feverish efforts to build up rival organizations, and then a great skirmish for position when Congress meets again and the interest of the country turns to Washington, with the convention only six months distant. Bargains will be offered, alliances struck up, and candidacies openly proclaimed. Every issue that comes before Congress—flood-relief, farm-relief, taxes, Muscle Shoals, and cruisers for the Navy—will be plumbed to its depths for its political possibilities and fought over with due realization that proper use of these possibilities may help to

make a candidate for President. Elaborate efforts will be made to claim responsibility for popular measures on behalf of rival candidates, and to wish off onto other candidates responsibility for failures.

"Washington next winter will be the scene of a political battle such as this country has not seen in recent years."



MR. COOLIDGE SEES A GEYSER

—Fitzpatrick in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

A feature of the preprimary and preconvention situation in the Republican party that interests Mr. George Van Slyke, of the *New York Sun*, is that "none of the candidates, so far, appears to have thought of developing issues, except that Lowden is for farm-relief, and Hoover, as a part of the Federal Administration, is supposed to stand for Coolidge policies." Another political observer, Mark Sullivan, of the *New York Tribune* (Rep.), points out that "In the campaign approaching there is not anywhere within the Republican party—or outside it—as much radicalism, or even the milder thing called progressivism, as there was at the corresponding stage of every Presidential campaign for twenty years past, with the possible exception of 1926."

At this stage of the campaign the political prophets are extremely wary. Not all of them are even sure that

President Coolidge, himself, could not be drafted by a unanimous or deadlocked convention. It seems to David Lawrence that the Republican race will be between Coolidge, Hoover, Hughes, Lowden, Dawes, and Longworth. *The New Republic's* political correspondent brings it down to Lowden, Dawes, or Hoover. W. W. Jermaine, of the *Seattle Times*, picks Hoover and Dawes as the two favorites. Richard V. Oulahan, of the *New York Times*, picks Lowden and Hoover as the chief contenders. Well, remarks the *Grand Rapids Press* (Rep.), "the Republican party has had many worse choices for President than this." Any one of the leaders who have been most conspicuously mentioned will, if he is nominated, predicts the *Emporia Gazette* (Rep.), "lead the Republican party to victory." But to statements of this sort the *Providence News* (Rep.), having Hoover, Lowden, and Dawes particularly in mind, retorts that "on their records not one of the three, in our opinion, will have a chance



against Governor Smith comparable even with the notorious prospects of a snowball in Hades."

A number of newspaper men have been trying to find out how strong these various Republican possibilities are in different States and cities. Their observations, based on local inquiry, are more interesting than conclusive at this stage of the campaign. In New York, William Hard, of the Consolidated Press, finds Republican party sentiment divided between Herbert Hoover on the one hand and on the other these three favorite sons: "the distinguished but reluctant jurist, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes; the able and courageous, but indolent and casual ex-Senator and near-boss, Mr. James W. Wadsworth; and the limitlessly energetic, but also daringly wet president of Columbia University, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler." Organization leaders in New Jersey are said to be committed to an attempt to draft President Coolidge in spite of his expressed desires. In Michigan two different writers find Hoover and Lowden strong, with an undercurrent of sentiment for Hughes, Dawes, and Longworth. Missouri naturally wants to be shown, but Louis La Cross reports to the New York Times that he finds Mr. Lowden a probable first choice, and ex-Governor Herbert S. Hadley and Secretary Hoover popular. In Kansas, according to a Topeka dispatch to the Washington Star, Hoover is strong with the Republican leaders, while the farm organizations prefer Dawes or Lowden, and the State has two favorite sons, Senators Curtis and Capper. Several correspondents find Lowden and Hoover close contenders in Indiana. Ohio has three favorite sons—Speaker Longworth and Senators Willis and Fess—and the correspondents find no way of telling which of the more conspicuous outsiders is strongest with Republican voters. Illinois has four favorite sons, Lowden, Dawes, Senator Deneen, and Mayor Thompson of Chicago, and no one ventures to predict the eventual recipient of the Illinois votes in the convention. Nebraska is said to favor Lowden first and Dawes next, with the situation complicated by a protest boom for Senator Norris. The rural population of Minnesota makes Lowden the State's favorite, with Dawes the second choice, according to some correspondents, and Hoover according to others. Lowden is said to be the favorite of the rank and file in North Dakota and South Dakota, altho there is also much support for Dawes in the

latter State. A recent poll of Wyoming newspaper editors showed them to be almost unanimous for Hoover. Senator Jones, of Washington, has reported rapidly growing sentiment in his own and adjacent States for Hoover. A Los Angeles correspondent of the New York Times finds Hoover in high favor with the Californians, but a correspondent of the Baltimore Sun on the Pacific coast sees Lowden "in the lead, riding well."

If we were to judge by the amount of newspaper comment, the candidacy of Secretary of Commerce Hoover would loom large, even tho he has said nothing about the nomination himself. Yes, agrees the Springfield Republican (Ind.), "there has probably been more mention of Mr. Hoover than of any other." Carter Field, representing the New York Herald Tribune at Washington, speaks of Hoover as "way out ahead of the field and going strong." Political observers in Washington, according to J. E. Essary of the Baltimore Sun, find Mr. Hoover to be "potentially the strongest man in the running at the moment," but bitterly opposed "wherever wheat is grown." Richard V. Oulahan, of the New York Times, thinks there is no doubt that Hoover "is extremely popular with the people generally, women voters included." But, as Ulrich Bell of the Louisville Courier-Journal is one of many to point out, "Mr. Hoover as a rule creates no enthusiasm among professional politicians." "Probably Hoover has more friends than all the others put together," writes Charles Michelson from Washington for the New York World, "but it would be a brave politician who would venture the name of a single State whose delegation he is sure of."

Nevertheless, the Hoover boom is said to be growing. "If the President looks benevolently upon any possible successor, it is generally assumed that the man is Secretary Hoover," we read in the New York Times. While several correspondents say that Hoover's friends are putting the brakes on the boom, and that all activity is without the Secretary's sanction, Dame Rumor has, we read in the Washington Star, built up a Hoover organization with amazing speed since the Coolidge announcement of with-



drawal from the race. Will Hays is said to be interested, tho in an entirely private capacity; C. Bascom Slemph is being claimed as a Hoover worker; as is also former Governor Goodrich of Indiana, and Senator Bingham of Connecticut. Moreover, we read in *The Star*:

"Governor Brewster of Maine has declared for Hoover. Senator Couzens of Michigan is allocated to the Hoover bandwagon, upon which Henry Ford has already taken a front seat. Secretary of the Interior Work is said to be ready to enter the Hoover camp if convinced that the President will refuse to run."

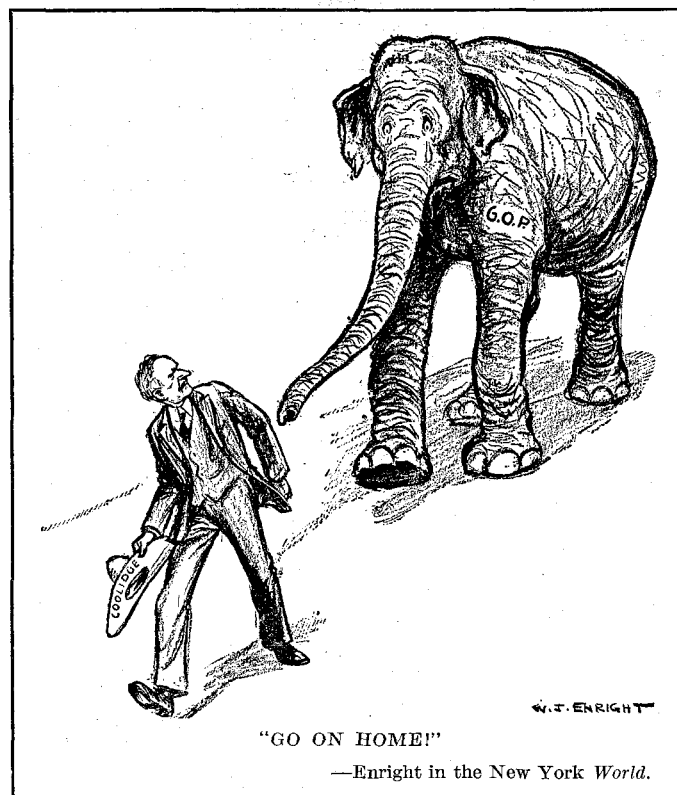
It is just as well "not to waste any more sympathy on the Secretary of Commerce because of his supposed deficiency as a politician," observes the *Brooklyn Eagle* (Dem.), calling attention to the fact that Mr. Hoover showed that he knew how to interest the voters when, in a recent speech at Los Angeles, "he spoke in favor of several great national projects, including the Boulder Dam scheme and Mississippi flood control, but made it clear that these expenditures need not interfere with the tax-reduction so ardently sought by rate payers." At the present time Louis Seibold, of the *New York Evening Post*, finds politicians believing that Mr. Hoover stands "an even better chance than Mr. Lowden for rolling up delegates, not only in the East but in the Southern States." In this connection it is interesting to note that an old Hoover man, W. Ward Smith, has been interviewing both Democrats and Republicans in the Southern States who say that Hoover would win many votes in the normally Democratic South. Mark Sullivan, the political writer for the *New York Herald Tribune* (Rep.), also hears from many competent persons in the South "that if Governor Smith were a Democratic nominee, some Southern States would turn more readily to Hoover than to any other possible Republican nominee." "If any Republican has a chance of making inroads on the solid South, Herbert Hoover is the man," says the *Columbia Record* (Dem.) in South Carolina.

On the other hand, Victor Murdock, in his *Wichita Eagle* (Ind.), says that while Mr. Hoover may appeal to the Southern imagination, particularly because of his recent visits to the Mississippi flood sections when cooperating with Red Cross relief work, it means nothing politically.

There may be plenty of talk about Hoover, but from the standpoint of practical politics, to quote the *Des Moines Register* (Ind.), "the Lowden candidacy has a long head start on the Hoovers, Longworths, and Daweses." "The statement of Senator Moses of New Hampshire that if the convention were held now Governor Lowden would be the nominee, is the view shared by most Republican leaders," we read in the Washington correspondence of the *New York Morning Telegraph* (Dem.). Governor Lowden has for months been an avowed candidate with a definite support in the corn-belt States. His supporters, says Arthur Evans in the *Chicago Tribune* (Rep.), "already claim for him 244 delegates from the twelve States: Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, Montana, Washington, and Oregon." In addition, they are expecting a better than 50-50 chance for the Indiana, Arkansas, Connecticut, Alabama, and North Carolina delegations and enough delegates from Illinois and other States to make a total of 340, as against 555 required to nominate. Dr. John Wesley Hill, who has been touring the West, speaks of Governor Lowden as the only man in the party "who can bring a better understanding between the East and West and can trestle the chasm that seems to be appearing in the Republican party." A Lowden supporter traveling in the Middle West finds 75 per cent. Republicans in eight States for Lowden. Besides the strength of the Middle West, "Mr. Lowden has the support of many of the farmers in the South," declares O. M. Kyle in one of his syndicated dispatches from Washington. A Southern Democratic newspaper, the *Charleston News and Courier*, sets it down as an "indubitable fact" that Governor Lowden would

have a better chance than any other Republican to break the solid South. But the chief weakness of Lowden's candidacy, in the opinion of a number of observers, is that it will be difficult for him to obtain the support of his own State in the convention, in view of the absolute control of the party machinery by Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, and Governor Len Small. This condition, in the opinion in the *St. Louis Star*, becomes pretty near to "spiking the Lowden boom."

And now we come to one of the most interesting features in the Republican situation. A number of political writers point out



that Vice-President Dawes and Mr. Lowden have long been personal friends, they have never opposed each other, and they agree on farm relief and other policies. They are said to be acting together now, particularly as against Hoover. It is thought in Washington, writes Carter Field to the *New York Herald Tribune*, that "Lowden is getting most of the glory right now, but that Dawes is the only one of the two who has a real chance to win the nomination." General Dawes has said recently, "I am not a candidate for the nomination," but the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* (Rep.) thinks that "if gamblers were analyzing the present situation, they would lay some odds, possibly six to five, on Dawes." He will be and he should be seriously considered, contends the *Indianapolis News* (Ind.). He is in a strong tactical position, thinks the *Louisville Herald Post* (Ind.).

Some time before President Coolidge's now historic announcement, Charles Evans Hughes made the statement, "I will never again be a candidate for public office," adding that his age, sixty-five, was a sufficient bar to his candidacy. But in New York and other Eastern States there is a strong move to draft him, say a number of the correspondents, particularly if Governor Smith seems likely to be the Democratic candidate, with his exceptional vote-getting power in New York. Senator and former Speaker Gillette, a close friend of President Coolidge, says: "Hughes is the man who seems to me to tower above all other statesmen, and I should like to support him." The *Providence Journal* (Ind.) thinks this sums up the feelings of many Americans. The *Boston Herald* (Rep.), *Springfield Republican* (Ind.), and *Portland Oregon Journal* (Rep.) can see no reason why his years should disqualify the former Secretary of State.

Mr. Hughes, writes Clinton W. Gilbert, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, has made a great impression on the country:

"No one who has been in the Cabinet in recent years has quite the air of greatness that Mr. Hughes has; not even Mr. Hoover, with all his reputation as an organizer and administrator. You would pick Mr. Hoover as a remarkable man of action. Mr. Hughes is the most articulate of our public men. He leaves an impression of sincerity and intellectual honesty. So far as public opinion is concerned, it is to his advantage that he does not know how to play the game of politics."

The Speaker of the House, Theodore Roosevelt's son-in-law, Mr. Nicholas Longworth, has recently returned from a tour of the Northwest and Pacific States, where he spoke in about forty cities and towns. Editors naturally see politics in such a tour, altho the Speaker is silent on the subject. A Washington correspondent of the Des Moines *Register* hears that it will be Longworth, not Hoover, who will have the backing of Administration leaders. Arthur Evans, of the Chicago *Tribune*, writes from the Speaker's home-town of Cincinnati, that Longworth would make an excellent vote-getter, with an appeal to wets who otherwise might swing to Governor Smith. It seems to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* that:

"The outstanding rival of Secretary Hoover, at this early stage, is rather Speaker Longworth, who has not started out with a stride, but who has capacity, backing, vantage ground, geographically speaking, and whose ambition is well known, altho concealed with becoming modesty."

Senator Norris has been suggested by Senator Brookhart, and friends in his own State have started a Norris boom. He may win some support in Iowa and Wisconsin, also, says the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* (Rep.), but it adds that "if he becomes a candidate for the Presidency, it will be on a third-party ticket." Senator Curtis has been mentioned as the favorite son of Kansas, but the Senator insists that President Coolidge's attitude

needs to be more clearly defined, and in the meantime that he himself will not be "the stalking horse to help or injure any candidate." There is also talk of Senator Capper. A "Watson-for-President" movement has been started in Indiana. In Illinois, Senator Charles S. Deneen is being suggested. Senator Borah has been mentioned as a candidate by a newspaper of his own State and by a group in California, but the Portland *Oregonian* (Rep.) points out that Senator Borah's own attitude makes his candidacy impossible:

"He has said nothing, done nothing, to show that he wanted to be President; he has never been cordial to the political leaders of his party, nor always in harmony with prevailing Republican opinion on major topics; he has followed always his own political convictions, wherever they led him, and he has cared very little what others have thought; and he had found himself always, as a result, in a position of political solitude."

In Pennsylvania, the Pittsburgh *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.) declares that its fellow-townsmen, Andrew W. Mellon, is the logical man for his party's next standard-bearer. But the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.) argues that Mr. Mellon's frail health and seventy-five years disqualify him. Several correspondents predict that the Pennsylvania delegates will go to the convention instructed for Mellon, and later shift their votes elsewhere. Other notable favorite sons are Senator Edge of New Jersey, ex-Gov. Herbert Hadley of Missouri, and Governor Gore of West Virginia.

Finally, it should be noted that there are several Republican leaders, including Senator Fess of Ohio, ex-Senator Cameron of Arizona, Secretary of the Interior Work, and Congressman Hull of Illinois, who insist that Mr. Coolidge's statement does not mean that he is unavailable if the convention fails to unite upon another candidate, and that the choice of the party will be stronger than the President's own desires. So there are still Coolidge men. Nevertheless, newspapers for the most part, as times goes by, seem more and more inclined to take the President's statement as a definite and final refusal to accept another nomination.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. In what city has a "revolt of the jobless middle-aged" been organized? (p. 9).
2. Who wrote the poem, "Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright"? (p. 26).
3. What nation produced the films, "Mons," "Ypres," "Armageddon"? (p. 27).
4. To what great European library has the Carnegie Foundation recently allotted funds? (p. 29).
5. What title did the Soviet Government give Chaliapin? (p. 28).
6. How many active volcanoes are there? (p. 21).
7. From what volcano have we learned most about volcanoes? (p. 21).
8. How does the restriction of immigration affect invention in the United States? (p. 24).
9. What European country's intentions are called "the most disturbing factor in Europe to-day"? (p. 17).
10. Who is "smiling Aristide," and who is "growling Raymond"? (p. 17).
11. Who delivered the famous "Lunéville speech"? (p. 17).
12. What question caused the failure of the Naval Disarmament Conference? (p. 19).
13. How many tons of British shipping and Allied shipping was sunk by the Germans during the war? (p. 19).
14. What substitute have the Germans found for the military training of young men? (p. 20).
15. What national organization has announced that the Republican and Democratic parties need not put a Prohibition plank into their platforms next year? (p. 12).
16. What new commercial treaty has been called "a veritable economic Locarno"? (p. 84).
17. By what chain of events is the Franco-German trade treaty connected with the Dawes plan? (p. 84).
18. Why did France begin to feel the increased need of a trade treaty with Germany after 1925? (p. 85).
19. What event in September annually puts hundreds of millions of dollars into the tills of American merchants? (p. 86).
20. How did the railways put \$150,000,000 into the pockets of the public in 1926? (p. 87).
21. Where did representatives of nearly ninety Christian denominations recently hold a "world conference" in the interest of Christian unity? (p. 30).
22. On what grounds does the Chicago Federation of Churches denounce as a "desecration" the plan to hold the Tunney-Dempsey prize-fight in the Soldiers' Field, Chicago? (p. 32).
23. Name five leading possibilities for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1928. (p. 5).
24. What section of the American people will probably have \$1,000,000,000 more to spend this year than they had last year? (p. 10).
25. How does Great Salt Lake interfere with telephonic communication between New York and San Francisco? (p. 25).

REVOLT OF THE JOBLESS MIDDLE-AGED

YOUTH'S REVOLT is a familiar theme, but a retired business man of Brooklyn, who prefers to be known merely as "Mr. Action," is organizing a revolt of the middle-aged against "the callous dictum of business which adjudges men past forty as too old to keep pace with younger workers." Some 250 persons, according to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, recently met at his call in the Prospect Park branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, told of their vain efforts to find work, and formed an organization to fight the prevalent idea "that on his fortieth birthday some awful change comes over a man to unfit him for new tasks."

"Mr. Action" said he had himself faced the uncertainties of job-hunting after the age of forty, and at a later meeting, with about 300 present, he helped to launch what is to be known as the Cooperative Action Membership Corporation, devoted to "helping the elderly who need work." Its methods, we are told, will include helpful publicity for the unemployed and practical catering to the needs of employers.

Cheering tales of men and women who have won success in new fields after having reached the fateful age were related at these meetings, but most of the stories were like that of the following letter—one of hundreds that came to "Mr. Action"—in which a former order-department manager writes:

"I've walked the streets of New York for nearly four solid months now for a job, at any price. Business hires only youngsters to-day, telling them they have a future. In that way they secure workers at such cheap prices that a man with a family just can't compete.

"Business uses these youngsters up, and when they are forty they, in turn, will find that the future that business has for them is also out in the gutter to die."

Editorial comment is inclined to divide the blame quite impartially among the employer, the job-seeker, and society. "Perhaps it is the jobless men themselves, rather than the employers, who are suffering from the aged-at-forty complex," suggests a hard-boiled editorial writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, adding: "A man is as old as he squeals." The *St. Paul Dispatch* also suggests that many of the jobless have put themselves on the shelf. That paper goes on to say:

"Many of those over forty may blame themselves for falling into the delusion that, having learned a trade, they had nothing more to learn and could live the rest of their days on the little that they had learned as a kind of capital. Those who realize that there is always something to learn in any occupation, and keep their minds receptive and their self-conceit in subjection, are less likely to complain in later years that they are not wanted.

"Many employers are not free from fault in this connection. They exaggerate the importance of the pliability of youth and underestimate the waste of the labor turnover."

"When middle-aged men in any trade are good, they are pretty sure to be very good," says the *Dallas News*. "And sometimes they need a job. Employers, who are frequently middle-aged or better themselves, ought to remember that." The *Philadelphia Inquirer* makes a distinction between physical and mental powers, remarking that in the latter "a man of fifty or more should be at the very height of his usefulness." The *Winston-Salem Twin-City Sentinel* thinks that no person should be old at fifty, and advises young people to live in a way that will give

them plenty of vim at that age. Quoting "Mr. Action's" statement that he knows men of over forty who could make good in \$15,000-a-year positions, and who can not find the smallest opening, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says:

"It is not hard to see that there is logic in the doubt of employers as to the habits, ability or character of middle-aged people who are out of work. Often such doubts may be justified, but oftener, circumstances over which they have no control have forced these people on the employment market. They are victims of fate, not of their own inefficiency, and the employer who is discerning enough to recognize their capacity to give faithful, competent, and highly intelligent service may pick up a bargain."

To make work possible for all who are capable of performing it, remarks the *Baltimore American*, is a social duty, and to set up an inflexible age limit is not meeting that duty squarely. "If all enterprises did it," that paper adds, "none would gain, since the burden of support of those debarred would fall upon the public, and industry would have to carry its share of the taxes."

Seeking for the cause of discrimination against those on the shady side of forty, the *New York World* approaches the subject from another angle:

"The increasingly popular policy of group insurance unquestionably militates against the older applicants for employment. Here much may be done by working out tables of graduated instalments to be charged against the applicants themselves according to their age. But more may be expected from the growing tendency in big business to regard employment as not merely a matter of supply and demand, but as something that has its deeper social aspects.

"That there is need of attention to the problem is established mathematically. Within forty years the death-rate in the United States has been cut in half. The army of middle-aged and elderly people surviving in good health, owing to better sanitation and the advance in medical science, is far larger relatively than it ever was before in the history of the race. These surviving testimonials to humaner living conditions and scientific progress have been spared for little happiness and usefulness if, instead of doing work suited to their strength, many of them are condemned to rust away in idleness."

The captain of industry is himself usually well over forty years old, remarks the *Brooklyn Eagle*, yet he makes rules insisting that newly employed persons in his various departments must be under forty. Why is this usually the case? *The Eagle* goes on to answer that the elderly person is indeed less "pliable" than youth; that he has not the nerve or energy of the young man. But it thinks a more potent reason is found in the fact that "workmen's insurance laws, with premiums higher for age, offer a thrift-reason for preferring younger persons." In conclusion we read:

"What is doubtless true is that the value of experience is underestimated by the captains of industry because they have it themselves, and the value of youth is overestimated because they have it not.

"We always rate highest those things which are beyond our reach. But as things stand, restlessness and readiness to quit a position are the height of un wisdom for elderly workers. It is better to bear the evils that we have than fly to others that we know not of.

"Even at sixty, keeping a job that is not beyond one's capacity is easy enough everywhere. Getting a new place is altogether a different matter either in business or industry."



THE GREAT DIVIDE
—Mackin in the New York Morning Telegraph.

A BILLION MORE FOR THE FARMERS

IS THE AMERICAN FARMER in for a year of fair prices and big crops? Will he have more money to spend after the harvest this fall than last year? After a trip through the Northwest and Pacific coast States, and an analysis of reports received from farm organizations and Farm Loan savings banks, Eugene Meyer, Commissioner of the Federal Farm Loan Board, reaches the conclusion that farm crops this season will be worth a cool billion dollars more than they were in 1926; that the farmers of this country are facing the brightest prospects since the war. "This is mighty good news, not only to the farmers, but to the millions engaged in other pursuits," observes the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*. For, explains the *Chicago Tribune*, "without prosperous farmers there can be no lasting prosperity for the business men of the country and the city dwellers." Agriculture not only is our largest industry, notes the *Council Bluffs Nonpareil*, "but it is also our most important, because it furnishes food and clothing. Furthermore, it is so closely tied to the others that it is almost the key to their success."

From other sources than an official of the Coolidge Administration we learn that "the farmer will have plenty to eat next winter, and enough gas to run his Lizzie to town Saturday afternoon," as William Allen White puts it in an *Emporia Gazette* editorial. True, the figures are not all of increased production; in many cases there is decreased planting or a smaller yield, as in the case of cotton and corn, two of our most important crops in size and value. But the prices for practically all products, we are told, have advanced, so that a smaller crop actually will yield more money. And, points out the *New York Evening Post's* financial editor, "practically every crop, with the exception of tobacco, is expected to be worth more money than it was last year." Iowa, it seems, is to be doubly fortunate; it will receive good prices for an excellent corn crop. "With prices as they are," the *St. Paul Dispatch* finds the outlook in the Northwest "very cheerful." Whatever happens to wheat, agrees the *Minneapolis Tribune*, "there is going to be a huge aggregate of farm income in the Northwest this year." Canada may have the third largest wheat crop in its history, according to Canadian Pacific Railway officials. Great Northern officials estimate that farm income in Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana will be a quarter of a billion dollars greater than a year ago. Estimates of Nebraska's income run \$200,000,000 higher than last year. Wheat prices will not fall below the present figures, "and may easily rise above them," in the opinion of the *St. Paul daily*. Says the *New York Herald Tribune*, in a summary of the Meyer statement:

"It is now predicted that the corn crop will amount to 2,389,-226,000 bushels. True, this represents a decline of a quarter of a billion bushels from the crop actually harvested last year, and

is even further short of the average production for the last ten years; but it is important to consider that whereas corn was quoted at 96 cents a year ago, it is now selling at \$1.28 a bushel. On the basis of present prices the expected 1927 crop would have a value of approximately \$3,058,000,000, against \$2,550,000,000 for the 1926 output in terms of prices for the corresponding date.

"The position of wheat and oats is not dissimilar from that of corn. In the case of wheat a crop of 851,145,000 bushels is promised, against 839,000,000 a year ago. Wheat prices, moreover, are some four cents a bushel higher than at this time in 1926. The approximate value of the present wheat crop may be said to be

in the neighborhood of \$1,319,000,000, against \$1,266,000,000 for last year's output of this commodity. In the case of oats we have a promised 1927 crop of 1,278,000,000 bushels, against 1,253,000,000 in 1926, and as oats are now selling at 58 cents a bushel, against 51 cents a year ago, we have here a comparison of \$741,000,000, against \$639,000,000 in favor of the current crop. Cotton, which ordinarily ranks next in value to corn, has shown an amazing improvement in its money position, and is now quoted at over 19 cents a pound, with promise of bettering this quotation before the year is over. Forecasts for tobacco and fruit are comparatively unfavorable, but these are counterbalanced by encouraging reports on hay, barley, and potatoes.

It would be less than the truth to say that all was well with our agriculture; but such evidence as these figures bring to bear on the case indicates clearly that it is better off this year than last, and better off this month than a month back—which means that the trend is in the right direction."

Furthermore, we read in a Kansas City dispatch to the *New York Evening Post*, "the margin between the farmer's cost and his final return ought to be greater this year because of improved methods of harvesting and planting." Also—

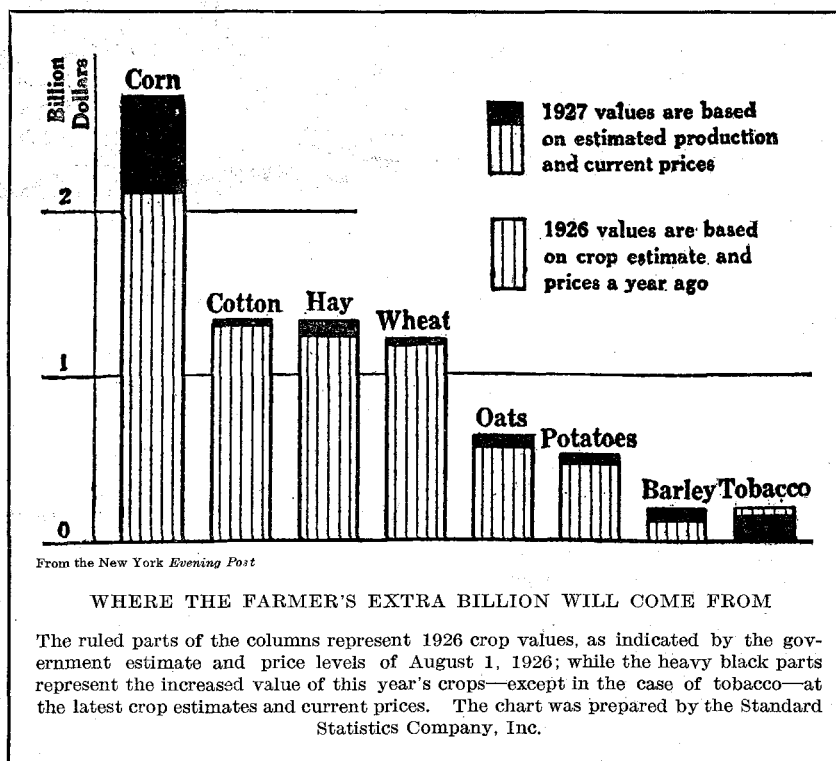
"Reports from official sources show that fewer farm foreclosures have taken place in the last year than in any of the four years preceding, and the number of bank failures is decreasing markedly. While these factors do not prove great prosperity, they do indicate a steady betterment in rural finances and a greater purchasing power, as well as debt-paying power."

That the farmer's buying power is already high is indicated by the record-breaking volume of sales of Chicago's two largest mail-order houses, we are reminded by the *Chicago Evening Post*, which estimates the aggregate income of the American farmer this year at \$12,000,000,000. "Business will be active this fall," predicts this paper, and the *Council Bluffs Nonpareil* shows by an imposing array of figures how farming is tied into other economic activities:

"American farmers, as a group, are buying \$6,000,000,000 worth of manufactured goods from American industry each year.

"They are paying, in addition, for about \$4,000,000,000 worth of services rendered by others annually.

"They are supplying one-eighth of the tonnage carried by the railroads.



"They are exporting one-half the total value of exports from the United States.

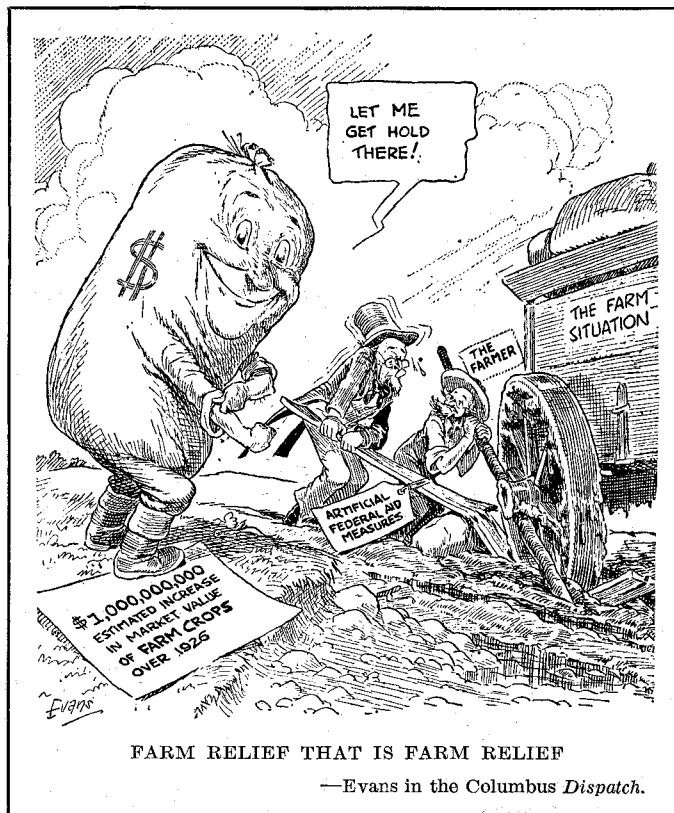
"They are debtors to other groups to the sum of over \$12,000,000,000,000.

"It is readily evident what farming depression means to other lines of industry, or commerce. If agriculture is broke or near-broke, its purchases of goods and services and what it pays on its debts shrinks materially. That affects the families whose income depends on a railroad or factory wage, and the stockholders, clear on down the line."

From the same section which Commissioner Meyer traversed, however, come contradictory reports. According to F. W. Murphy, chairman of the American Council of Agriculture, "there is no change for the better in the agricultural situation, and there can be no change so long as the farmers sell in a world market and buy in a market protected by the tariff." In the opinion of the *Cleveland Press* and other Scripps-Howard papers, "the real farm problem can not be removed by talk of big crops." As for the price of wheat, "the price to the farmer will depend upon the price paid for the surplus in the markets of the world," explains the *Charleston (W. Va.) Mail*. There will be some improvement in the farm situation this year, admits the neighboring *Gazette*, but it will be because the number of farms has been reduced, together with the number of acres under cultivation. According to this *Charleston paper*:

"During the five years from 1920 to 1925, the value of farm property in the United States declined \$20,000,000,000; the number of farms diminished by 77,000, and the land under cultivation by 41,000,000 acres. Now, during the same time the mortgage debt on farm properties increased by 42 per cent.

"With the sincere hope that Commissioner Meyer's prediction will be verified by the event, we venture to analyze his statement. It has the ear-marks of the politician, seeking to detract from the logical consequences of truth. Admittedly, the farmers have been going through difficult times. He calls it the 'post-war depression,' laying himself open to the suspicion of trying to give it a name that will do as little damage to his party as possible."



Moreover, declares the *Topeka Capital*, from the center of a huge farming district:

"A single crop season can not be regarded as generally representative of the position of agriculture, and particularly when higher returns are due to subnormal production, the smallest corn crop in twenty-five years, and a mixed situation in which the slump in cotton production, partly accountable by the most devastating floods in the country's history, is the main item in what is called an 'improved sentiment regarding the position of agriculture.'

"Two years ago cotton was selling at twelve cents, several cents below cost of production. Its price is now about nineteen cents, affording a good profit to the planter who has a fair crop. There are many planters, however, who have none. This is not the sort of stabilization that farmers generally are looking for.

"While corn improved greatly in July, and still improves, in the northern latitudes it still faces the danger of frost. The improved prospects make it still a quarter-billion bushels short of last year and still less compared with the average for ten years. Higher corn prices promise nearly half a billion dollars more for the crop than last year. This is half the estimate of Mr. Meyer of a billion dollars larger returns for agriculture as a whole, and the extra half goes mainly to cotton. Present estimates make the combined winter and spring wheat crop about twelve million bushels greater than last year, and worth fifty millions more. The wheat-grower is better off, since he has a slightly larger crop and a higher price per bushel, but this is not true either of corn or cotton.

"Where the larger return in dollars is due to short yields, some farmers benefit and others suffer from the shrinkage in production. Kansas is on the top wave this season, with a fairly good wheat crop, big hay crops of all kinds, and a large corn crop for the acreage planted—all at higher prices, with the probable exception of hay. It is a spotty agricultural year, and Kansas is specially favored. Debts will be paid off and there will be a surplus for needed farm buildings and other improvements. It is nevertheless true that Kansas's good fortune, so far as prices are concerned, is largely due to misfortunes elsewhere, in short crops. This is not a movement toward the desired stabilization of agriculture.

"The fact about periodical surpluses in any given crop and occasionally in all together is that even a small overproduction has altogether disproportionate effects on prices, which makes the farm problem distinctively a problem of marketing. This problem will remain, no matter how favorable a single season may be to certain sections or certain crops, until a sound surplus-marketing plan is worked out."



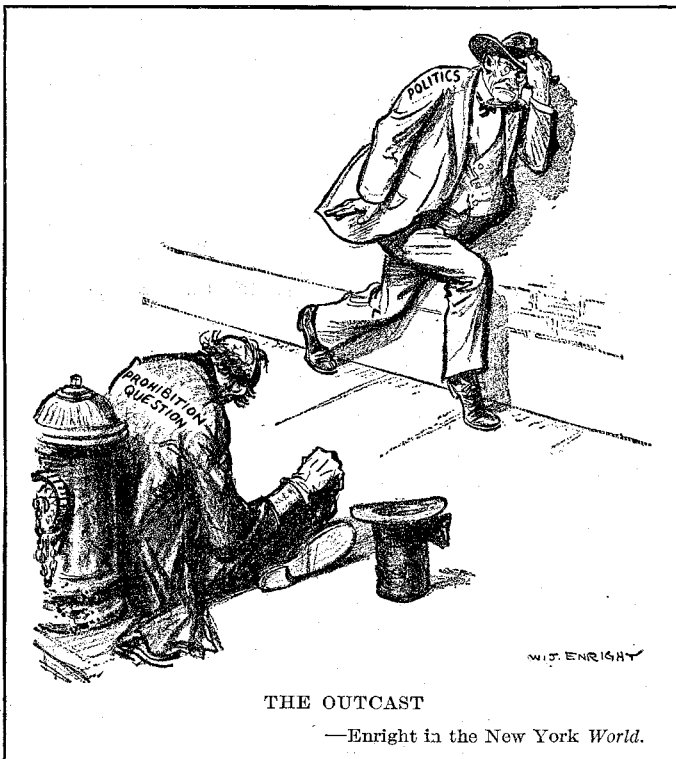
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THAT MAN IN THE MOON AGAIN?

—Brown in the New York Herald Tribune.

KEEPING PROHIBITION OUT OF PARTY PLATFORMS

"ANY ONE IS A FOOL," declares Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, "who thinks the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed in the next hundred years," adding that any party which attempts to put a wet plank into its platform "will be annihilated." His statement, uttered before the



University of Virginia's Institute of Public Affairs in Charlottesville, is generally regarded as an announcement that he will, as one correspondent puts it, "make every effort to rule out the Prohibition question from any consideration at the next Democratic national convention." Senator Glass unexpectedly found himself thus in debate with William G. McAdoo and Gov. Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, both possible Democratic candidates for the Presidency. He continued:

"What has Prohibition got to do with the Presidential election, anyway? Let those Democrats who want to agitate for a modification of the Volstead Law do it by voting for wet Congressmen. Congress, not the President, must vote on any such modification."

In a similar key, but in a different spirit, we are told, the directors of the Anti-Saloon League, assembled at Winona Lake, Indiana, have announced that the league will refrain from asking the Republican and Democratic parties next year to put Prohibition-enforcement planks into their platforms. Their formal declaration ends with these paragraphs:

"It would be inconsistent in any party which either implicitly or explicitly places itself before the public as standing for law and order to put in nomination for the chief law-enforcement officer of the nation, namely, the President of the United States, a man who can not be relied upon to keep his oath of office to uphold the Constitution of the United States and to enforce its laws."

"In view of the organized effort which is being made to nullify the Prohibition Law, we assume that no party will put in nomination for the office of President or Vice-President one whose attitude on this question is known to be doubtful or antagonistic."

"It goes without saying that the Anti-Saloon League of America will do all in its power to defeat at the polls any candidate of any party who is opposed to the broad American principles announced herein."

Both statements drew instant responses from the press, thus

confirming the St. Louis *Star's* assertion that Prohibition is the most lively issue now before the country, and that it is "invariably discusst at every gathering, except a political gathering, and not there because the politicians have not been able to make up their minds 'which way the cat will jump,' and so steer away from so dangerous a subject." Many editors approve the idea of keeping this issue entirely out of the party platforms, but others see danger in suppressing it. Thus the St. Paul *Dispatch* says:

"We should like to believe that the Anti-Saloon League hopes to give political reality to the issue by requiring politicians to have the backbone to tell the people where they stand on Prohibition. We should like to see the league make a vigorous demand on both parties that they declare themselves unequivocally on the subject. But there is small sign that the league has changed its policy for the purpose of getting greater sincerity from the political parties. In fact, there is reason to believe that the league wants more pussyfooting, rather than less. It wants complete silence. It wants to keep Prohibition smothered as an issue under an official pretense that it is not an issue. Then the people can have no opportunity to vote on Prohibition and Prohibition will suffer no defeats. Prohibition is an issue in this country, and tho it can be put off temporarily, nothing will be able to keep it in political submergence. The longer it is kept tied, the more terrific will be the force when it breaks loose."

When it comes to saying anything definite about Prohibition, the Springfield *Union* agrees, "the Republican and Democratic leaders and the leaders of Prohibitionists all join in an emphatic 'Hush! Don't mention it!'" And the Hartford *Courant* thinks we need not be surprized if both party platforms "either proceed on the assumption that there is no such thing as a



Prohibition question or make the usual bluff of favoring the enforcement of all laws," and it adds:

"The trick may be good for still another Presidential year, but it is questionable whether it can be worked again thereafter. The year 1928 may still find the parties pompously declaring for the enforcement of all laws, which certainly must be enforced as thoroughly as possible so long as they are laws, and which certainly should never have been enacted if they were not meant to be enforced. But it may not be possible to escape this pressing

issue so easily in 1932. Both parties may be anxious not to make Prohibition an issue, but if sentiment continues to develop against the Prohibition laws in the next few years as it has developed in the last few, further subterfuge may be out of the question."

If the earnest members of the Institute of Public Affairs take their cue from the Virginia Senator, the New York *Herald Tribune* remarks, "they will be regarding public affairs as through a Glass

either an affront to large and important sections of the party concerned, or simply an insincere flourish of the catch-vote variety. As between wet and dry there is no party line-up in America today, and that fact stands like an immovable boulder in the way of the Anti-Saloon League's political pathfinders."

Now that the Anti-Saloon League has decided not to insist upon a Prohibition plank, says the Camden *Evening Courier* with a sigh of relief, "the two parties can quite properly forget the subject entirely and base their campaign, next year, upon the more important domestic and foreign issues." It goes on to say:

"Prohibition was not a party issue in its inception, and if ever it is written off the statute books, it will not be written off by either party. Public sentiment against the Volstead Law is admittedly growing rapidly. It may be a long time before the law will be modified; the law may never be modified, for that matter. But any change that is made will be the result of an insistent demand by the people, regardless of their partizan political affiliations.

"The league's decision to 'lay off' the two major political parties next year seems to be an indication that it recognizes the trend of present-day Prohibition—that it is a local or sectional issue in which the people, regardless of platform planks and even laws, are getting pretty much the kind of enforcement they want."

"Very wise action," is the comment of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* upon the league's announcement. Prohibition, it adds, can not now become an issue in the approaching Presidential campaign "save as it may prevail locally in certain Congressional districts." The Topeka *Daily Capital* thinks the chances now are that "both platforms will be frankly dry, adding: "That is good politics, and the platforms will be written by good politicians." "Manifestly it would be some test of ingenuity to



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THE BIGAMIST

—Sykes in Life.

darkly." And the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, in a more serious mood, takes issue with the policy of Senator Glass and the Anti-Saloon League in these words:

"It would be ridiculous to propose that neither of the parties say anything about taxation, or about farm-relief, or about any of the other matters which from time to time arouse public interest. Such a maneuver would be patently insincere and—it might almost be said—patently stupid. Yet we find earnest party workers and earnest Prohibitionists suggesting that the parties turn their eyes away from the one issue upon which public attention seems most sharply focused. Senator Glass would repudiate the charge that he and those who share his opinions in this matter have come to the conclusion that the two major parties have ceased to be the principal agencies for dealing with the great public problems of the day. But that is the conclusion to which his opinions really point."

An equal or larger number of papers approve the policy of omitting Prohibition altogether from the party platforms, tho many criticize the league in saying so. Thus the Hartford *Times* remarks:

"Far be it from us to suggest that the Anti-Saloon League does not know its business, but we regret that the league is not going to try its luck with the two national conventions. That would be a political episode that would teach both the league and the country a lot of things about how Prohibition is really regarded. Yet we admit that the league knows its hops, as it were. The atmosphere of national conventions is not that in which the league's propaganda functions best.

"It must be evident even to the Anti-Saloon League that there is no real party division on the Prohibition issue, and that any plank of its proposing that passed either convention would be



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NIGHTMARE

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

frame a platform declaration that would satisfy both factions," thinks the Manchester *Union*; "the chances are, indeed, particularly good that the Democrats who yearn for a vigorous onslaught upon national Prohibition will return from the convention wiser men and also sadder." To which the Philadelphia *Inquirer* retorts: "Republican and Democratic leaders alike fear to stir up a hornets' nest. Either a dry plank or a wet plank would split wide open the party that advocated it."

A NEW ATTACK ON THE LAW'S DELAYS

SOME WAY MUST BE FOUND, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and a score of other American newspapers are convinced, to stimulate the lawyers and legislators of the nation to a fresh attack upon the law's delays. Here is no newly discovered evil, we are told. Chief Justice Taft and two former Secretaries of State—Root and Hughes—have criticized the American system of criminal procedure, but the course of justice in the United States, observes the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, has continued, like the mills of the gods, to grind slowly. So much so in fact, that Charles H. Tuttle, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, was recently moved, at the annual convention of the Commercial Law League of America, to denounce the broken cogs in the wheel of justice as “not only a national disgrace, but a national menace.” And he added: “When many years elapse between indictment and sentence and execution of that sentence in a notable murder case, the law itself is the thing really tried and condemned. Thereby a grave injustice is done to the defendants, whether guilty or innocent.”

“The speaker did not mention the Sacco-Vanzetti case, but it is generally understood that this is the case to which he referred,” say dispatches from Atlantic City, where the Tuttle speech was delivered. Many American editors hope, therefore, that out of the case may come a change for the better; a change that will not lessen the opportunity of the accused to establish his innocence, and, as one editor remarks, “that will prevent such scandalous spectacles as the lapse of years between indictment, conviction, and punishment.” In the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, seven years passed between the murder of a paymaster and guard in Massachusetts, and the execution of these two men for the murder. Whether or not Mr. Tuttle referred to this celebrated case, believes the *Chicago Daily News*, “it illustrates, as few other cases have done, the need of speeding up the processes of American courts.” “It is absurd that a criminal case should be allowed to drag along for seven years,” agrees the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. To gain the respect of the people, points out the *New York Herald Tribune*, “the law must earn it by being swift, certain, and just. The Massachusetts trials and appeals, whatever one's opinion of their justice, were neither swift nor certain.” To quote the *Salt Lake City Deseret News*:

“The Massachusetts case does not by any means stand alone in judicial procedure in this country. The law's delays in every State in the Union is a challenge to American lawyers, judges, legislatures and Congress to remove this stigma upon American jurisprudence. The enforcement of the criminal law and the technical network in which the criminal courts are entangled are diminishing respect for our system of justice and causing the courts to be held in contempt.

“Efforts have been made from time to time to lessen these abuses and grievances and in some cases they have been partly successful, but the reformation has not gone far enough. Further revision of our penal laws and changes in the rules of procedure in our courts are a vital necessity if there is not to be an even greater miscarriage of justice and a diminishing respect for American administration of justice.

“All sensible and fair-minded people will agree that persons charged with crime and those convicted of violations of law

ought not to be left in lingering and heart-breaking uncertainty about final decisions in our courts.”

In Atlantic City dispatches, Mr. Tuttle is reported as saying:

“The American system of criminal procedure has provoked the Chief Justice of the United States to call it a disgrace. But recent events have shown that it is not only a national disgrace, but a national menace. It destroys confidence and security at home, and it excites criticism and protest abroad.

“When many years elapse between indictment and sentence or its execution, the law loses much of its terror for evil-doers; organized effort to discredit our institutions is encouraged by those institutions themselves, and sober-minded, honest citizens are filled with anxiety as to whether justice, which is so slow and doubtful of itself, is really justice at all. Many have called for a reform of procedure, but the recent instance has convinced public opinion that a change is no longer a matter of mere reform, but of national safety.”

“Mr. Tuttle is eminently correct in his conclusions,” in the opinion of the *New York Morning Telegraph*, which says:

“The criminal statutes are badly in need of renovation. Shyster lawyers and unscrupulous politicians use the legal technicalities offered by defective provisions of the criminal codes to further their personal or political ambitions, and violators of the law—even mankillers who have no regard for the safety of the public—frequently go free because of court delays. Witnesses disappear, and interest in the enforcement of the law in the particular cases dies out. The general crime wave, which has been lessened some because of the fearlessness of officials and officers of the law, makes it wholly necessary that the wheels of justice cease to grind slowly in the future, so that confidence may be restored in legal authority and safety for human life assured.”

“The complicated system of stays, appeals, and reprieves which has grown up in our courts, and which has no counterpart anywhere else on earth, cries out for reform,” declares the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*. Courts, lawyers, and the public have known about this weakness

for a long time, comments the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, but the question now is: “What are we going to do about it?” Our legal mechanics, we read in the *New York Telegram*, examine our broken-down machinery of legal procedure, and agree that there is “something wrong with the darned thing,” and “something ought to be done about it.” Well, then, proceeds *The Telegram*:

“If something ought to be done about it, why in the name of common sense don't the legal mechanics put on their overalls, spit on their hands, grab their tools, and go to work?”

“You can't make a broken-down machine run by talking to it.”

“No one has come forth with a solution,” in spite of all the talking, agrees the *Washington Post*, which notes that:

“Legal processes and machinery are in constant flux. In their perpetual state of evolution, each tiny change is based upon the past, each new idea becomes a precedent. Tradition is nowhere more firmly fixt than in judicial procedure.

“Only the extremely pessimistic, however, believe that the American system of criminal procedure is hopelessly involved in its own coils. Cries for reform are growing in volume. Able minds and large institutions have set about to study the situation, and it is not unreasonable to assume that somewhere, somehow, relief will be had.”



Acme News picture

LAWYER HITS LAW'S DELAYS

Charles H. Tuttle, United States Attorney of the Southern District of New York, who calls our system of criminal procedure both a “disgrace” and a “menace.”

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

CHAPTER I: Wall Street lands a loan. Chapter II: The Marines land.—*Minneapolis Star*.

NOWADAYS a man doesn't get on his feet until he is broke.—*Argyle (Minn.) Marshall County Banner*.

A 100 PER CENT. optimist is a man who believes the thinning out of his hair is only a temporary matter.—*Louisville Times*.

ALL the world needs is an agreement not to have any more wars until the old ones are paid for.—*Rochester Times-Union*.

A PENNSYLVANIA town is advertising for a drug-store. It seems the regular restaurant has closed down.—*Detroit News*.

"EVENTUALLY man will solve the problem of distribution." It will be nice if he can do it with the weather.—*Publishers Syndicate*.

MANUFACTURERS of grease for Channel swimmers are now in about the same deplorable fix as hairpin makers.—*Louisville Times*.

You can tour the world now on the easy-payment plan. Imagine falling down on the instalments in Afghanistan.—*Detroit News*.

A GOOD many people still seem to think that it's possible for an automobile to knock down a telegraph-pole.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

THE Life Extension Institute announces that only one in twenty has pyorrhea. And probably, if the truth were known, there is one cough in a car-load.—*The New Yorker*.

EASTERN divorce judge says men's running into debt for drink and women's running into debt for fine clothes break up more homes than anything else. The perils of wet goods and dry goods.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

THE Prince of Wales hasn't been reported engaged for six weeks. Charlie Lindbergh can be blamed for that.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

CROPS on Long Island are threatened by the invasion of the Asiatic beetle, which is believed to be financed by Soviet Russia.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

SENATOR GLASS says that Prohibition is intended to make liquor hard to get. We suppose, then, that a law's reach should also exceed its grasp.—*Asheville Times*.

JULIUS ROSENWALD of Chicago attributes his phenomenal showing in business to luck, thus demoralizing 2,450,771 faithful subscribers to the success periodicals.—*Detroit News*.

THE good old girls of our set labor passionately to keep that schoolgirl complexion, but what we long for with an unutterable longing is that schoolboy stomach.—*Ohio State Journal*.

SENATOR WILLIS wants a higher protective tariff for the onion. There's a vegetable we had counted on to protect itself without the aid of Congress in any situation.—*New York Evening Post*.

"You are not going to have division in this country between those who have and those who have not," said Lloyd George, who appears to be launching a campaign for President of Utopia.—*New York World*.

BECAUSE of his tender years, the little King of Roumania will not be charged with the responsibilities of modern kings, a dispatch says. "And what," King Alfonso and King Victor Emmanuel might ask in chorus, "are those?"—*El Paso Times*.

ABOUT the time one gets familiar with a Chinese general's name, he quits.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WELL, people would have seemed as lawless fifty years ago if there had been as many laws to break.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It is said that the female crab has one million young at a birth. No wonder the father crab's eyes stick out so far.—*Punch*.

EVERY man should remember that it is much easier to live within an income than to live without one.—*Louisville Times*.

NOWADAYS every man is entitled to life, liberty and an automobile in which to pursue happiness.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

WE are not authorized to announce Mr. Hoover's candidacy, but note he says there will be no halt in tax-reduction plans.—*Dallas News*.

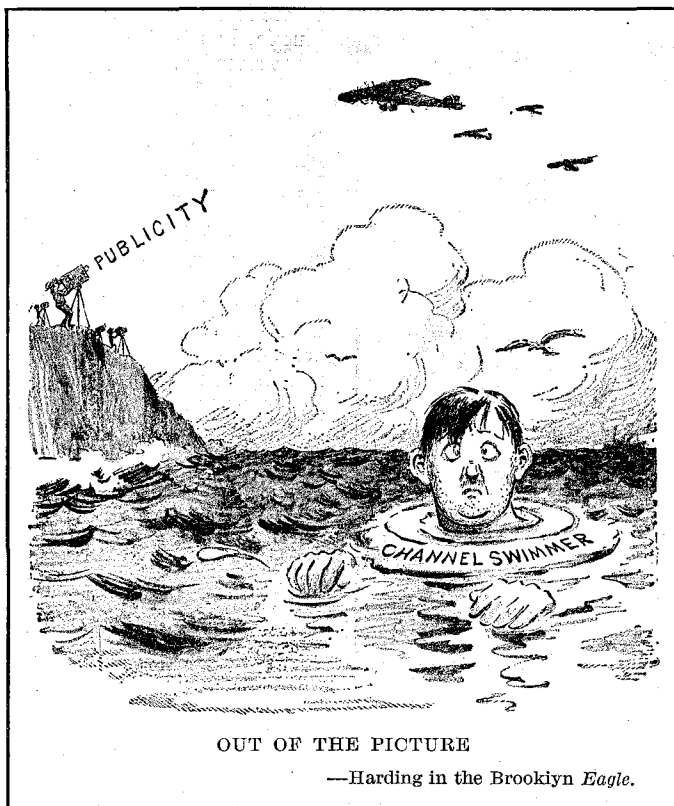
SENATOR GLASS says Prohibition has made liquor hard to get. And he might have added, hard to drink after you get it.—*Macon Telegraph*.

YALE professor has found a hundred-foot worm. The early bird who gets this will want help instead of congratulations.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

THE way things have been going this year, it wouldn't surprise us a bit to hear of a disastrous flood in the middle of the Sahara.—*Nashville Banner*.

REAR-ADMIRAL JONES says the Geneva affair proves that we need a bigger Navy. He hopes there will be more disarmament conferences.—*The New Yorker*.

STATISTICIAN says that every fifth person in the United States owns an automobile, but what he means is that every fifth person in the United States will own an automobile if he ever gets it paid for.—*Macon Telegraph*.



It is claimed that the death-rate is getting lower all the time. But they will have to get people to live longer if all those new cars are to be paid for.—*Des Moines Tribune*.

ACCORDING to a Chicago astronomer, the sun is likely to explode at any minute. We've felt for a month or so that something was the matter with it.—*Macon Telegraph*.

SHOULD the occasion ever arise, President Coolidge could do character parts on the stage. He looked just as much like an Indian as he did a cowboy.—*Louisville Times*.

THE Leaning Tower of Pisa is officially declared safe for the time being, but doomed eventually to fall. It might appositely be renamed the Mussolini Tower.—*The New Yorker*.

IN the opinion of a well-known judge some husbands are too suspicious of their wives. Still, there is good cause for suspicion when a man finds a long hair on his wife's shoulder.—*Punch*.

If this year's Tunney-Dempsey fight should prove to be a financial success, it is likely that Tex Rickard will hold the 1928 Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago again.—*Louisville Times*.

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD woman in Tennessee claims she has never seen an automobile. The *Sanford Herald* opines that this may account for her living to reach eighty years of age.—*Florida Times-Union*.

TRANSOCEANIC flying, we learn from extensive newspaper reading, is doing wonders to promote international amity, and indicates entirely new methods of wreaking destruction in the next war.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

KEEPING THE PEACE IN EUROPE

EUROPE HAS MANY DOCTORS of politics among her statesmen, some one has said, and their daily occupation is to nurture and fortify the peace on a continent consisting of some twenty-three States representing many different racial strains, many different traditions and many different aspirations. Europe displays a cohesion of separate group-divisions, writes H. Wilson Harris in the *London Nation and Athenæum*, but not the cohesion of a single whole. He then tells us that Russia

chancelleries has died down. The confident rumors at first universally accepted by half Europe of Great Britain's aggressive designs have been finally dissipated, and the legend of a new anti-Soviet bloc has served only to stimulate enthusiasm for the melodramatic 'Defense Week' the Russian worker and peasant has been celebrating. To Poland and Roumania, Soviet Russia must remain an abiding anxiety, but so far as the former is concerned the tranquillity with which the crisis of the Voikoff murder has been smoothed out is proof that relations between the two countries are a good deal less explosive than they were. There is still the Bessarabian question between Roumania and Russia, but trouble is only likely to come there if trouble has come already to Roumania from other quarters."

It is too soon to say whether Roumania is in for trouble internally, we are told, and we are advised that developments so far, since Ferdinand's death, have been a good deal more hopeful than they might have been. But behind the façade of a harmonious parliamentary régime there are several doubtful factors, according to Mr. Harris, who points out that:

"The Parliament itself is packed. The Regency Council is not impressive. The country's submission to a Bratiano dictatorship, even with men like Mr. Duca and Mr. Titulesco to fortify it, is by no means a certainty. Queen Marie, who finds no place in the new order of things, is not given to effacing herself. And Prince Carol, in announcing from Paris that he will go to Roumania if his country calls him, is, in effect, issuing an invitation, not awaiting one. But the Bratiano Government has had time by now to get well in the saddle and looks like being able to deal summarily with any internal outbreak before it gets formidable enough to tempt either Hungary or Russia to offer active support.

"Austria, too, has got through her crisis for the moment. A good deal about it was fortuitous, and the last thing the Socialists, who were most concerned with the whole business, desired was that events should have taken the turn they did. But the danger is not over. Rescued tho she was by the League of Nations from immediately impending disaster, it is only by the adoption of sane economic policies throughout Central Europe that Austria can be saved from the inevitable fate of a country fighting to develop an indispensable export trade in a prison formed of other people's tariff walls. Economic distress makes social and political discontent, and the fact that Vienna is Socialist while the rest of the country is on the whole Conservative militates hopelessly against unity of national purpose. The solution of Austria's particular political problems depends largely on Central Europe's solution of its general economic problems.

"But important as the relations of the lesser European States may be, the stability of Europe as a whole rests on the policy of the greater continental Powers—primarily, of course, France and Germany, with Great Britain an indispensable element in the preservation of equilibrium, and Italy uncertain, incalculable, and making, all things considered, more for unrest than for confidence. The peace-treaty settlement being accepted, as it must be, for better or worse, as the basis of post-war Europe, the fortunes of the continent to-day are determined first and foremost by the Locarno treaties. On the whole, that adventure in reconciliation has stood the test of time well. It is true the time is short enough yet. The treaties were signed only at the end of 1925. But the proof of their efficacy is not so much any positive rapprochement between France and Germany as the freedom of speech the two countries can now indulge in with equanimity. Poincaré's Lunéville deliverance, narrow-minded and harsh tho it was, did as much good as harm in demonstrating the new spirit prevailing in Western Europe. The French Prime Minister relapses into the temper and language of the Ruhr occupation, and Germany, secure in the knowledge that nothing like the Ruhr occupation will ever happen again, is content to reply with dignity instead of anger. That spells an immense advance in eighteen months."

So long as the three major Locarno Powers work together at Geneva, we are further informed, the League will have sufficient



GERMAN FAITH IN EUROPE'S FUTURE

PEACE: "Despite the dreadful war shadows of the past, the States of Europe may yet be united in the bonds of friendship."

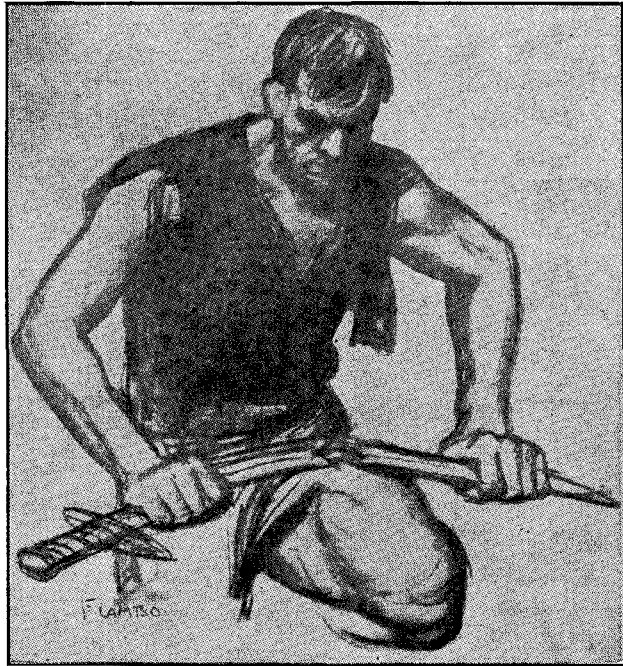
—Simplicissimus (Munich).

must be left out of any ordinary estimate of European tendencies or characteristics, but that west of the Russian frontier, no State except the smallest can become embroiled with a neighbor without three parts of the continent being affected politically or economically, and he continues:

"We are still far from anything like even the loosest of European federations, but whether a United States of Europe ever comes or not, we live in a Europe of associated States already, for association can be involuntary as well as voluntary. Of the common political problems of Europe two stand out above the rest. One is the Russian question, the other the slow progress of Franco-German reconciliation. The significance of Russia to the whole continent is illustrated by the fact that the most recent cause of apprehension as to the attitude and intentions of the Soviet Government was that Government's relations, not with one of the European States nearest to the Russian frontier, but with one of the most distant, Great Britain. The agitation of the

authority to localize and dispose of any trouble in Europe, provided it does not concern a great Power. There is only one other European great Power it can concern, namely, Italy, and in the view of this observer, Fascist Italy's intentions are "the most disturbing factor in Europe to-day." Looking toward France, Mr. Harris notes "disquieting signs" that the Poincaré policy and the Briand policy are diverging more and more. Mr. Briand, as is well known, is considered to be the exponent of the Locarno policy of peaceful readjustments, especially as between France and Germany. In sharp contradiction of this policy, various journals point out, is the now famous "Lunéville speech" of Premier Poincaré, which has been described as being like "one of his old-time speeches in denunciation of Germany." One statement he made was: "If immediately after her defeat Germany had openly disavowed the Government and military caste which led her into the war, if she had imitated our example in 1871, if she had not contested, against all evidence, the crushing responsibilities of the Imperial policy, it would never have entered any one's mind to associate the German people with their former régime, and attribute to the whole of Germany the abominable deeds of which we were witness." A rather severe critic of Mr. Poincaré is Leon Blum, leader of the French Socialist party, who remarks in the London *Westminster Gazette*, that he is not sure whether France's attitude toward Germany is or is not entering upon a new phase, and he says:

"I admit that I am not quite sure about it. It is possible that Mr. Poincaré does not attach the same importance to his speeches as do the commentators, friendly or critical. He may have been the victim of his own too-ready pen as he is sometimes in the Chamber betrayed by his too fluent speech. For Mr. Poincaré has much more spontaneity and much less of cool calculation than is commonly believed. He acts just as often upon impulse as upon reflection. Nevertheless, he is Mr. Poincaré and his words on that account have a double significance. The general opinion has linked the name of Poincaré with that policy of constraint and mistrust which Mr. Herriot and subsequently Mr. Briand have publicly abandoned. Up to now, Mr. Poincaré has been very careful to show that his return to power does not mean in any sense a return to the old policy, that he accepts the



A LABOR CRY AGAINST WAR

"Break the Sword!"

—The New Leader (London).

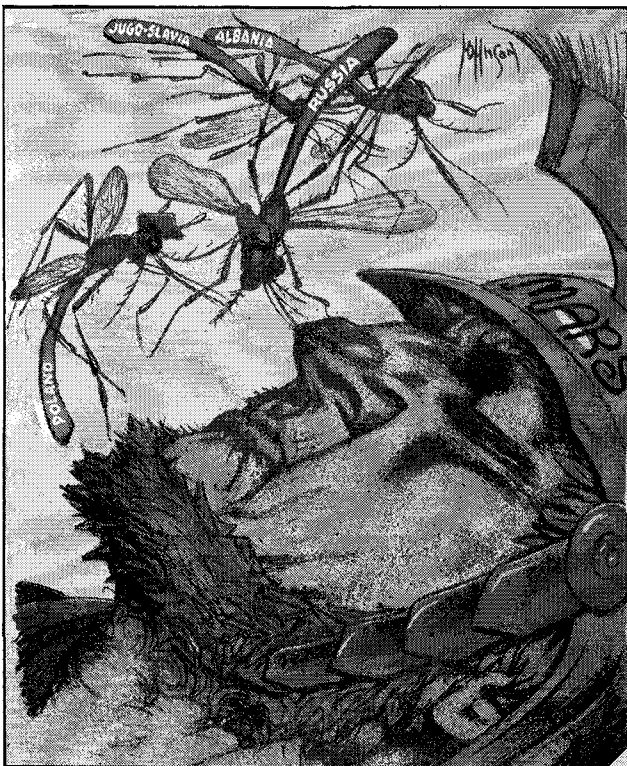
change and bows to the accomplished fact. Once again, however he has raised doubts in our minds. We can not help opposing the spirit of such speeches as that at Lunéville with what we are accustomed to call the Locarno spirit and the spirit of Geneva. Whatever his real intentions, he can hardly be surprised if some disquietude is felt both in France and outside.

"The first question that arises is in what measure the Premier and his Foreign Minister are in agreement. Mr. Briand is proud to call himself the man of Locarno and of Thoiry, the man of peace and mutual confidence. Did he know of the Lunéville speech? Did he approve of it? If so, the fact is very important from the point of view of our international situation; if not, it is no less grave from the standpoint of home politics, for it means a dissension within the Cabinet of which the Chamber ought to take account."

It is all very well, Mr. Blum goes on to say with some irony, for the semiofficial French press to declare that a parliamentary debate on the Lunéville speech would only have aggravated its consequences, but it is a fact that French opinion, both on the Right and Left, as well as opinion abroad, has formed from it the idea of a definite modification in the direction of French policy. This French leader then observes:

"If we grant that such speeches misrepresent Mr. Poincaré's real intentions, that he has been the victim of his platform manner, which we know so well, or his memory, which we know too, none the less public discussion would have been the best way of dispelling the misunderstanding and limiting its consequences. If, on the other hand, the general interpretation is correct, and Mr. Poincaré's remarks indicate a wish to change our policy, then the silence of Parliament can only be interpreted as consent.

"We are all concerned for the interests of peace, compared with which Ministerial considerations do not amount to very much. What compromises great causes, however, is reticence, obscurity, and they are best obviated by daylight and sincerity. Let the forces of peace come out in the open air and show themselves. We must know whether Mr. Briand still makes it a point of honor as a statesman to reestablish in Europe an atmosphere of peace, or whether experience has cured him of his pacifist dreams! When it is a question of the whole foreign policy of France, we can not live under a system of personal opinions and contradictory initiatives. The Government must have a policy of its own, one and indivisible, by which its members are jointly and severally bound, and which the country can approve or condemn. We can not go on speaking a double language to the world and presenting a double face—a smiling Aristide and a growling Raymond."



A GERMAN WISH

"Let's hope those stinging pests don't wake him up."

—Kladderatsch (Berlin).

AFTER THE DISARMAMENT "FAILURE"

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT, with which is mingled some reproaches for the United States, colors various British comments on the failure of the 1927 Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva, which is described as "a serious setback to the cause of peace in the world." One commentator



WITH HOPES FOR A NEW CONFERENCE

UNCLE SAM: "Even if we can not see eye to eye in this matter, our friendly relations will always remain the same, John."
JOHN BULL: "Status quo, right'o, Sam."

—A. G. Racey, in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

remarks regretfully that if Britain and America can not agree on the limitation of armaments, how can the continental military Powers be expected to reduce their armaments? Unhappily, a disarmament conference can not break up as this one has broken up, says the *London Economist*, without leaving bad blood behind. Sir Austen Chamberlain's faith that, if Great Britain and America can not agree as friends they can at least differ as friends, is admirable as a sentiment, this weekly admits, but adds that the press of either country have shown little disposition to conceal their views, and, "on the whole, there is as much to be said for a certain restrained frankness as for the suppression of sincerity in the interest of politeness." We read:

"America misunderstands and openly disapproves our demand for more ships than we have to-day. We fail to understand and completely disapprove America's zeal for 10,000-ton cruisers and eight-inch guns. Those are the elementary facts of the situation, and it is futile to disguise them. The British attitude, no doubt, is illogical. We insist that no one but ourselves can be judge of our own needs when it is a question of light cruisers, but we enter the lists with vigor when America claims the same right in the matter of large cruisers and guns. The second attitude is sounder than the first. More progress is likely to be achieved when the right of each party to question the other's demands is openly admitted. It is only so that indefensible claims will be abated. Half the vice of the conference, indeed, has been the secrecy with which the whole of the discussions have been conducted—for *ex parte* statements for various delegates, supplemented by leakages calculated or otherwise, do not constitute publicity as it is commonly understood at Geneva. The contrast between the Three-Power Conference method and the methods of the League's Preparatory Commission, which regularly met in public, is glaring.

"When every allowance is made for national bias, the average Englishman will find it difficult to avoid throwing most of the blame for the breakdown on America. On certain vital points her attitude throughout has been inexplicable, and still is. Why

she should refuse to consider a reduction in the size of capital ships till 1931, no one knows. Why she should talk of building twenty-five 10,000-ton cruisers, no one knows. What is the ground of her affection for eight-inch guns, no one knows—unless it is based on the technically quite untenable argument that it takes an eight-inch-gun cruiser to deal with an armed merchantman which can mount only six-inch guns. There has been a good deal of talk about prestige. That is intelligible enough when the Navy Department or Eastern United States newspapers are vocal, but that the mass of American voters, half of whom have never seen the sea, and never will, are troubling their heads about naval prestige is not at all easy to believe."

It is difficult to forecast the eventual result of the breakdown of the conference, this weekly goes on to say, for it believes that all America will be persuaded now that Great Britain put forward inordinate tonnage claims, and all Britain will be persuaded that America has displayed obduracy past fathoming. Mean-



THE INTERNATIONAL OLD MAN OF THE SEA

—The Daily Chronicle (London).

while, it is conceded that Japan is justified in feeling reproachful toward both countries for—

"Even the latest British plan would have involved the Japanese, on the accepted ratio basis, in increases they desired to avoid. The crux of the matter will be whether America decides to build on the great scale. The best thing that can happen, if America insists on building, is for this country and Japan to agree, tacitly or openly, to let her build alone. That, unfortunately, is not likely to happen. Japan would hardly tolerate it, and we ourselves are committed already to a sufficiently formidable building program.

"The most hopeful possibility is a revulsion of feeling on both sides of the Atlantic in face of a failure as ignominious as it is economically disastrous. The League Preparatory Commission, of which the United States, Great Britain, and Japan are all members, meets again in November to take up its unfinished work. The opportunity will present itself then, if there is any will in that direction, to reach after all on a larger stage the agreement the restricted conference of three Powers has failed to bring forth. But the omens are not good. The interval will have been too short. America and Britain will still be suffering from exasperation with each other. There is more reason to fear that the smaller conference will have ruined the chances of the larger than to hope that the larger will retrieve the failure of the smaller. If that should be so, the only way of progress will be to follow the Locarno model and preface new attempts at a disarmament agreement with some political accord that will give the participants a sense of security which they seem to lack to-day."

The real stumbling-block at the conference was the cruiser question in the expert view of Lieut.-Commander The Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R. N., M.P., who, in reviewing Britain's naval needs, recalls in *Foreign Affairs* (London) that at the beginning of the Great War the British Navy contained 130 cruisers, armored and protected, of which 94 could be taken as modern or fairly modern. Of these, about 27 were with the Grand Fleet, the number varying with the naval situation; 8 with the Mediterranean Fleet, and 4 with other battle fleets. He goes on to inform us that:

"The remainder, with the addition of Japanese, French, and Russian cruisers, were quite inadequate to guard the trade routes from the few German cruisers at large. At one time seventy ships were hunting the *Emden* in the Indian Ocean or denying certain areas of the ocean to her. She was eventually run down and destroyed by the Australian cruiser *Sydney*, which, at the time news was received of her, was escorting Australian troopships to Europe. Other German raiders succeeded in evading the strong patrols maintained by the British and Allied warships during the war. Half those who attempted to break through succeeded.

"The argument of the Admiralty is that 70 cruisers are required for the protection of the British trade routes. If we are to rely on 70 cruisers to safeguard our food supplies in time of war, we are living in a world of make-believe. At least 20 must be

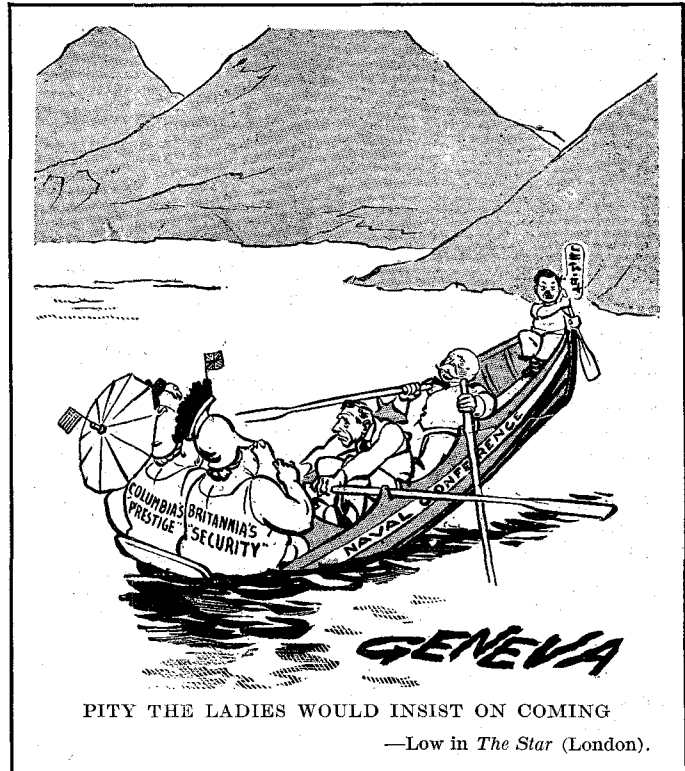
Navy, especially if the enemy has oversea bases. It is then recalled that:

"The German oversea bases were all masked or captured at the beginning of the war. And once local command of the sea is lost, all trade must stop. An example in the last war was the temporary and local command of the Southern Pacific obtained by the German armored cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, after they had defeated an inferior force under Admiral Craddock and had sunk the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth*. In the meantime



with the Mediterranean and Atlantic Fleets. Admiral Jellicoe, at the 1927 Conference, claimed 25 for the fleets. Of the remaining 45 or 50, 30, or at the most 35, can be at sea at the same time. The remainder must be refueling, resting, boiler-cleaning, etc., or the efficiency of the whole commerce-protecting fleet will deteriorate. Fighting a fairly equal enemy, some of our cruisers will be sunk or damaged early in the campaign. And it must be noted that America or Japan is indicated as a potential enemy."

It is true that armed merchantmen can be used for commerce protection on certain trade lines, this naval expert notes, but also he points out that an armed merchantman can not engage a regular cruiser with any hope of success. Therefore, he continues, from 30 to 35 British cruisers will be available for commerce protection, including the escort of the more important convoys, and the number is altogether inadequate against an efficient



the submarine has been improved as a weapon for attacking trade; and the submarine can not be hunted by the large cruisers demanded by the Admiralty.

"The whole strategy of commerce protection at sea has been altered by the introduction of the steam-engine, and still more by the use of the internal-combustion engine. In the old days the privateer or frigate operating on the trade routes had only a speed of eight or nine knots. This was little more than the speed of the merchant vessel she preyed upon. The sailing-frigate acting as a commerce destroyer, therefore, could go to sea and cruise till her water was used up; and if she only worked in the wide ocean, she would make very few prizes. To do real damage to the trade, therefore, commerce destroyers in the old days had to attack the merchant ships where they congregated. Certain land falls or narrow waters were the most fruitful cruising grounds. The Soundings in the western part of the English Channel, the Straits of Gibraltar, Cape San Roque in Brazil, the Cape of Good Hope, the Straits of Malacca, Point de Galle in Ceylon, were all important land falls or nodal points. If these areas were denied to the enemy by superior force, the trade was fairly safe.

"But the modern commerce destroyer can now cruise at a speed of thirty knots, with a full speed of thirty to thirty-five knots. Oil fuel, and still more the internal-combustion engine, will enable them to undertake very long cruises, and they can distill their own water. Furthermore, to-day we may expect commerce raiders to carry seaplanes, thus increasing their area of vision and their effective area of operations. The exploits of the *Emden*, *Karlsruhe*, and other German raiders in the last war were illustrations of the way modern conditions favor the privateer. At the beginning of the war Germany had eight cruisers and four armed auxiliaries outside the North Sea. They sank 200,000 tons of British shipping and 30,000 tons of Allied shipping before they were sunk or captured. Three German armed auxiliaries evaded the British patrols later in the war and appeared on the trade routes. They sank 250,000 tons of British and 39,000 tons of Allied merchant shipping. The success of the German submarines on the trade routes was greater still. They sank nearly 7,000,000 tons of British and Allied shipping."

WHY JAPAN WILL NOT ALLY WITH BRITAIN

THE PIVOTAL POINT of Japanese diplomacy is the peace of the Pacific, and that, according to a Japanese authority, is why all talk about a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is mere talk and nothing more. The corollary of the peace of the Pacific, we are also told, is the maintenance of friendly relations with the United States. A Japanese correspondent of the London *New Statesman* declares that because Japan knew that the Anglo-Japanese treaty had been a source of irritation and suspicion to the United States, Japan acquiesced in the abrogation of her alliance with Britain. What was true six years ago is true to-day, in the view of this writer, who declares that the revival of the alliance, even in a modified form, would cast a shadow over the Pacific. Furthermore, it would prove an obstacle to good understanding between America and England, and Japan has no reason to wish for their estrangement. We read then:

"Britishers often miscalculate Japan's attitude toward America. They seem to think that because the immigration question is a thorn in Japan's side, she will eventually appeal to the arbitrament of the sword. They forget that no sensible man will employ a sword to remove a thorn. Japan will never uphold national honor by national suicide. She knows that the immigration question is not one to be solved by war. Surely she is not so shortsighted as to think that an alliance with England will help to solve the question. Japan knows full well that, alliance or no alliance, England will never help her in this respect.

"It has been argued in certain quarters in England that Japan and Great Britain face a common menace in the spread of Bolshevism, and that, therefore, an entente or united action between the two Powers is most desirable. Here again Japan prefers to pursue a different policy. Since she recognized Soviet Russia three years ago she has had no occasion to regret the act. To say that her relations with Russia have been entirely satisfactory would be to put it too strongly, but Japan is convinced that they have been far more satisfactory than they would have been had she been hostile toward the Soviet Republic. Rightly or mistakenly, Japan thinks that Soviet propaganda can best be met by a policy of tolerance and conciliation, not by a policy of antagonism and hostility. Is it not significant that the destructive agitation in China has been chiefly directed against Great Britain, and that Japan has been comparatively immune from it? It is quite possible, of course, that 'divide and rule' is the Soviet policy in China, and that Japan's turn will come in due course. But the plain fact is that so far the Soviet has shown no signs of antagonism toward Japan. Is it wise for us to invite its enmity by taking steps which it will interpret as hostile?"

As to China, this Japanese correspondent admits that there is a certain community of interest between England and Japan in China, for both have trade to maintain and enterprises to protect. The turmoil in China has been detrimental to the interest of both nations, it is said, and what is more Britishers in the Far East almost to a man believe that this regrettable condition can be put to an end "only by restoring the former cordial relations between England and Japan." Then, rather caustically, this writer adds:

"They have conveniently forgotten that only seven or eight years ago it was they who clamored for the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and who welcomed and even abetted anti-Japanese agitation among the Chinese. In England itself voices have of late been heard advocating Anglo-Japanese cooperation. Only by such cooperation, we have been told, can peace and unity be restored in China, and foreign lives and property made secure. But will it? . . .

"Japan owes much to Great Britain. She is grateful for what England did for her when she was young and inexperienced. But nations, like individuals, can not remain eternally youthful. Japan has long since reached man's estate, and claims a right to independent opinion and independent policy. Unquestionably, the abrogation of the British alliance has accelerated her pace toward the desired independence, for it has thrown her upon her own resources and has developed her initiative unencumbered by outside restraint."

BRIGHTER DAYS IN GERMANY

NOT IN MANY DECADES have the German people been as happy as they are to-day, we are told, and they are not only able to live and to dress better, but they dress more brightly and move about as if they were enjoying freedom. What is particularly noticed by the Berlin correspondent of the London *Saturday Review*, is that the younger generation has adopted an entirely new mode of life. The liberation from restraint that followed the Revolution, it seems, was at first abused in various ways, but common sense is said to be prevailing now, and a healthy freedom is asserting itself. This informant notes also that some difficulty was at first experienced in finding a substitute for the military training of the young men, but they have taken the matter into their own hands. The substitute they have found is athletics of all kinds, to which they devote themselves passionately. What is more, the young women, too, are taking up athletics enthusiastically, and this correspondent continues:

"Germans are also pleased that the outside world no longer gives them the cold shoulder. Very many of them can afford to travel abroad, and these fortunate persons bring back the news that the German is welcomed everywhere. The crowning triumph is that Belgium is again glad to see Germans in her watering-places, and Germans in their thousands are taking advantage of the opportunity to visit the bathing-places on their one-time enemy's coasts. For a long time past Germans have met with a cordial reception in France, and Berliners are really gratified by the fact that French railway and shipping companies have opened a tourist agency in Unter den Linden. Great efforts have been made also to induce foreigners to visit Berlin and other places of interest in Germany, and these have been to a great extent successful. Americans are again filling the first-class Berlin hotels, and are spending money freely in other places mentioned in their guide-books. Baden-Baden, for the first time for many years, declares that it is satisfied, and many other well-known holiday and health resorts will tell the same tale when the summer is over."

The general improvement in Germany, it is then related, is also showing itself outwardly in Berlin. The suburban railway system is being electrified and entirely reorganized at enormous expense, we are told, and the electric underground railway is spreading in all directions. Berlin's claim to be the cleanest city in Europe, this correspondent believes, is a just one. The public buildings and the business and private houses are everywhere being renovated and enlarged, the streets are being adapted to the increasing traffic, and it seems that still another cause for satisfaction is the prospect of a good harvest. Whether the political situation shows encouraging signs depends upon the attitude of the person who views it, according to this informant, who adds:

"One thing is certain, namely, that the Nationalists are regaining power. It may be an exaggeration to say that the Republicans are weakening, but there are evidences of dissension among them. The Socialists are undoubtedly prest forward in excess of their chosen pace by the radical element among them, and the consequent desire to assert their power is causing them to rub up against the non-Socialist Republicans. Strong as Socialism is in Germany, it is not in a position to impose its will on the whole nation. The non-Socialist elements among the other Republican parties would, perhaps, not form a solid phalanx against an attempt at Socialist domination, but they would prevent its accomplishment. The antagonism between the two schools of thought and standpoints is as keen as ever; it manifests itself in a quiet but gigantic struggle. Time seems to be on the side of the Republican idea, which exerts an assuaging influence between Nationalism and Socialism, but the situation is still highly charged with electricity, and any serious attempt on the part of the Nationalists to assert their gain of power very firmly might so arouse the Socialists that an explosion would result. It looks, however, as if there were sufficient men of weight in the ranks of the non-Socialist parties to prevent Nationalist action of a kind that would be regarded by the other side as provocative."

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION

VESUVIUS A GREAT LABORATORY

HOW VESUVIUS HAS CONTRIBUTED to our knowledge of volcanic action through its accessibility and the consequent establishment, on or near it, of institutions for the scientific study of its phenomena, is told by Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in an article contributed to the *New York Times*. Were Vesuvius located in the Andes or on some isle of the South Seas, says Mr. Talman, its eruptions, frequent and spectacular as they are, would attract little notice from a busy world. There are more than 400 nominally active volcanoes on the face of the globe. Many of them have been in modern times the scene of outbreaks compared with which all modern eruptions of Vesuvius were tame in the extreme. He proceeds:

"Because Vesuvius is in the midst of a dense and civilized population it is a notorious danger spot, and its doings are of universal interest. Along the shores of the Bay of Naples it has repeatedly spread ruin and terror. Naples itself is panic-stricken whenever the wrath of the volcano is aroused.

"The last notable eruption of Vesuvius began on April 4, 1906. Between that date and April 21 there took place one of its greatest outbreaks, remarkable especially for the destruction wrought by the overwhelming fall of ashes. There were also severe earthquake shocks. The people of Naples were so terrified that more than 100,000 fled from the city, and processions constantly filled the streets, imploring the intercession of the saints. The city was wrapt at times in profound darkness and so heavily showered with ashes that some roofs gave way under the load. The cloud of ashes rose to a height of 12,000 feet, and dust fell in Constantinople and Paris.

"In ages past Vesuvius was vastly larger than it is to-day, and probably had many violently explosive outbreaks at intervals of several centuries.

"The explosive eruption that destroyed Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae in 79 A. D. was the earliest of which any record has been preserved. The last great outburst of this type occurred in 1631, when about 18,000 persons lost their lives.

"Since then the character of the volcanic activity at Vesuvius has changed. Instead of producing great explosions at long intervals, the crater is more or less continuously but not uniformly active. Small eruptions occur every few years, and in the intervening periods of repose there are generally some signs of mild activity. The years 1766-67, 1779, 1794, 1822, 1872, and 1906 were marked by relatively strong outbreaks. The volcano remained exceptionally quiet for seven years after the eruption of 1906.

"The proximity of Vesuvius to a civilized community is an advantage as well as a disadvantage. Vesuvius is easy of access to scientific observers and has been under constant investigation for generations. Because of its accessibility, small size, comparative freedom from danger, diversity of eruptive phenomena and rich mineralogy, it has earned the nickname 'cabinet volcano.' Every paroxysm of activity provides opportunities for substantial additions to the data of volcanology.

"The world possesses two great centers of volcanological research. One is at the crater of Kilauea, in the Hawaiian Islands. The location is, however, far remote from the familiar haunts of scientific humanity, and the volcanic phenomena that occur there are much less varied than are those occurring at Vesuvius.

"The other leading center of volcanic research includes not only the well-known Royal Vesuvius Observatory, which has



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LOOKING INTO THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

This remarkable photograph shows the smoking cone which rises from the floor of the crater.

been in operation for more than eighty years, but also certain near-by institutions in Naples. In the latter city is the Volcano Institute, founded in 1914 by Dr. Immanuel Friedländer. At the University of Naples are the offices of the Section of Volcanology of the International Geodetic and Geophysical Union. An extensive international library and museum of volcanology is being assembled here.

"The Vesuvian Observatory, maintained by the Italian Government, stands on a ridge west of the central cone, where it has escaped the lava flows in the adjacent valleys, but has been much shattered by the earthquakes attending eruptions. Its first director was the celebrated Melloni, who died in 1854. His successor, Palmieri, remained at his post during the violent eruption of 1872. The next director, Matteucci, did likewise during the outbreak of 1906, and his subsequent death was hastened by the breathing of volcanic ash at that time.

"During their heroic vigil on the mountain the volcanologists sent daily bulletins, by wire or courier, to Naples and the other Vesuvian towns, which were printed in poster form and prominently displayed. These reports from the front had most reassuring and steadying effect upon the population, who argued that if men could live on the volcano itself at such a time, the danger could not be serious elsewhere."

The eruption of 1906 blew off about 350 feet of the summit of Vesuvius and enlarged the crater, Mr. Talman tells us. Near the center of the crater rises the 'eruptive conelet,' which marks

the summit of the volcanic vent. In the eruption of which telegraphic news has just come to hand, the lava in the now shallow crater overflowed the eastern rim into a depression called the Valle dell'Inferno (Valley of Hell), and some of it flowed through ravines in the outer wall of the big prehistoric crater (Monte Somma) into the adjacent country, threatening the village of Terzigno. To quote further:

"Back in the year 1911, when the crater was still nearly 1,000 feet deep, volcanologists began a series of audacious descents to the crater floor, scrambling down the almost perpendicular walls with the aids of ropes. In May, 1912, Prof. Alessandro Malladra, Vice-Director of the observatory, made the first of the numerous ascents by which he won high renown throughout the scientific world. Tho almost overcome at times by the heat and gases, Malladra and his companions remained for hours at a stretch within the crater, taking photographs, measuring temperatures and collecting samples of gases and minerals. In recent years, with the building up of the crater floor, access to it has become easy, and it has been visited by numerous investigators."

THE SPEED OF HUMAN INCREASE

MAN'S ABILITY TO PRODUCE OFFSPRING on the "large scale," which he undoubtedly has whether he chooses to exercise it or not, is attributed by Prof. Edward A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, to a survival from prehistoric conditions when many births were necessary to supply the loss from continual warfare against wild beasts and the forces of nature. In civilized times, he holds, small families are rather an indication of progress than otherwise. Writing in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.) Professor Ross says:

"Early man possess in his brain an organ of use to him in living outside the natural dwelling-place of the prehumans; so he became the animal of least restricted habitat. But as man, overflowing his boundaries, met the trying conditions of life outside the warm forested region which was the home of his tree-dwelling, fruit-eating ancestors and had to cope with harsh climates or new enemies, and subsist upon strange food, his death-rate must have risen. Without weapons of defense, without remedy for injury or disease, dependent for food and shelter upon the chance offerings of nature, primitive men had nothing but their fertility with which to make good the destruction wrought upon them by the many hostile features of their environment. Many a human group, no doubt, wandered into a life so hard that as a rule more died than were born. Hence it disappeared. With a little more fertility it could have survived. In this way conditions may have favored the spread not only of the breed with the larger brain, the defter hand, the better-made foot, but also of the stock with the greater fruitfulness. Constitutional prolificacy had to increase until it was almost as great a handicap as an asset. At this point, of course, its development would cease.

"If Thomas R. Malthus (1767-1834), the first thinker to establish that the happiness of peoples is threatened by the results of man's super-fecundity, had broached his ideas to the men of the Old Stone Age fifty thousand years ago, I fancy that they would promptly have rejected his contention that always population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence. They would have pointed out that they met untimely death from disease, wild beasts or other men far oftener than from hunger. Nor in the European Middle Ages, did the worries of life center about the question of victuals. Again, right after the visitation of the Black Death in the fourteenth century would have been a poor time to warn against large families.

"Very likely there have been many periods in which all man's fecundity was needed to insure the upkeep or replenishing of the population, and the difficulty of obtaining the means of subsistence was by no means the chief source of his troubles and anxieties.

"Malthus made his case against reckless propagation about the beginning of the last century when British statesmen were losing sleep wondering how the swelling population of the towns could be fed. But in the third decade of the nineteenth century, thanks to industrialization and town crowding, the English death-rate rose and stayed up for sixty years. At the same time a colossal overseas movement of food made subsistence easier than ever to procure. So the impression grew up that the course of

events had falsified Malthus's prophecies. Then, following upon the discovery of the real nature of infectious disease, came a great fall in the death-rate which has once more thrust the population question into the foreground."

It should be plain by now, Professor Ross believes, that our excess of fecundity is relative and variable. It grows with progress in security, in peaceful association, in medicine, hygiene and sanitation. Each generation has a bit more to deal with. To-day, when the infectious diseases are two-thirds whipt and the mortality is but half of what he knew, Malthus could make a far stronger case than in his own time. To quote further:

"We must reject the cheering argument of Herbert Spencer that civilization begets individuation and that, as individuation progresses, reproductive power declines. The fact is, the women of the most civilized peoples, if anything, are more fruitful than those of the less advanced. It seems idle, then, to pretend that civilization solves the population problem by reducing the fruitfulness of women.

"In a healthy population of normal make-up, in age and sex, the birth-rate will range from fifty to sixty per thousand per annum. The advanced peoples have cut their death-rates per annum to sixteen, fourteen, and even twelve, per thousand. It seems safe to predict that even in this Golden age of public hygiene no people with an annual birth-rate of fifty will have a death-rate below twenty—which gives an annual growth of 3 per cent. per annum. Such a population will double in about twenty-three years. In the last decade of the eighteenth century, when immigration was eligible, the increase of the American people averaged 30.5 per thousand a year, while in the first decade of the nineteenth century the rate was 31.5 a year. So far this performance holds the record.

"We know of no contemporary population which actually attains this rate of natural increase. All the peoples bright enough to achieve a low death-rate are too wise to multiply in the blind way animals do. So many couples curtail family that by no means all the nation's fecundity is utilized. The highest annual rate of natural increase attained by any country throughout the entire period of authentic vital statistics was that of New Zealand, 26.6 per thousand for the decade 1876-1885. Only a country of recent settlement with a very small quota of old people could make such a showing. Quebec, Manitoba and Argentina report an excess of births above deaths of about twenty, which would double the population in thirty-five years. Just prior to the outbreak of the war, Roumania reported a natural increase of 18.4 and Bulgaria, 18.6. This is the maximum for Europe and would suffice to double the population in thirty-nine years. Russia had a margin of 17 in 1911; Holland follows with 16.3 in 1920—a gain not purchased by a very high birth-rate, but by combining a fairly high birth-rate with a very low death-rate.

"Utilizing the life-saving means now available, a flourishing and enlightened modern population which welcomed large families might grow from its own loins at a rate which would double it in twenty-three years. No people wise enough to keep its mortality low consents to breed in such reckless fashion."

THE SENATE IS STILL NORDIC—The making of laws for the United States is still chiefly in the hands of the Nordics, as it was in Revolutionary days, if we are to credit a racial study made by Frank L. Babbott, President of the Eugenics Research Association. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"The convention of statesmen that met in Philadelphia to frame the Federal constitution was 90 per cent. English, Scotch, and Irish. In the most recent session of the Senate, a group almost twice as large, 81 per cent. of the members were of similar racial descent, Mr. Babbott shows. The last Senate included two members of French origin, Thomas F. Bayard, and Edwin S. Broussard, and several of partly French ancestry. There was one Norwegian, Henrik Shipstead, and two Swedish, Irvine L. Lenroot and Peter Norbeck. Mr. Babbott obtained his figures by inquiring into the racial descent of each of the four grandparents of the ninety-six Senators, which showed the racial origin of 384 grandparents. If America is not producing great statesmen to-day, of the caliber of Washington, Franklin, and Madison, the change is not in the racial origin of the lawmakers, the data indicate."

THE RETURN OF THE FOREST

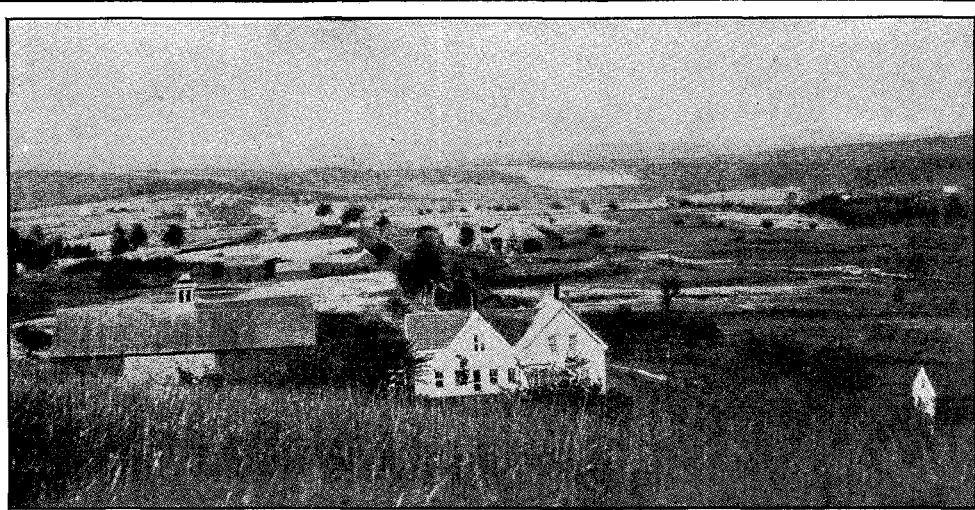
IN MANY LOCALITIES IN NEW ENGLAND the wilderness is resuming dominion over lands which no longer suffice to support cultivation. Ben Ames Williams, who writes under the above title in *American Forests* (Washington), says that it has been his good fortune to see this process under way, and to observe the effects of it in the streams and in the increasing animal life of one of the localities. He refers, he tells us, to the region lying, roughly, between Augusta and Belfast, Maine; and more particularly to a tract perhaps ten miles square, lying from six to sixteen miles west of Belfast. He proceeds:

"This country was permanently settled in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was at that time clothed in forest. Except in the swamps, the prevailing growth was pine, with an admixture of spruce. In the swamps, the cedars were probably the most flourishing tree. The land came into private ownership through grants to Revolutionary warriors.

"The first development of this countryside was directed toward harvesting the standing timber. The process was probably at its height from eighty to one hundred years ago, and was fairly well completed by about 1840. The strip hills and valleys passed into smaller holdings, were again subdivided, and came into the hands of that vigorous and thrifty race which farmed the New England countryside so diligently through the latter half of the nineteenth century.

"The agricultural life of the region was probably at its height about 1870. It has from that time steadily declined.

1,700. I first saw this locality in 1917. At that time the population had shrunk to about 700, and the process of forestation was already well advanced. During the intervening nine years, I have been able to watch it in progress. To wander through the woodlands in this locality now is to discover everywhere traces of a civilization which, if it is not so remote as that of ancient Egypt, is at least as definitely a thing of the past. I have come upon stone walls, crumbling and fallen, in the heart of a deep wood better than two miles from the nearest habitation.



Photograph from *American Forest and Forest Life* (Washington, D. C.)

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO

This view, as seen from the shoulder of Appleton Ridge, looking toward the village of Searsmont, Maine, is largely of meadows, pastures, and cultivated fields, with very little wooded land.

The walls were built not so much to enclose the fields as to get rid of the stones which filled the soil.

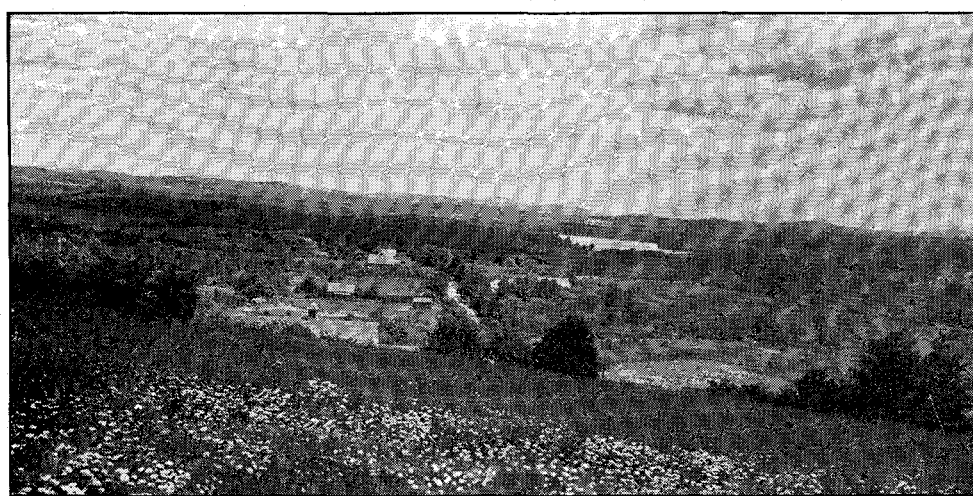
"I know cellar holes, no other sign remaining of the house beneath which they were dug, and which now are lost in a thick and tangled growth. I know roads so long abandoned that trees of four and five inches in diameter now grow in their very course. And once, two miles from the nearest road in one direction and a mile in the other, I found the ruins of an old mill."

Mr. Williams instances in particular one piece of pasture, where during the fall of 1917 he gunned for woodcock. Of this he says:

"The road climbed to an open hillside on which there were ten to twelve acres of land entirely free from any growth, save grass or ground pine or juniper. The aspect of this particular pasture to-day is so altered as to be almost unrecognizable. Just inside the bars the open land is no more than one hundred feet in diameter; and beyond what was once a small clump of birches, there is another spot no larger, which is still free from the encroachments of the new growth. Yet this land is pastured, and the owner has made some effort to keep down the young stuff and give the grass a chance. But for his attentions and for the grazing of the cattle, what was an open field nine years ago would now be a thicket.

"In the other localities this process has been allowed to go forward without hindrance. Meadows and pastures which were clear nine years ago are now good woodcock cover. And beneath the protecting foliage of the birch, alder, and poplar, pine and spruce seedlings have taken root.

"When farms are abandoned, there is usually an attempt by the owners to cut the hay on them for a year or two, but at the end of that period the task becomes too difficult, and the forest is allowed to possess them unimpeded. Birch, poplar,



Photograph from *American Forest and Forest Life* (Washington, D. C.)

THE VIEW FROM THE SAME SPOT TO-DAY

In striking contrast to the outlook of twenty years ago, the scene is now predominantly a woodland one. This is typical, we are told, of what is happening throughout New England—the return of the forest.

"When this territory was in a state of wilderness, it was, like the remainder of the North American continent, overrun with game. Fur-bearing animals were present in great numbers. There were wildcats and bears and wolves; and deer, moose, and caribou ranged the forests.

"The period from the coming of the pioneers to about 1870 saw a steady increase in human population, a steady clearing of the lands, and a steady decrease in the numbers of wild life.

"In 1870 the population of the town of Searsmont was about

and in the wetter spots alder take root at the first opportunity, and within two or three years these striplings have attained a considerable growth. By that time the pine and spruce and hemlock have taken advantage of the shelter offered them, and young seedlings begin to lift their heads. In another spot half a mile away you may see the secondary stage; the alders and the birches beginning to die of old age, the vigorous soft-woods taking their places. In many places, necessarily, oak and beech and rock maple have preempted the higher slopes, but even in these hardwood growths there is a generation of pine and spruce growing steadily taller, bringing every year nearer the day when they will begin to choke and smother the hard woods. If the process is allowed to continue unimpeded, another fifty years will see the greater part of this town covered with a growth of lumber not unworthy to be compared with the primeval forest which stood here a hundred years ago.

"In another way, too, the land has been taken back by nature. Year after year the deep frosts lift and bring to the surface new boulders, and a field which was cleared and tillable land twenty years ago is to-day as full of stones as it was before it was cleared. What was once wilderness is fast becoming wilderness again."

IMMIGRATION AND INVENTION

INVENTION HAS BEEN STIMULATED by the restriction of immigration, according to Prof. R. D. Ward of Harvard. Not having enough laborers, we are devising machines to take their place. That restriction has had a marked effect on employment is a matter of common knowledge, says the writer of an editorial article in the *New York Times*. In the five years preceding the war we added 2,635,196 to the number of our gainfully occupied, but only 1,100,213 from 1921 to 1926. In prewar years the average annual increase in the number of unskilled workers was 234,427. Now it is but 14,227. The average net gain in skilled workers has declined from 119,890 to 46,214. Yet the productivity of the country is the envy of the world. By some authorities it is stated that the income alone of the American people in 1926 exceeded the total wealth of most European countries. He goes on:

"Prof. Robert D. Ward of Harvard University explains this seeming anomaly by the extraordinary progress made in the invention of new labor-saving devices. Ditch-digging machines that do the work of four hundred men, automatic planers that slice through fifty blocks of steel as if they were so much butter, drill presses that pierce eighty holes in a casting at one operation, great steel fists that descend on a sheet of metal and give it the form of an automobile fender, giant cranes that pick up weights of twenty tons and travel with them down the length of a machine shop, mechanically operated buckets that unload 10,000 tons of ore from the hold of a ship in half a day—these and countless other mechanisms not only take the place of crude, unskilled labor, but lower production costs. It pays now to invent and install machines which may cost as much as a quarter of a million dollars.

"In the household the inventor has likewise made his influence felt in solving the servant problem, now more acute than ever since immigration has been restricted. Vacuum-cleaners, washing-machines, ironing-machines are so common that Professor Ward refuses to regard the disappearance of the maid-of-all-work as a national calamity. Indeed, the small-town housewife who does her own work is better off than was her grandmother who kept two or three servants.

"Professor Taussig and other economists have riddled the old notion that necessity is the mother of invention and piled up overwhelming evidence to prove that the inventor, like the artist, obeys some uncontrollable impulse—Macdougall's 'instinct of contrivance'—rather than the desire to gain millions. That the restriction of immigration should have stimulated invention is no argument against this view. Where invention ends and engineering begins, can not be determined. The wonderful labor-saving machines that have more than offset the effect of a diminished labor supply are not the products of casual inventors, but of ingenious hired engineers who create to order. Invention has become a profession—a branch of engineering.

"The mechanization of industry has been accompanied by an extraordinary increase in wages and a reduction in the hours of labor. Give the worker more power and he earns more money. At one extreme we have the Chinese coolie with no

power at all, always on the brink of starvation, and at the other the machinist of a Detroit automobile factory. Yet the American is far from being the dull, unthinking slave of the machine. It takes more intelligence to run a turret lathe than to raise water with a treadmill on the banks of the Ganges."

POSSIBLE IMPROVEMENTS IN GASOLINE

SO-CALLED "HIGH-TEST" gasolines are costing the public more than they should, and do not necessarily give the performance which motorists expect of them. These statements are made in a bulletin by George Granger Brown, assistant professor of chemical engineering at Michigan University. The bulletin is an account of research work on motor fuels done for the Association of Natural Gasoline Manufacturers, on which Professor Brown and his assistants have been engaged in the laboratories of the University for over a year. The bulletin also contains an account of the present status of an investigation of "anti-knock" properties—on which work had been proceeding for nearly six years, and is still uncompleted. We quote from a printed summary issued for the press by the University:

"The term 'volatility'—the tendency of a liquid to vaporize when exposed to air—has been much too loosely employed in connection with motor fuels,' declared Professor Brown in discussing the statements of the bulletin. 'A highly volatile gasoline, for instance, is commonly taken to mean one in which 100 per cent. vaporization can readily be obtained. Effective volatility in a motor fuel means not complete but partial volatility. Extensive tests have shown that from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. is generally sufficient.

"A gasoline which has high partial volatility at low temperatures is an excellent motor fuel, as it provides easy starting, good acceleration and good performance with a cold engine.

"Fuels giving complete or nearly complete vaporization at high temperatures—those having 'low end-points' as they are known to the trade—represented by most of the so-called 'high-test' gasoline now being sold, are not necessary for good engine performance, and under certain conditions may be actually disadvantageous.

"Road tests as well as laboratory tests were used in the experiments conducted. Four different automobile motors of standard type were used, three of them water-cooled and one air-cooled. A large number of fuels, whose volatility had already been determined were tested through the medium of actual performance in the laboratory and on the road, and the results compared with those obtained through distillation tests.

"Since 1905 the development of the automobile has created a steadily increasing demand for gasoline—originally a waste product in the manufacture of kerosene from petroleum—with the result that the refineries cut farther and farther back into the distillate to produce more gasoline from each barrel of crude oil. As the inevitable result of this was a less volatile fluid, more like the old kerosene, the process known as 'cracking' was begun. This means heating the crude oil to high temperatures so that the heavier or non-volatile compounds are decomposed into lighter or more volatile compounds.

"There are two methods of securing volatility: (1) by decreasing the proportion of low volatile material, and (2) by increasing the proportion of highly volatile material. The first method—employed in the production of the various high-test motor fuels now being sold—is characterized as 'an economic waste not only in poor performance and economy in the motor but in decreasing the yield of gasoline from crude oil.' The second method is therefore recommended, the increase in highly volatile material being secured through the addition of a certain percentage of natural gas gasoline, which is gasoline condensed from natural gas.

"Most of the research work done on the anti-knock properties of motor fuels has been directed toward the determination of the cause of engine knock, on which the bulletin states that 'The probable cause of fuel or engine knock is shown to be a complex chemical reaction involving auto-ignition of the unburned gases ahead of the flame initiated by the spark.'

"The conclusion is reached," states the final paragraph of the bulletin, 'that fuels meeting the requirements for volatility may be obtained at no increase of cost by blending materials having the desired volatility at low temperatures with other materials having the desired dew-points.'"

THE TELEPHONE'S FIGHT WITH GREAT SALT LAKE

TELEPHONING FROM NEW YORK to San Francisco would be practically impossible if the Great Salt Lake had its way. The flying salt spray, carried sometimes to a distance of fifteen miles, coats the insulators of the telephone-line with a thick crust of salt which destroys or greatly reduces their insulating properties. Each insulator has to be periodically washed to keep it in condition. How this is done without climbing poles or removing wires, by a device invented by B. F. Howard, electrical engineer of the Mountain States Telephone Company, is told by him in a paper published originally in *The Journal of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers* and now reprinted as a pamphlet by the Bell Telephone Laboratories (New York, 1927). Incidentally, Mr. Howard gives an interesting account of little-known conditions on the Great Salt Lake Desert of Utah. He writes:

"In 1913, when it had been decided to construct a transcontinental telephone line, a warning was given by other wire-using companies of difficulties which would be encountered in the Great Salt Lake Desert, owing to very low insulation of the lines under certain weather conditions. At times they had experienced complete failure of telegraph lines, due to this low insulation, particularly when heavy fogs prevailed. It was very important to the success of the transcontinental lines that the insulation should be prevented from falling below a certain minimum.

"For a long time these insulation conditions had existed on lines over the mud flats west of Salt Lake. The Great Salt Lake Desert is an old lake bed consisting of a deep valley filled with mud. A chemical company put a drill down at a place where the surface is covered by salt and passed through eight feet of this, 200 feet of mud, 30 feet of solid salt, and another 200 feet of mud.

"The salt-bed surface is about eight miles wide and twenty long, and varies from a few inches to eight feet in thickness. The mud flats are covered with a salty crust which, in the dry reason, is capable of carrying the weight of a horse, and has even carried a tractor; but when a hole is broken, it will rapidly fill with salt water. The melting snow and rains from the mountains run into these flats, and the surface water is blown for miles by the wind. Frequently an area that has been covered with water one day will be dry the next for miles, owing to the removal of the water by the wind during the night.

"After storms, salt is sometimes found upon the windows of houses fifteen miles from the lake in Salt Lake City, where salt-laden moisture has been deposited upon the glass. Telephone leads in the vicinity of Salt Lake City have had their insulation considerably lowered on account of salt and alkali dust being blown upon them."

Investigation showed that the salt is blown upon the insulators during storms, and splashed by the action of rain. This forms a crust on the

surface, and when this takes place on the interior of the insulators, the insulation of the lines is materially reduced. During fogs the salt becomes wet and the resistance falls rapidly to a very low value. Mr. Howard goes on:

"The effect of freezing is interesting. During the tests it was observed that at sunrise, after sufficient time for the insulator coating to thaw, the insulation would drop materially; and then, as the warmth of the sun evaporated the moisture, the insulation would rise again. It was known that this trouble was usually noticed during January, February, and March, and chiefly during the night hours. Consequently, an investigation was launched on an experimental basis.

"Tests showed how very important it was to have all glass insulators well washed and cleaned before being put in place on the poles, and that the solution of the problem was to remove the salt from time to time by washing the insulators.

"The problem of washing was a somewhat serious one, because if it were necessary to take the insulators down, it would mean interruption to service and damage to the conductors and a long and expensive process. The author therefore devised a method by which the insulators could be successfully washed without climbing the poles or untying the wires by spraying with saturated steam or finely divided hot water.

"The steam is applied through a nozzle at the end of a fishing-rod device held under the insulator to be cleaned. The steam is generated in a portable boiler heated by an oil fire. An automatic arrangement of pumps supplies water to the boiler to replace that which is used.

"The time necessary to wash an insulator is thirty seconds. All fresh water has to be brought by the railroad, distributed at intervals along the line, and then rolled out in barrels across the mud flats.

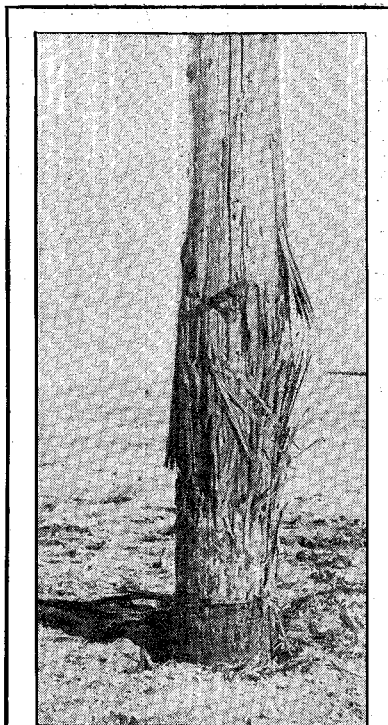
"During the time when an insulator is being washed, no appreciable disturbance has been noticed in the service taking place over the lines. The rapidity with which salt or alkali dust, both of which are of a stubborn nature, is removed by the steam is astonishing.

"The steam washing-plant is built with wide metal tires and is pulled sometimes by horses and at other times by a Ford car, which is also equipped with wide tires. Many miles of the mud have been found so soft that it was necessary to lay planks in order to keep the car and the steam-generating plant from sinking.

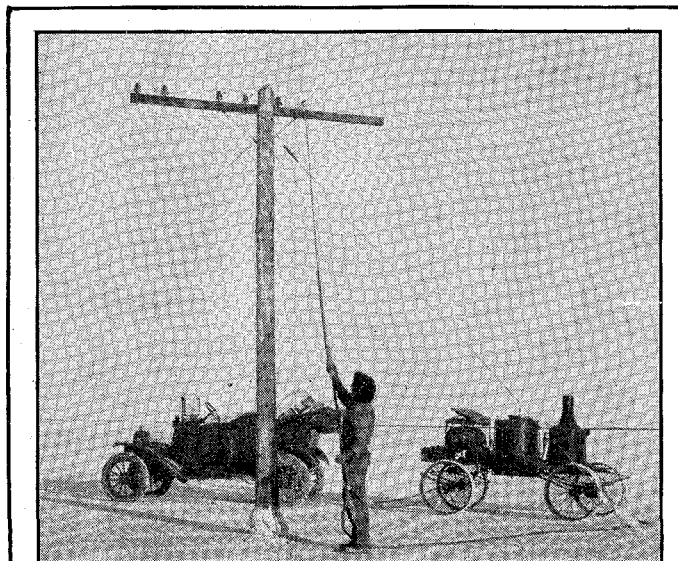
"It has been found necessary to wash the insulators at least once every two years, but the frequency, of course, is governed by conditions of salt deposit. When the insulation resistance is found to drop to a predetermined amount, it is time to arrange for a washing of the line. While this is in process, the improvement in the insulation of the wires may be observed as the washing proceeds.

"The cost of washing the insulators on the mud flats ranges between \$500 and \$700, according to prevailing conditions.

"The illustration shows the action of the salt upon the poles above the ground line. This, at first sight, appears to be rather alarming, but it has been observed that the rending action of the salt, which takes place as it crystallizes, affects the sapwood only."



WHAT TOO MUCH SALT DID TO A TELEPHONE POLE



Illustrations by courtesy of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, New York

FIGHTING SALT WITH STEAM

The salt spray from Great Salt Lake affects the insulation of telephone lines as much as fifteen miles away. This machine uses steam to wash the insulators.

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

BLAKE REMEMBERED AFTER A CENTURY

LONDON NOW HAS TWO MEMORIAL STONES recalling William Blake. One was recently unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral, at the instance, among others, of the Prime Minister and Mr. Thomas Hardy; the other is in Bunhill Fields, marking the spot supposed to be his grave. But a century has past since he was laid there after his death on August 12, 1827, and his dust has remained unregarded. This neglect may be excused as in harmony with his creed that "this corporeal life's a fiction, and is made up of contradiction." If that is accepted, it is no more than what happened during his lifetime, for few of his literary contemporaries were even aware of him. Almost the only exception, says John Freeman in *The Bookman* (London), was Charles Lamb, whose letter to Bernard Barton is reproduced:

"Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man, if he be still living. . . . He paints in water-colors marvelous strange pictures, visions of his brain, which he asserts he has seen. . . . His poems have been sold hitherto only in manuscript. I never read them; but a friend at my desire procured the 'Sweep Song.' There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning:

"Tyger, Tyger, burning bright,
Thro' the desarts of the night,"

which is glorious, but alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad House—but I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age."

"It is scarcely surprising that the physical adventures of the man are the least interesting thing about him," says S. P. B. Mais in the *London Daily Telegraph*, who writes a "centenary appreciation" that supports such a thesis:

"One quatrain of his own aptly and concisely sums up the whole matter so far as the details of his biography go. 'I have Mental Joy and Mental Health, and Mental Friends and Mental Wealth; I've a Wife I love and what loves me; I've all But Riches bodily.' The man who has no 'corporeal' history is happy. We know that his father was a well-to-do London hosier who was sympathetic enough toward the boy's passion for drawing to send him to the best drawing school in London, and antipathetic enough with regard to the child's chatter about his visions to want to flog him for lying. We know that at the age of twenty-five he married the daughter of a Battersea market gardener, whose sole complaint about her husband was that 'I have very little of Mr. Blake's company: he is always in Paradise.'

We know that, being unable to find a publisher for 'Songs of Innocence,' he produced the book himself, with her help, by writing his poetry and drawing marginal subjects of embellishment in outline upon copperplate with an impervious liquid, and then eating the plain parts of light away with aqua-fortis, so that the outlines were left as a stereotype. The plates in this state were then printed in any tint that he wished. We know that he enjoyed the patronage of Thomas Butts and resented the 'genteel ignorance and polite disapprobation' of William Hayley, who also patronized him and induced him to spend three years at Felpham. It was during the Felpham period that he suffered the unpleasant experience of being arrested for sedition at the charge of a truculent soldier whom he had turned out of his garden. This was the most exciting 'corporeal' incident of his life. We know that he attempted, with complete unsuccess in his Prophetic books, and with a slightly larger measure of success in his paintings, to force upon the world something entirely new, and that, in spite of many true and influential friends, he died in his seventieth year, on August 12, 1827, in poverty and neglect, to be buried in the common grave at Bunhill Fields, and to be joined there by his wife four years later."

What matters about Blake is not his life, but his work, which this same writer regards as "not the less absorbing because critics have taken so long making up their minds about it":

"Wordsworth, his first critic, said: 'There is no doubt this poor man was mad, but there is something in the madness of this man which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott.' Miss

Mona Wilson, his latest critic, whose 'Life of William Blake' has just been published by the Nonesuch Press, says, 'None of his intimate friends thought him mad . . . a sympathetic reader of the letters must hear the very voice of the man and feel his essential sanity in spite of eccentricities and whimsicalities.' It is dangerous to charge with insanity all those with whom we differ or whom we fail to understand. 'Put him to the test,' said Sir Walter Raleigh, 'and he will reward the matter, which madness would gambol from.' We might conceivably be justified in calling a man mad who says, 'I am under the direction of messengers from Heaven, Daily and Nightly,' if his 'inspired' utterances were no more coherent than a frothing at the mouth, but the more we take the trouble to read Blake the more consistent and forthright his gospel appears. A vision was vouchsafed to him and he believed it utterly. It was his own. He owed nothing to any human master. He owed nothing to any human code or system. He guarded it in solitude while



THE "MAD" WILLIAM BLAKE

"There is no doubt this poor man was mad," said Wordsworth, "but there is something in the madness of this man which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott."

he lived, and when he died there was no Elisha to inherit his mantle.

"The fact that some advance has been made in our appreciation of Blake's power as a poet is obvious when we remember that in the Golden Treasury Selection of English Lyrics published sixty-six years ago no room was found even for 'Tyger, Tyger,' 'Ah, Sunflower,' 'My Silks and Fine Array,' 'How Sweet I Roam'd,' 'When Silver Snow,' and 'The Sun Descending in the West,' which are now at least as well known as any other six short poems in the language. Unfortunately, the advance stops short there. Mr. Geoffrey Keynes's centenary edition of 'The Poetry and Prose of William Blake,' just published in one pocket volume of 1,150 pages by the Nonesuch Press will, it is hoped, lead readers further on than 'Poetical Sketches' and 'Songs of Innocence,' which are, after all, merely alluring enticements hanging over the threshold of Blake's strange universe to tempt us in. We are all afraid of allegory, and in spite of Hazlitt's kindly reminder that it won't bite, we give it, when possible, a wide berth. Blake's Prophetic Books, with their unfortunate complications of nomenclature, Enitharmon, Los, and the rest, are distinctly caviar to the general. Yet it is only here that one arrives at the magnificent message that Blake has left for mankind. 'Allegory,' he says, 'is my definition of the most sublime poetry.' It is to be remembered that he has something very definite to say. It is this: 'A robin red-breast in a cage, Puts all Heaven in a rage.' It is this: 'If the sun and moon should doubt, They'd immediately go out.' It is this: 'Sooner murder an infant in its cradle, than nurse unacted desires.' It is this: 'Mental things are alone real.' His gospel is that a man must continue to forgive until seventy times seven, that mercy, pity, peace, and love are the four cardinal virtues."

There might be other choice things to quote, for the English prints are seizing the occasion to spread a knowledge of Blake, but we must leave consideration of his poetry to quote something that is said about his art. Mr. R. R. Tatlock in the same paper is the critic:

"The question whether Blake's contribution to art as a poet or as an artist was the greater is an idle one; but it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it was when his pen was employed in draftsmanship rather than in writing that the strange and lovely images that peopled his imagination found their most astonishing expression. The organ which acted as a link between his words, his religious experience, his sense of life and his works of art, was ever the eye. He was nothing if not a visionary. When his imagination boiled over, as it were, it flowed among the things which are seen. It was so from the beginning. Once as a little child he is said to have come home late, and explained quite simply and sincerely that he had been delayed for a bit through having come upon the prophet Ezekiel sitting beneath a tree.

"He always loved what he really saw (or, to put it more accurately, what others could also see), and studied anatomy and natural forms as closely and normally as did other artists, but his human and animal figures, his trees and flowers, his clouds and houses, took on the attributes of a realm far removed from eighteenth-century England, with its positive artistic methods, its dogmatic and inflexible canons, and its hard, common-sense system of expression. And yet there was no nonsense about Blake's art. Even the word 'fancy,' so frequent in art criticism,

conveys far too little of that essential solemnity that one never misses even in the slightest sketch by William Blake. There was so little danger of his indulging in flippancy that he could treat the slightest and most commonplace incident of life so that it overwhelms the observer with its apparent intrinsic importance. Before a picture or an illustration by Blake we feel ourselves in the spiritual presence, not, perhaps, of a very great master like Raphael or Michelangelo, but of an artist who was unique in his persuasive power, in his gift of carrying us on the instant away from every-day life and among the images of the artist's brain. By some mystery he had come into possession of the keys of that

limbous region between heaven and earth which he inhabited, and whose atmosphere he breathed as naturally as other mortals breathe air."

AUSTRALIA PREFERS OUR FILMS

THE AMERICAN FILM seems to be a more productive trouble-maker than any other amusement agency current in the world. Australia, having found that 95 per cent. of her cinema programs are of American origin, is holding a royal commission of inquiry into her film situation. The authority for this statement, Mr. G. A. Atkinson, cinema expert for the London *Daily Express*, also mentions the "allegation amounting to fact that American agents are able to boycott British films in the Commonwealth." At the time of writing the Commission had not completed its work, but one accomplished result is that "the Victorian Government has promptly accelerated and brought into operation its 'Censorship of Films' Act, which compels all exhibitors in that State to show 2,000 feet

of British film in every program including 1,000 feet manufactured in Australia." Thus we see Australia dealing with the same problems that we have found agitating Great Britain and Germany. Mr. Atkinson states some of the grounds for grievance:

"Among the British films which, it is alleged, have been wholly or partially boycotted, or otherwise commercially obstructed in Australia are 'Mons,' 'Ypres,' 'Armageddon,' 'Zeebrugge,' 'Mademoiselle from Armentières,' 'Wonderful London,' and the Australian productions, 'Jewelled Nights' and 'Moth of Moonbi.'"

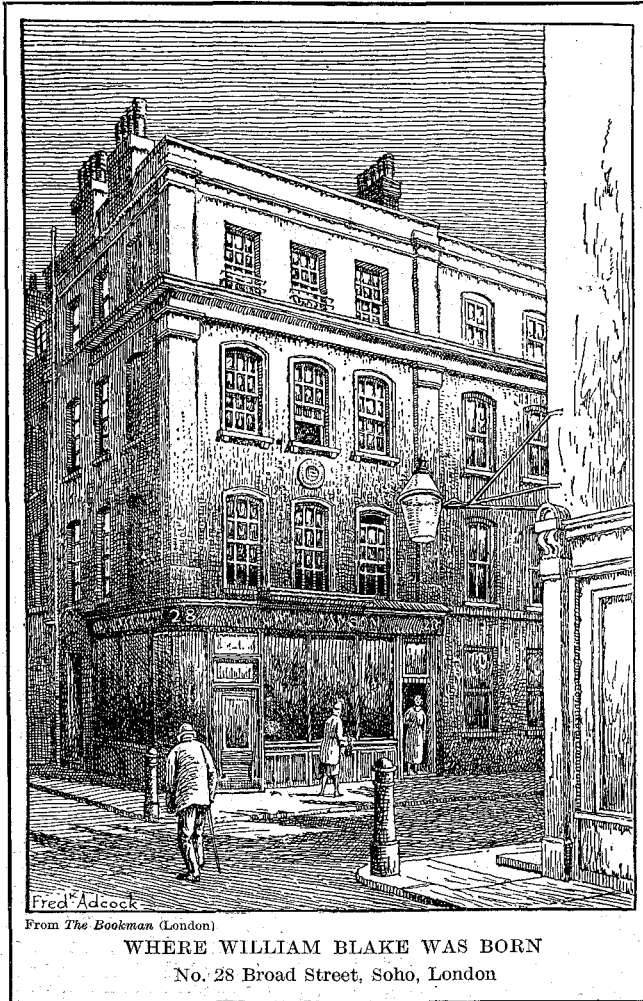
"There are many others, but it is the British war films which have suffered most.

"One agent admitted under cross-examination that he had had 'Zeebrugge' in his possession for nearly three years, without showing it, whereas he had given prompt release to the American naval comedy, 'We're in the Navy Now.'"

"A second agent is concerned in the production of the old convict story, 'For the Term of His Natural Life,' which Australians regard as a complete 'throw-down' of the Commonwealth.

"It is suggested that this alleged patriotic film, which was made under American technical control, was produced with sinister intent.

"Another agent is alleged to have paid a record price for 'Mons,' and to have kept it off the market in favor of 'The Big Parade.'"



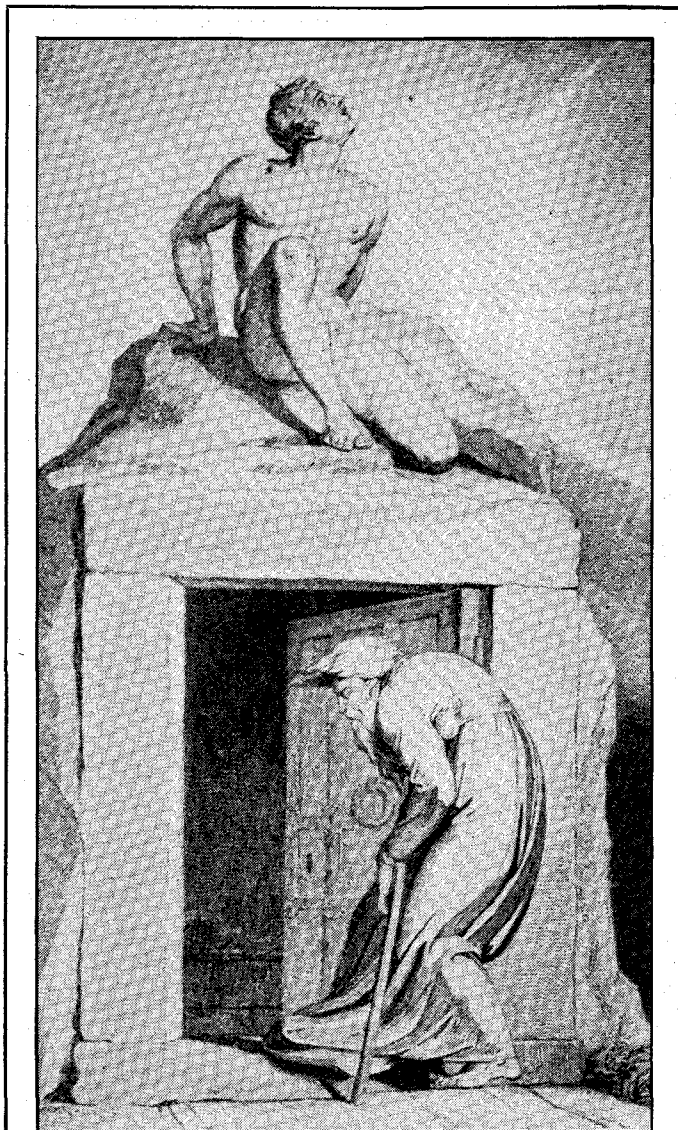
WHERE WILLIAM BLAKE WAS BORN
No. 28 Broad Street, Soho, London

"There is clinching evidence of a successful conspiracy to keep British war films out of Melbourne theaters.

"'Ypres' was offered to the people who control film affairs in Melbourne, but was rejected.

"The distributor then offered to allow the film to be shown in any Melbourne theater, free of hiring charge, as a test of its drawing power.

"This offer was also rejected, on the pretext that 'Ypres' did



"DEATH'S DOOR"

"'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night.

We make the grave our bed, and then are gone."

Blake's powerful drawing to illustrate Blair's "The Grave."

not show sufficient Australian soldiers, nor contain sufficient Australian matter.

"The excuse was ingenious, because 'Ypres,' as an official war film, could not be modified without permission of the War Office.

"The witness in this matter described Australia as 'the second worst place in the whole world for showing British films.'

"The distributor then took 'Ypres' to New Zealand, where, like 'Zeebrugge' and other British war films, it has been extremely successful.

"Another Melbourne witness said that when he tried to show a British film the rent of his theater was raised from £165 to £300 per week.

"'Ypres,' apparently, did eventually get an exhibition of a semi-private nature in Geelong."

British films go to Canada but, according to Mr. Atkinson, the American cloven-foot enters into the process also:

"Practically all British films, even the worst, get a showing of some kind in Canada, and the few good ones sweep the Dominion.

"That happy state of things is not due to the British film-producer, who never visits Canada, has no direct agencies in the Dominion, and never advertises in the Canadian press.

"I have never seen an advertisement from any British film company, other than Canadian, in the Canadian press.

"The fact that British films do well in Canada is due, in large part, to the enterprise of American film companies, who, bowing to Canada's insistent demand for British films, buy the Canadian rights of such films.

"They also buy, in many instances, the American rights, but they do not show the British films in America.

"What they pay for American rights they recoup on Canadian exhibitions.

"That is a condition of affairs not less scandalous than the state of things in Australia.

"If British film producers had any self-respect they would not part with American and Canadian rights unless they had guarantees of exhibition in both countries."

CAN CHALIAPIN BE "DEGRADED"?

RUSSIA MUST BE SADLY PUZZLED over her artistic son—Chaliapin. A while ago she tried to fit him into one of her many categories, but when he refused to fit she created one for him and permitted him to go forth to the world as the "National People's Artist." Chaliapin became the world's artist, and the world paid gladly. Then the story goes that the Soviet Government tried to collect some of his earnings, and the witty singer sent them a check for the full amount deposited to his credit in a bank already confiscated by the Soviet Government. Their latest move toward him is the subject of an editorial in the New York Sun:

"Americans in general, and New Yorkers in particular, will be pleased by the news from Moscow that the Council of People's Commissars has deprived Feodor Chaliapin of the title of 'National People's Artist' bestowed upon him by the authorities some time ago with a great flourish of trumpets. Various reasons have been put forward as to why the unnecessary honor was invented in his case. It was suggested with some show of reason that the Soviets wished to kill two birds with one stone by creating the impression abroad that Chaliapin was for the Russian Government, and that the Russian Government loved music almost as much as it did anarchy.

"When they asked Chaliapin, 'Are you a socialist?' he said 'No.' 'Are you an anarchist?' he said 'No.' 'Are you a bourgeois?' he said 'No.' 'Are you an imperialist or for the old system?' he said 'No.' 'Well, what are you?' He answered simply, 'I am an artist.' For that reason he was careless about the persons with whom he associated, some of them being the open foes of the new system, which, preparatory to no system at all, has been set up in Russia, and having for its ultimate object, as Trotsky declares, the abolition of all government everywhere, and especially in the hateful United States of America.

"In spite of raising him to his proud eminence as national singer, the Red Government was persuaded with difficulty to restore to Chaliapin his estate in Yaroslavl Province, and it is now expected that the Russian Executive Committee will cancel that restorative decree. In the meantime the singer is philosophical. 'If my Government is Red or White, Czarist or republican—for me it is the same,' he says. 'I don't understand politics. I sing for the people and I don't ask whether they are white, brown, or yellow.'"

THE COVER—The title is domestic enough, but the aspect of things is anything but American. Duck ponds occur in any well-regulated countryside, and we need not be too insistent on the artist's placing this in France or Germany or The Netherlands. We may leave it to the reader to guess for himself, tho our guess with the charmingly arched bridge in the background would be somewhere in the romantic confines of southern Europe. The artist, however, is Charles S. Chapman, and a member of the American National Academy. He was born in Morristown, New York, in 1879, and studied under William Chase and W. Appleton Clark. He received the first Shaw prize in 1910 and the second Shaw prize in 1911. In 1917 he was awarded the Salamagundi Club Prize and in the same year, the Saltus Gold Medal of the National Academy of Design. The Salamagundi Club and the Metropolitan Museum exhibit his works, the latter having his canvas, entitled, "In the Deep Woods."

BOOK-HUNTING IN THE VATICAN

WHAT LITERARY TREASURES may come to light when the Vatican library is cataloged, only time can tell. Classical works, especially, will be welcomed, for the possibilities are quite as genuine as anything that may be unlocked within the lava of buried Herculaneum. Books may be as effectually lost in a large library as anywhere else. American interest in the Vatican undertaking is stimulated by the fact that the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace will supply funds, supplementing those furnished by the Vatican itself, on the promise that when the work is completed the library will be available to scholars all over the world. A news item in the *New York Times* sets forth the stages of the agreement:

"Altho there has been agitation in favor of such a move for many years, it was not until this spring that the Vatican authorities began working earnestly upon the details of the project. In June, Dr. William Warner Bishop, librarian of the University of Michigan, was invited to Rome with a view to making a study of the situation and offering such suggestions as might be pertinent.

"At the same time, Monsignor Tisserant visited America for three months, inspecting libraries at Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Michigan, and Chicago Universities, and the new Library of Congress at Washington.

"Following the exchange of visits of Dr. Bishop and Monsignor Tisserant, Cardinal Gasquet and other authorities of the Vatican designated four members of the staff to spend the next academic year in the United States studying library organization and methods. Two of these will likely work under the direction of the staff in the Library of Congress at Washington, and the other two will follow the advanced instruction in library administration offered by the School of Library Service at Columbia University.

"The ways and means by which the Carnegie Endowment could most effectively aid the undertaking as a development of international association and contact was the subject of careful consideration during the June visit to Rome of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the president of the endowment.

"The project is understood to have the cordial support and personal interest of Pope Pius, who, before his election to the pontificate, was in charge of the Ambrosian Library at Milan."

The confirmation of the report is to be found in a recent issue of the official organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*:

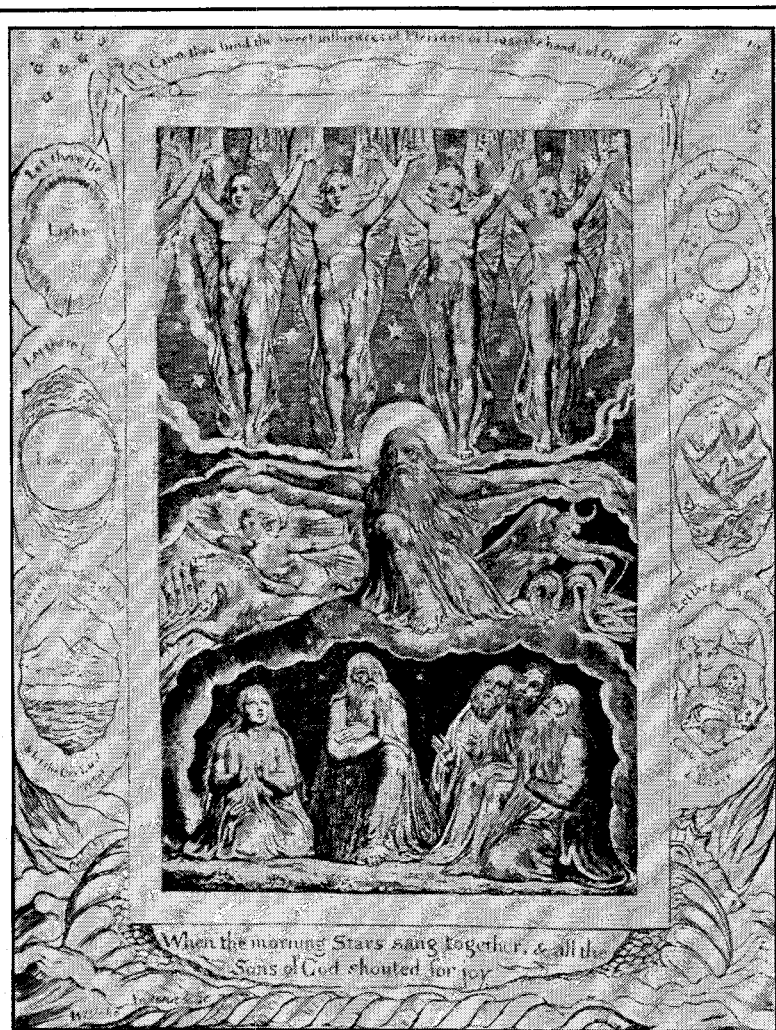
"The Vatican library recently has been enriched by numerous donations of large libraries. These have enormously increased the total number of volumes. Most of these additions, however, were either insufficiently or badly cataloged, and this fact, added to the small space occupied by the library, has greatly impaired the usefulness of the library itself.

"Recently the Pope increased the space at the disposal of the library, and it was then decided to reorganize the whole library. Altho this is a work which will require several years and entails huge expense, the Vatican was willing to bear the whole burden itself when the Carnegie Foundation made an offer of financial and technical help on the ground that reorganization of the Vatican library would benefit the whole world. This offer was gladly accepted by the Vatican. Several conferences have been held and others are being held between representatives of the Vatican and the Carnegie Foundation, both in Rome and America, on plans to study the most modern libraries in the world, and to devise means by which their methods may be applied to the Vatican library. It is proposed to make a new index of all volumes in the library, divided both according to authors and the subject-matter."

Commenting on one aspect of the subject, that of stimulating some of the same zest as that felt by the rare book-hunter, the *New York Herald Tribune* observes:

"The lost volume in a library is one book among a million of its fellows. The present catalogs of the Vatican library, which contains thousands of ancient manuscripts and other works of the utmost importance, were not constructed on modern systems or to meet modern needs. What bookish needles of enormous value to world scholarship may be tucked away in that haystack we will never know until the proposed cataloging is completed.

"Not all the tasks of the archeologist lie underneath the soil. Library burial has probably befallen many documents that his-



"WHEN THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER"

One of Blake's famous illustrations to the Book of Job.

torians would like to possess. Indeed, we know that this is so, for now and again one of them turns up. There are two countries where this is now especially likely—Spain and Russia. In many an ancient castle in Spain there still lie uncataloged manuscripts of the days of the American conquest. Among them may be that long-sought key to the ancient writing of the Mayas, for that writing was still well understood in conquest days, and New Spain can not have lacked priests and learned soldiers to recognize the value of some bilingual document and to send it back for safe-keeping in Spain, where it perhaps still reposes, kept all too safely to this day. Indeed, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that some such treasure lies hid in the Vatican library itself, hopelessly concealed under some misleading entry in the present index lists.

"The treasures that may lie hid in Russia are of a different kind, but not of less interest. They would be records of the last days of the Eastern Empire in Constantinople; leavened, perhaps, with documents of still older time once preserved and stored there. In the Constantinople of the days of the Eastern collapse and in a few other places like the monasteries of Syria or of Coptic Egypt are where it is reasonable to look for contemporary documents of the time of Christ.

"None such is likely to lie hid in the Vatican, for these would long ago have been found and recognized. Treasures found there will be those more likely of science or of secular history, things which would have had less interest for the churchmen of former centuries and which may have escaped adequate attention."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CHURCH CONFEREES FACE TOWARD CHRISTIAN UNITY

IT WILL BE A REVELATION to home church folks that so many points of agreement were discovered by the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne, Switzerland, last month, says Bishop Charles H. Brent, Chairman of the Conference. Full reports of the work done will reveal "the amity of feeling on the part of all shades of denominationalism in respect to the deepest things in the human heart; many misunderstandings which in the past have been barriers are removed now, and many age-long fears have been dissipated." In his cable dispatch to *The Herald Tribune*, New York, the Bishop calls especial attention to the fact that the Eastern Orthodox representatives were notable contributors to the catholic spirit which seemed to dominate the Conference, adding: "that this most ancient of churches, cradled in the land of Christ and his Apostles, and separated since the eleventh century from the rest of Christendom, should find itself able to register agreement on the preamble to the general pronouncement and on the five reports received by the Conference is, in itself, significant."

Many American newspapers considered the mere holding of such a Conference highly significant. Its aim of lowering or raising the barriers to fuller friendship that have separated great sects holding some Christian creed, the *New York Times* called "the most significant and hopeful message of the Churches across the centuries from the West to the East—from Lausanne to Nicaea and to 'the Seven Churches which are in Asia.'" Through the weeks of Conference sessions a friendly press warned against expecting too much from it. "If the Lausanne Conference starts a substantial movement in the direction of unity of faith, order and effort, it well may be counted a great success," declared the *Chicago News*. A *Detroit News* editorial, typifying numerous comments, assumed that it was unlikely that anything radical or revolutionary would emerge from the Conference, and continues:

"That body has no authority to legislate for the Churches represented, and no means of enforcing such legislation if it had the authority. Nevertheless, good is bound to come from this Conference. A brave facing of differences is to be preferred always to a politic avoidance of controversial issues that are basic and far-reaching. A better understanding, mutual respect and good-will among Christians holding divergent views are likely to result. Such a consummation is to be devoutly wished, and not only will the Churches be the beneficiaries, but the whole world as well.

"Who knows but that Lausanne and not Geneva may start the way out of a war-scourged world and provide an antidote for the welter of selfishness, individual and national?"

Viewing the immediate net results of the Conference, the *Baltimore Sun* points out that "at any rate, the World Conference on Faith and Order did not break up in total disagreement, after having raised the specter of new wars, as did the Geneva disarmament conference." Under the heading, "A Lesson for Politicians," *The Sun* continues:

"The churchmen, in fact, apparently have accomplished something in setting up a committee through which members of various sects may be expected to work together. The ten Americans on the committee include Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists.

"There was a time when it would have been preposterous to suppose that a committee including elements so various could have functioned at all. It is not preposterous to suppose it now. How much will actually be accomplished remains doubtful, but there is no doubt that the committee members will work together with mutual respect; and there is no denying that this fact is a step toward the goal of church unity.

"It is amazing to discover that politicians might profitably turn to the Church for an example of tolerance and mutual good faith. But the fact remains that if Geneva had functioned as efficiently as Lausanne, its record would have been far more respectable."

Nearly five hundred delegates representing nearly ninety evangelical denominations attended the eighteen-day Conference, according to cabled press reports, which note the absence of delegates from Roman Catholic and Russian Churches, the presence of only seven women delegates, the quick approval of both the Nicene and Apostles Creed, and give these further details: Sectional conferences considered six topics: "The Message of the Church—the Gospel," "The Nature of the Church," "A Common Confession—the Creeds of Faith," "The Sacraments," "The Ministry," and "The Unity of Christendom, and the Relation of Churches Thereto." Committees drafted reports for each section which were submitted to plenary sessions of the whole Conference. The report on Unity was referred to a Continuation Committee

to work over until another Conference shall be called. The Metropolitan of Sardis declared Eastern Orthodox Church opposition to the adoption of all but the report on the Gospel, Lutheran delegates taking a similar attitude. The difficulty was overcome by the unanimous adoption of a general pronouncement of purposes, differences and accomplishments, called a preamble, which is to be sent to all communions, together with the findings of the five committee reports received by the Conference. The Churches are asked to report their conclusions to the Continuation Committee, on which the denominations participating are represented, and an annual



Wide World photograph

BISHOP CHARLES H. BRENT

Who says, "Christendom must set its house in order before it further infects the East with sectarianism." He is Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York and Chairman of the World Conference organization.



Wide World photograph

CHURCH STATESMEN HOLD THEIR OWN DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE AT LAUSANNE

Western Protestant, Eastern Orthodox, Non-Conformist, Reformed, High Church, Low Church, Quaker, and other denominational leaders and Missionaries from all continents, decide to publish both agreements and differences on Faith and Order and continue to work for Christian Unity,

budget of \$20,000 is to be raised to finance the continuation of the harmonizing work of the Conference.

Despite some open criticism the policy of frankly stating differences as well as agreements for further consideration by church constituencies won out, and the substance of the preamble unanimously adopted is given in cable dispatches as follows:

"Opening with a declaration that the Conference is not attempting to lay down definite conditions of harmonizing the work of religious denominations, the preamble says that the object is 'to register an apparent level of fundamental agreements within the Conference and the grave points of disagreement remaining, also to suggest certain lines of thought which may in future tend toward a fuller measure of agreement.'

"Some of us pioneers in this undertaking have grown old in our search for unity; it is to youth that we look to take the torch of unity from our failing hands. We men have carried on too much alone through many years. Women henceforth should be accorded their share of responsibility, and so the whole Church will be enabled to do that which no section can hope to perform.

"It was God's clear call that gathered us. With faith stimulated by His guidance to us we move forward."

The held-over report on the Unity of Christendom indicates the alinement of the advance guard of the movement. Following is The Associated Press summary of the committee's present definition of the characteristics of a united church:

- "1. A common faith and a common message to the world.
 - "2. Baptism as the rite of incorporation into one Church.
 - "3. The holy communion as expressing the incorporate life of the Church and as its signal act of corporate worship.
 - "4. The ministry in all parts of the Church recognized by the whole body.
 - "5. For all existing communions liberty in regard to interpretations about sacramental grace and ministerial order and authority.
 - "6. Due provisions for exercise of the prophetic gift.
- "It is suggested that when different Christian denominations are represented in the same country, their differences should not prevent the individuals and churches from working together.
- "As our several communions come to understand each other better, they will refrain from competitive propaganda to exalt one by depreciating another.
- "Complete fellowship in the Church will not be realized until the way is open for all God's children to join in communion at the Lord's table."

The Eastern Orthodox Church spokesman opposed all but the first of the numbered propositions above, holding that no agreement could be lasting that is reached upon "such equivocal statements," based on "compromise between conflicting ideas

and meanings to arrive at an external agreement on letter alone." He declared that he and his associates "can accept reunion of the Churches only upon the basis of common faith and confession of the ancient undivided Church of the seven ecumenical councils and of the first eight centuries." Nevertheless, indorsement was given to the preamble and Continuation Committee program.

Several American papers find little use for the Conference. "A united Church now would be as oppressive as it was in the Middle Ages," says the Columbus (Ohio) *Record*.

The St. Louis *Star* is doubtful, but rather hopeful in saying:

"It is doubtful, in fact, if the Lausanne gathering actually represents any great mass of church membership. It is not a representative gathering of the great denominations. It merely is made up of leaders who are far in advance of their times. However desirable church unity may be, it seems now wholly impracticable. Human minds will first have to be remade. The non-church-going public, meanwhile, looks at these denominational differences, and wonders what it is all about. The outsider can not understand why a simple creed of faith, hope and charity can not suffice. Perhaps it will come some day, and the rest will be laid aside as non-essential. But it seems just now to be far off."

Most editorial comment by the American daily press, however, is marked by opinion similar to that expressed by the Indianapolis *Star*, which says:

"It required courage to summon a gathering of this character, particularly when so many narrow-minded individuals are erecting false barriers through conceptions of so-called fundamentalism and modernism, and through opposition to scientific research attempting to settle the theory of evolution by legislation. In spite of these controversies, there has been a growing recognition of the need for a closer cooperation among the various denominations and a submerging of individualistic tendencies for the progress of the larger religious program."

NO COMPROMISE WITH TRASHY LITERATURE—A careful investigation of trashy literature in British public libraries leads Ernest A. Baker, writing in *The Hibbert Journal*, to denounce the excuses usually given for handing out such stuff to the public. He finds that when cheap stuff is not obtainable, people will turn to the better authors, and goes on:

"Supply creates demand in evil things as in good. These are shams, brummagem goods manufactured in imitation of the real

article, out of spurious material. They have nothing to express—ideas, view of life, human characters. Hence, when we are asked to admit that some compromise is essential catering for a large public of varying grades of intelligence and culture, we must discriminate. Admittedly, to thrust culture down people's throats is an absurd enterprise. To expect the man in the street, without the appropriate introduction, to enjoy the most refined literature, to recognize the masterpieces at a glance and be content with nothing else, is a delusion. It is far more sensible to give him the second-best, and trust that he will ultimately come to understand and appreciate the best of all. . . . But to compromise with the absolutely mischievous, with the demoralizing, is a different thing altogether. With that there should be no quarter."

OPPOSING THE BIG PRIZE-FIGHT

THE PROPOSED CHAMPIONSHIP prize-fight between Dempsey and Tunney, which is scheduled for the stadium known as Soldiers' Field in Chicago, has the strong opposition of the Chicago Federation of Churches. The Federation, through its president, Dr. John R. Nichols, has issued a statement which, says *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), "is certainly, that of a very large majority of the Protestants of Chicago." It also calls upon Catholics to join with the Federation in preventing the "desecration" of the field which a year ago served as an outdoor cathedral for the great Eucharistic Congress. The quoted statement runs:

"The Church Federation stands unequivocally against commercialized prize-fighting in all forms as a sordid perversion of true sportsmanship, and as blighting in its influence upon the young as open gambling, vice or drunkenness. It brutalizes the instincts of youth and dulls their finer sensibilities. For officials of the city and State not only to lend their indorsement but also to enthusiastically espouse prize-fighting and openly court this Tunney-Dempsey bout for Chicago is a lamentable display of low-mindedness, which can only bring about harm. The declaration that Chicago would commercially profit by this battle is only a smoke-screen to hide the real purpose of getting the prize-fight to be held here and to lend it an air of respectability. Chicago is rich enough that it does not need more wealth at such a price. Those who make this argument had better begin to take stock of that challenging question which still holds good: What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? It applies to cities also.

"Regarding the holding of this battle at Soldiers' Field, what patriotic citizen is thrilled by the prospect? If Chicago permits this desecration of its memorial to the heroes of the World War, who gave themselves in death without the dollar as the motive, why should not the city be consistent and set forth on a pilgrimage to lay a wreath on Benedict Arnold's grave, or honor the achievements of Aaron Burr? There is a lot of shouting now about Americanism and the principles of George Washington. Soldiers' Field is sacred ground, or its dedicatory exercises were only a mockery. How can it be honored by the brutal spectacle of prize-fighting, especially where the patriotic record of any concerned is under a cloud? And to imagine the Father of our Country as sitting in the grand stand, shouting his approval and placing his bets is pathetic indeed.

"We would call to mind not only to the hosts of our own faith but also to the millions of the other great communion that this prize-fight is proposed for the same spot which not so long ago was one vast outdoor cathedral, where the millions in the Eucharistic Congress honored God and partook of the sacrament in memory of the broken body of Christ. We are sure that this proposed desecration of ground dedicated to a high purpose will

call forth a mighty wrath. It has its warrant in the declaration just made in the *Osservatore Romano*, official organ of the Vatican, that 'the passion of the people for these spectacles (referring to the Dempsey-Sharkey fight, the subject of the editorial) is the indication of the resurrection of paganism and barbarism in its most vulgar and ferocious form.'

"Prize-fighting has only recently succeeded in staging a return, having previously been outlawed except in some frontier communities. But under the guise of boxing contests and sports-manship, it has returned in all its viciousness, with brutality, gambling, and foul play rampant. It is a sordid perversion of lower instincts for the purpose of money, both on the part of contestants and promoters. It is distinctly a moral issue, summoning the churches to the crusaders' spirit in doing battle to the death against it in all its forms.

"Therefore the Chicago Church Federation enters its protest first against the fight being held in Chicago, and secondly against it being held in Soldiers' Field, and calls upon churches of each and every communion, church members, and other citizens, to register their emphatic opposition to the Tunney-Dempsey battle."

SUMMER WORSHIP

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

I worship the God of the grasses,
Of quivering elms and the sea,
And every stray breeze that passes
Is laden with wisdom for me.
I find Him in sky-topping mountains,
In deep, shaded valleys of fern;
He sings in the crystalline fountains
And broods as the autumn fires burn.

How vainly they seek for His glory
In creeds that are musty with age!
Why will they not welcome His story
On Nature's all-scintillant page?
I worship the God of the grasses,
The Lord of the dawn-tinted skies,
And every stray breeze that passes
Bring news of some near paradise.
—*The Christian Century* (Chicago).

"Meanwhile," notes *The Christian Century*, "the interested parties, including the promoters and the local authorities, seem to have decided that the fight is to be held in the stadium. Rental for one night, \$100,000."

JOBS FOR SAILORMEN

SERVICE RENDERED in placing 8,842 American seamen in positions during the year 1926 is both peculiar and significant, according to the *Lookout's* report for the Seamen's Institute, New York. This employment service was started to "combat the old-time crimps and shipping masters who thrived on the nefarious practise of getting a sailor's wages in advance under pretext and then signing him onto a vessel to work off his 'dead horse' on a long voyage." Consequently crimping and

shanghaiing have largely disappeared from the New York water-front, and the employment bureau is now a licensed shipping office. The peculiar difficulty with seamen, we are told, is the lack of a star. We read:

"The fundamental difference in the calling of the sea is that there are two distinct classes of men—the officers and the seamen. There is a distinct and abrupt dividing line, with no one on the fence. Every one is on one side or the other.

"To become an officer, a seaman must pass an examination in the theory and practise of navigation, also in first aid. It is seldom possible for him to get all the necessary theoretical training at sea. He must usually do a certain amount of concentrated studying ashore. While he must be an efficient seaman to become an officer, efficiency in itself is not sufficient. There is no gradual process of promotion because of prolonged faithful and skilful performance of duty as is the case in other professions.

"A seaman, as a seaman, has almost nothing to work for. There is no superior who watches his progress who has the inclination and the power to reward him proportionately to his efforts.

"It is this lack of a star by way of a hitching-post for his wagon that permits Jack Tar to shift from job to job. He knows he can get the same wages for similar work on another ship, regardless of his individual attainments. So if he doesn't happen to like his officers or if the cook's method of seasoning the food doesn't appeal to him, it is frequently his impulse to try another ship."

To overcome this drift the Institute's employment service, in charge of a former sea captain, attempts to put the right man in the right job and encourages men who show the proper fundamental qualities to study for officership, sending them up to the Institute's Merchant Marine School for preparation.

for Economical Transportation



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include the lowest handling and financing charges available.



CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

AN example of large tolerance worth contemplating in *The Empire Review* (London):

GOD'S RESPONSE

BY HERBERT E. PALMER

The critics didn't like the book of verse;
They said, "It's blasphemous,
Uncharitable, angry, very drear;
The singer shows scant love for men down here,
And has a bitter hatred against God."

But God got hold of the book of verse
And said

"I rather like this wicked book of verse,
Although the poet calls me 'Rogue,' and worse,
And says I've filled the world with scamps and
fools;

He writes sincerely, if against the rules,
And honours honest thinking, by his span,
Hewing at darkness in the sacristan.

"So Uriel, sit upon a star, and write
On my ambrosial parchment blue and white,
Inscribe this fellow in my Book of Life
That he is saved by his brave, honest strife;
For I am Justice and Eternal Pity,
And honour erring honesty; yet add
He must do penance at my heavenly city
Within a sanatorium for the mad."

THERE is more in the undertone than on
the surface of this eerie poem in *The Harp*
(Larned, Kan.):

ON A GHOSTIE NIGHT

BY ELIZABETH MALCOMBE DURHAM

Virgin, keep your bed to-night:
Something is prowling.
The moon is a dollar silver bright,
A dog is howling.

Shadows lean on the lawn;
Eyes glisten starily
From the black trees. They blink, are gone,—
Virgin, walk warily.

Do you walk in a dream?
Is a black briar clinging
To your gown? Did you scream?
Ah . . . something—is singing!

THE moral of this in *Harper's* seems
another *carpe diem* by a kind of inverted
interpretation:

FORFEIT

BY STANLEY KIDDER WILSON

Why can we not remember arm-in-arm
Always? We live as one breath; know the firm
charm
Of unison in pain; in joys conspire;
Are claimed by the same moment of desire.

Yet you hold an imperishable day
In heart: you resurrect its colors, say
We whispered this, laughed that; and I, ah yes,
With a dissembled kiss I acquiesce,
Protest the memory quite as richly mine
As yours, and even paint in a guarded line
Of fuller measure; but alas, I've not
A gleam; your day of all days is forgot.

And then I counter! Ay, there was a night
You made as white for me as marble is white,
Nor less enduring, an hour you ask me for
From time to time, blandly, with nonchalance, or
Half close perfidious eyes of bliss against!
Thus is the guilt of lovers recompensed:
For well I know, oh, by just little slips,
Trifles of groping smiles, that these trapped lips,
Patterned to fadeless truth, divinely lie—
Sweet, you forget as utterly as I!

Posturers, both! But in the end what harm?
Not always can we remember arm-in-arm.

For those overdisposed to pride of race
The China Journal shows us that each has
his *amour propre*, and would not wish
himself any other than he is:

IN THE BEGINNING

(A Javanese Folk Tale)

BY VERA MCCORMICK

This tale of the creation has
Been handed down from age to age
Since man first moved upon the earth;
Each father tells it to his sons
At even time when they await
The flaring moon which rules the night,
Or when rain pounds the attap roof.

"In the beginning said the One,
'Let us make man like to Ourselves';
And He took clay and molded it;
The crater of great Kakatra then
Gave warmth and breath and life to man.
The One in eager haste too soon
Drew out the image pale and wan:
So came the white man to the earth.

"And now again He molded clay;
In His own image formed He it;
The crater of great Kakatra then
Gave warmth and breath and life to man.
The One, grown cautious, came at last,
Drew out the image black and swart:
So came the black man to the earth.

"With tender care and eager hope,
Again He molded yielding clay;
The crater of our Kakatra again
Gave warmth and breath and life to man.
The One, now crafty-wise,
Delayed just long enough, and then
From huge Kakatra forth He drew
The yellow man; and knew at last
His work was good."

And thus the tale

Is handed down from age to age
Since man first moved upon the earth.
Each father tells it to his sons,
Rejoicing in perfection gained.

A DELIGHTFULLY naive confession in
The Nation and the Athenaeum (London):

THE BIRD

BY ROSE FYLEMAN

The early morn was drenched with rain;
It beat against my window-pane.
I lay in bed and tried to make
A little poem for love's sake.
Outside upon the hawthorn tree
A thrush was singing lustily.

While I was beating round and round
For happy sense and happy sound,
He sang his effortless sweet song
Without a care for right or wrong.
And still when I had made a line
He made a better one than mine.

Until at last it came to me
I'd better let such strivings be
And turn my mind to other things . . .
It seems a poet must have wings.

THIS in *Munsey's* thrusts its moral
without the banality of statement:

CONTACT

BY JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

My friend is living in a distant land,
But any moment I may touch his hand,
And feel his pulsing heart.
My enemy is dwelling at my door,
But I may never know him any more,
For we are worlds apart.

ANOTHER land may have a more grateful
memory of the past July. Anyway, this
poem gained the first prize in a *Saturday
Review* (London) poetry competition on
"July":

JULY

BY "HELEN"

'Indolent, unashamed and gay,
April's chill chastity put by
Careless of disarray
Urbanely smiles—July.
The crimson rose
Scatters its velvet leaves, full blown—
All overgrown,
The scented garden shows
Voluptuous red, strong gold, harsh blue.
Odors of clove and musk
Distil their magic through
The breathless noon, and passion-haunted dusk.

"Serene in her rich bower
She dreams, nor hears a light wind stir
The trees, at the moth hour,
Forewarning her
That ere her last red rose has fallen, she
Must yield her throne to mutability."

HERE is a delightful but thwarted Peter
Pan, who even coins a new word. *The
Herald Tribune* (New York) prints it:

CHILDHOOD'S AMBITION

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

When I grow up I'm going to be
The man who carports beds.
I'm going to make 'em big as three,
With padded foots and heads.
But, best of all, I'll see each gets
The grandest, strongest springs
To jump and thump on like the nets
Men have in circus rings.

Then my little boy can yell, "Whoop-la!"
And bounce to the bureau top.
I'll clap and shout, "Go on! Hurrah!"
Not like my dad, "Here! stop!"
I'll laugh, but I'll be sort of sad,
Wishing when I was young
We acrobats were not called bad,
And springs could not be sprung.

CANADA's centenary has evoked a good
deal of verse, and this in *The Canadian
Bookman* is a piece with its optimism:

THE SONG OF THE SEEKERS

BY VERNAL BRONSON HOUSE

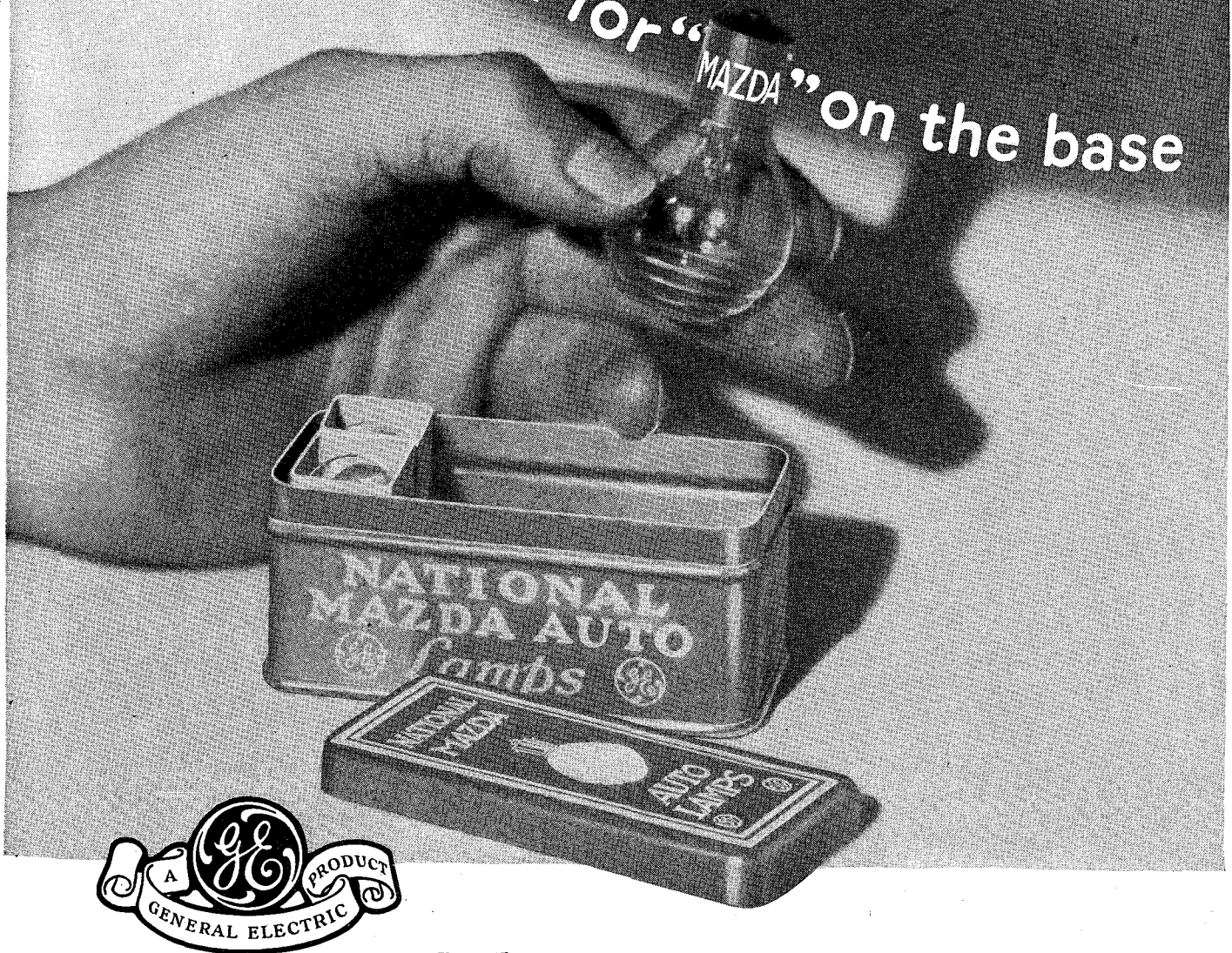
"We are the seekers who long have sought
The message of spheres unseen;
We are the minds that the years have wrought
To wisdom and hearts serene;
We are the thinkers of worlds of thought,
The dreamers of endless dreams;
We are the souls that at times have caught
The vision of higher themes.

"We are the voice of the wind and sea
That sings of a Law supreme;
We are the prophets of worlds to be,
We have our dreams to dream;
We are the keepers who guard the key
That leads to Eternal Truth;
We are the eyes that forever see
The purpose of Age and Youth.

"We are the seekers; we seek to know,
And in the knowing to find
The truest way that the heart should go
For Beauty and peace of mind.
We are the music of stars at night,
A pulse in the changeless scheme;
We are the seekers who seek the light,
We have our dreams to dream."

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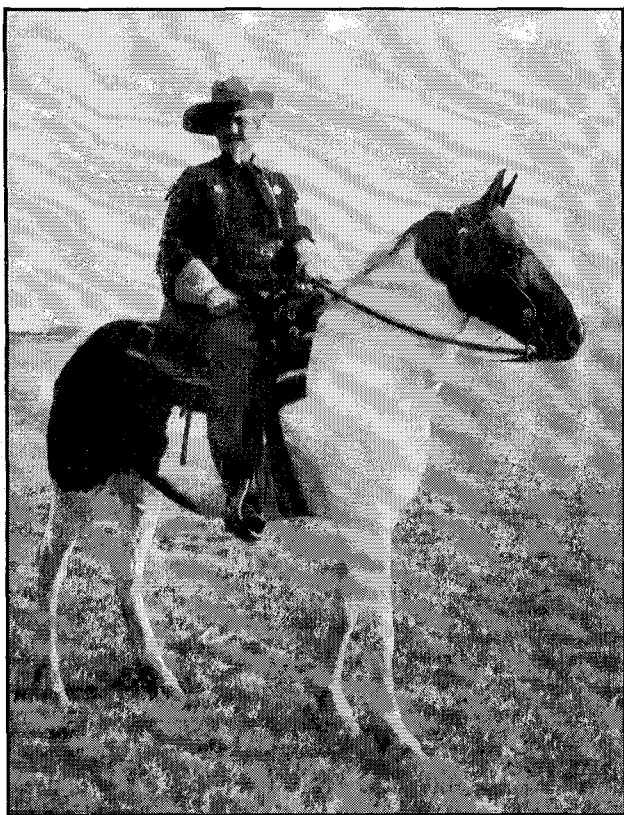


WHEN you buy an auto lamp, pick it up and look at it—that's a sure way to know that it's a MAZDA Lamp you're getting. And carry three of them for "spares", in the handy little metal kit which the dealer in National MAZDA Auto Lamps will give you, if you'll ask for it. More and more are MAZDA Auto Lamps recognized as the high standard for all the world. ✓ ✓ ✓ MAZDA is a *mark*, not a *name*—the mark of the research service of General Electric Company, which has been the leader in those developments which have produced the modern incandescent lamp.

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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

EXTRY! DIAMOND DICK IS ALIVE AND KICKING



A BUCKSKINNED CENTAUR OF THE PLAINS

'Twas thus in 1893, we are told, that Diamond Dick accomplished his great ride from Nebraska to New York and back.

WHEN YELLING REDSKINS bit the dust at the bark of the plainsman's trusty rifle—yea, in those galloping prairie days which gave birth to a breed of booted and buckskinned supermen with floating locks and Mephistophelian goatees—"Diamond Dick" was a name as familiar to every schoolboy as that of the Father of his Country. Was he not the beau-ideal of every breathless young reader of the paper-covered weekly bearing his magic name? And did he not, in a later generation, ride his horse, Gyp, from Lincoln, Nebraska, to New York City, and back to Lincoln by way of Cheyenne, Wyoming, "a distance of 5,500 miles, the longest horseback ride in history, which he accomplished in 260 days," as we are told? Proclaimed the deadliest rifle shot of his time, "hundreds had seen him on the vaudeville stage or with any one of half a dozen circuses, shooting pennies from the head or between the fingers of his assistant. For twenty years he had done that, as well as from the back of a galloping horse, picking three glass balls out of the air as they were tossed up simultaneously by his assistant in the show. This was twenty-two years ago. Then Diamond Dick disappeared. No one knew where, or why. His name, a synonym for the glories of a vanishing West, was a household word, but the man himself rapidly became a legendary figure," relates Howard W. Forsythe in *Success*; and then this writer goes on to tell us of a visit he paid recently to the veritable Diamond Dick at his quiet home in Norfolk, Nebraska, where now, in his old age, he practises medicine. First, however, we learn how the great plainsman two years ago "returned from the realm of mythology and became once more an actual, living, breathing personality." On that occasion, it seems—

The American Legion Post of Norfolk, Nebraska, made

announcement to the effect that at their annual rodeo the original Diamond Dick, one of their fellow townsmen, would appear after a score of years of almost complete oblivion.

Rodeo day came and the streets of that little Western city were thronged with people eager to discover which of their neighbors had been the famous plainsman, wilderness rider and gunman. At last the parade swung into the rodeo, headed by a buckskin-clad, stocky figure astride a calico pony. A hundred mouths gaped in astonishment, for the Diamond Dick of their dreams was their family physician, Dr. Richard J. Tanner!

The Dr. Tanner that they knew was a home-loving, quiet-spoken man, attentive to his country practise and entirely lacking in those hair-trigger characteristics that marked the two-gun man as such. The dual personality was not one easily credited. Was it possible that this man was the one-time companion of such great pioneers as Deadwood Dick, Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, Mustang Jack, and many others? Was it possible that this placid country doctor had been acclaimed as the greatest rifle shot of the world, head-liner of a dozen circuses for twenty years, celebrated in a paper-covered narration of his exploits, and worshiped by a generation of youngsters who read of his exploits in the clandestine security of hayloft or attic?

Why had he abandoned the colorful and remunerative life of the big-tops to tote his small black medicine-kit to country bed-sides? It was to find the answer to his life's enigma that I went to Norfolk, Nebraska, and interviewed the doctor in the office where he practises his profession. I found him to be a stockily built man of medium height, with fair complexion and glittering blue—or rather, blue-gray—eyes. They are vital, striking eyes, keenly intelligent.

"What kind of a story do you want?" he asked, as he faced me across the top of his office radiator. "I am not seeking publicity, you know, and I don't want to talk about myself. I've never cared for the man who exploited his life in the press."

He paused for a moment, lowering his eyelids in meditation, and then said: "I might tell you something of my friends in the old days, tho; something, perhaps, that has never been related before."

As he faced me, that cold January night, the exacting carefulness of the man was in evidence, altho his affable nature gave to his reticence a peculiar, ingratiating charm. Behind him, in orderly rows, were the guns in whose use he had long been so expert. Wonderful arms they were, all forty-four caliber, model 1873 Winchesters of nine pounds weight. All, that is, but one, a gold-plated Winchester, the gift of its manufacturer. Then there were his pistols—eight-inch barrel, two-pound guns. In turning them over between his dexterous hands, he said:

"In twenty years of shooting pennies from people's heads and from between their fingers, ashes from their cigarets, and other close shots, I never had one accident.

"This is the rifle I used shooting pennies," he continued, as he selected one from the stand, "and I could do it just as easily to-day, but I should need my glasses to see that far."

He turned and selected a triggerless gun.

"You've heard of fanning a six-shooter," he said, holding the gun in his left hand. "This gun originally belonged to a Montana cattle rustler. The sheriff who arrested him gave it to me. You do the stunt this way." Dr. Tanner is right-handed, but since the joint of his right index finger is missing, he performed this trick with his left hand. With astounding ease he laid the gun on the palm of his extended hand, muzzle pointing toward himself. Snap! The gun jumped, revolved about his index finger and, as it leveled at an imaginary target, the hammer was "fanned."

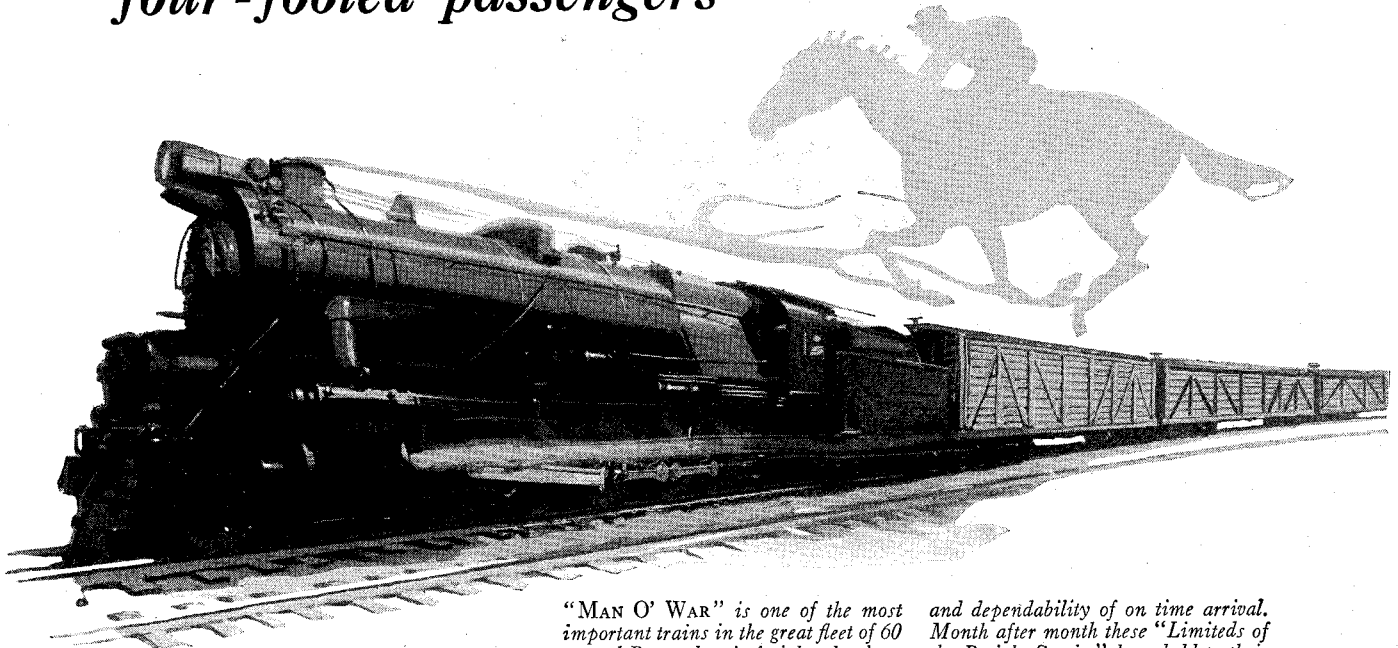
"I suppose," he said, after a pause, "you wonder why I gave up the circus work, which was paying me very well, and tried something new. You see, I had always wanted to be a doctor. My stepfather was rapidly failing, and I realized that there must be some one to take care of my mother. There wasn't much choice; I quit the circus and started to study medicine.

"Father died when I was seven, and mother and I had come to live with my uncle at Edgar. When I was nine I started herding his cattle on the prairie. Uncle gave me a muzzle-loading pistol, without sights, and told me not to try to shoot from horseback."

A sly twinkle crept into the old plainsman's eyes, relates Mr.

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IN THESE luxurious days we like a little comfort with our travel. Ocean liners are like magnificent floating hotels. Passenger trains offer the traveler anything from a sumptuous dinner to a shave and haircut.

This being the case even live stock can quite properly expect to ride in de luxe fashion.

That is the Pennsylvania's reason for running "Man O' War"—a limited train for live stock. This big freight, named and scheduled like any passenger limited, brings in its cargo of cattle and hogs on time—just as the passenger flyer discharges its human burden promptly.

And though the best of service is rendered to patrons—there's no extra fare.

"Man O' War" swings out of the Chicago yards every evening to begin its run to Eastern Markets. All its four-footed passengers are comfortably settled in large well-equipped stock cars of the most modern type—the kind that afford plenty of fresh air and sunlight for the trip.

Just so nobody will be kept waiting in the vestibule of the diner, "Man O' War" doesn't carry a diner. Everybody eats together the following

evening at the Pittsburgh Union Stock Yards where the cuisine is unsurpassed.

And to ward off fatigue there's a five hour rest period here, after which the stock hops aboard again and "Man O' War" pulls out on the final lap of its journey to Eastern Markets.

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Live stock coming off the Chicago Market as well as shipments from other Western Stock Yards routing through the Chicago Gateway are carried by this dependable Pennsylvania freight train. And "Man O' War's" consistent on schedule arrivals at Eastern Terminals have won for it a big reputation with the live stock trade.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Forsythe, and Diamond Dick's still powerful form shook with a chuckle as he continued:

"Now, giving a boy a gun and telling him not to shoot is like sending him to watch the other fellow in swimming. I practised, and soon was shooting from horseback—and hitting things, too. To this day, the sights on a revolver are of no use to me.

"When uncle found I could shoot, he gave me a better revolver, and a cousin presented me with a rifle, which I learned to shoot as I had learned with the revolver. But these two-gun men who blaze away with their revolvers at the drop of the hat!" He shook his head disdainfully.

"There has been a lot of hokum built up around that period. I remember when I was in the office of the *New York World* in '93 that one of the reporters asked me if I had ever shot an Indian." Dr. Tanner laughed. "I told him to forget it.

"But there were lively, interesting men, and some of them were great characters. Wild Bill Hickok, as I remember him, was a mild-mannered, soft-spoken, unassuming gentleman—and he accented the word "gentleman"—"who was about six feet tall, with hazel eyes and auburn hair. He was a faultless dresser, seldom wearing buckskin, but always the best-cut clothes that he could buy. In fact, a man in Abilene was once told to hunt for the best-dressed man in town, and that would be Wild Bill.

"Bill was the quickest on the draw of all the old frontiersmen, but even with his dexterity, he was never rattled. He had absolutely no nerves.

"Years before Bill came to Deadwood he had gone to a small circus in Kansas and had been introduced by the owner to Madame Lake, a bareback rider who in private life was Agnes Lake Thatcher, daughter of the owner of the circus. There is no question in my mind but that it was a case of love at first sight, and Bill followed the circus, to see her. In the winter of '76 Madame Lake and another woman came to Deadwood with a trained lion. While there the partner was injured and, during the time of her recovery, Bill and Madame Lake took the stage to Cheyenne where they were married, March 15, 1876. Upon their return to Deadwood, the troupe went on, and Wild Bill never saw his wife again, for on August 2 of the same year he was shot by Jack McCall in a Deadwood saloon."

Here Dr. Tanner produced a photograph purporting to be of the shooting of Wild Bill by Buffalo Curley (McCall). Several people were crowded around, and men were restraining the assassin as the murdered Hickok fell. In the group was a face resembling Calamity Jane.

"That," said Dr. Tanner, "is an example of the bunk that has sprung up about the frontier. Bill was shot in the I-X-L Saloon, and in this picture he is being shot in front of the Sixty-Six Saloon. More than that, McCall was not caught immediately, but was captured a day or so later in the hills around Deadwood."

Here Dr. Tanner looked at his watch and, remarking that it was almost eight o'clock, asked to be excused.

"It is just time for Mother to go to bed," he explained, "and I must bid her good-night."

Quickly he left the room, this spry old man of the frontier, the crony of a dozen heroes of the old West, on the filial mission of saying good-night to his old mother.

"Calamity Jane was one of the most striking characters of the frontier," he said, when he had returned and sunk into the office chair. "She came to Deadwood in the year of '76, and was a close friend of Wild Bill's. A medium-sized woman, slightly—only slightly—masculine in appearance, she was kindhearted and generous to the broke prospectors whom she staked and sent back again to the hills. Often Jane wore buckskin; at other times she

would appear in fashionable Eastern clothes. She was a remarkably good shot.

"An incident which might interest you occurred one night in '76 in the saloon of Nut Shell Bill. Nut Shell had bought a new hat, which was hanging on a nail behind the bar. Jane was standing by a table watching a card game when in walked Long-Haired Tom Rivington. Sauntering over to Jane, he said, 'I'll bet twenty-five dollars you can't put a bullet through the crown of that hat.' Jane looked at the hat and replied, 'I'll take that bet!'

"Pulling her six-shooter she sent a bullet right through the crown of the Stetson. Tom paid the twenty-five dollars, and

then about fifty more to treat the crowd. Altogether, it cost him close to seventy-five dollars, and Nut Shell never hung his hat up over the bar again.

"Then there was Sitting Bull," Dr. Tanner said. "He was a clever old chief who hated the white man intensely—so intensely that altho he could speak fair English for an Indian, he would seldom do so. This picture"—as he took one from his desk drawer—"is the only picture taken of Sitting Bull and his family.

"Deadwood Dick was another good friend of mine. He is still living up around Deadwood, and is one of the finest, gentlest men you could ever meet. Since the time of the rodeo, I've heard from him every few weeks. Before that he didn't know where I was."

The interviewer was allowed to see Deadwood Dick's letters—"short, affectionate things such as one good friend might write to another, expressing concern over his health, interest in his medical practise, and hoping for a visit in which the old days could be lived over again." And Mr. Forsythe remarks:

Reading those letters made one want to see Deadwood Dick and talk over with him

those days when the town, whose name he bore, was still young.

"I have talked about Deadwood," said Diamond Dick. "Now I want to tell you about another wild spot in the prairies in the early days—not so very long ago, either. Some people seem to believe that when Jack McCall (Buffalo Curley) sent a pistol ball crashing through the head of Wild Bill Hickok all thrilling incidents of the border ceased; but such was not the case. There were other men, both good and bad, who were noted for their quickness on the draw and their ability to 'fan' a six-shooter.

"The Kansas-Indian Territory border was not through with its thrill producers for several years after the death of Wild Bill. When George Flapp became marshal of Caldwell, Kansas, in 1880, it was the queen-bee of Western towns. Abilene and Dodge City had had their day. Wild Bill had civilized Abilene with a sawed-off shotgun, and Bat Masterson was busy ruling Dodge City with a pair of six-shooters. Caldwell, being on the Indian Territory border, was headquarters for Dave Payne's Oklahoma Boomers, the Cherokee strip and Texas cattlemen and cowboys, as well as a paradise for bad men with killing records, and the Mekka of gamblers.

"At some amusement park you have probably seen some diving horses billed as Dr. Carver's trained horses, haven't you?" Diamond Dick asked. I hadn't, but had heard plenty about them. He produced pictures of a horse with a girl on its back leaping from a high platform into water. They have traveled over most of the United States in recent years and are highly advertised.

"That Doc Carver," said Tanner, "is the man who with Buffalo Bill gave the world its first Wild West Show. They opened in Omaha, Nebraska, on May 17, 1883. It was known as Cody and Carver Wild West, and ran for a few years when they dissolved partnership.

"Doc Carver (W. F. Carver) lived in southwest Nebraska,



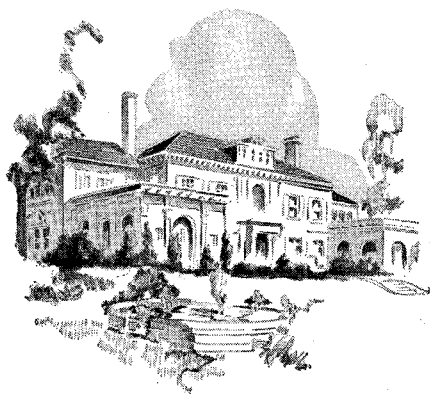
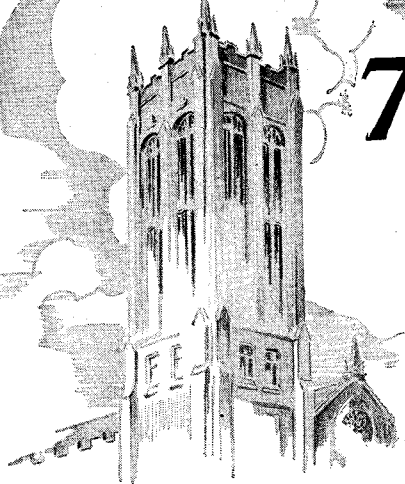
Photograph by Gessford

TWO FAMOUS FRONTIER BILLS

Pawnee and Buffalo, mighty marksmen, horsemen and showmen, and also good friends, with many a memory in common

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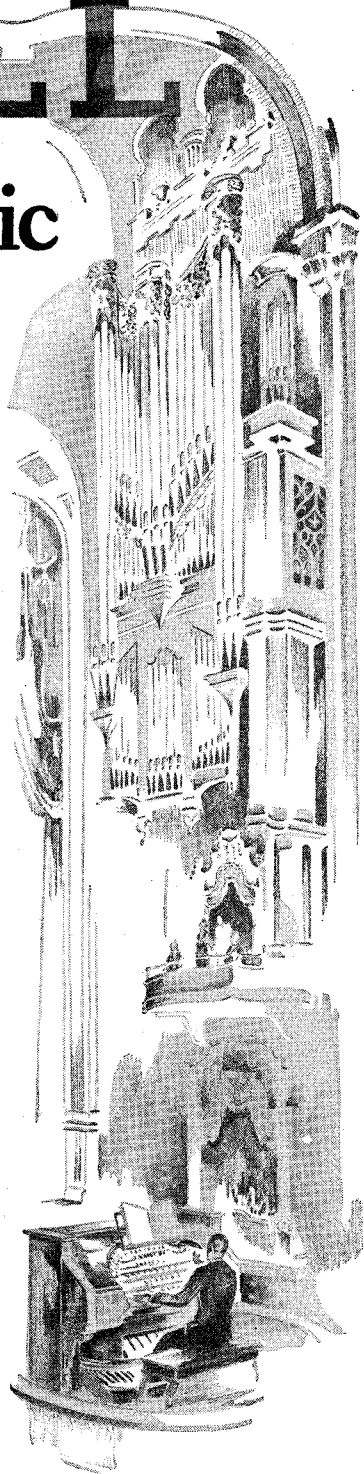
LONG before reaching its seventieth year, the house of Kimball had created a piano with an appealing tone and an exterior physical grace excelled by no other instrument of its time.

It is many years since the Kimball name was first identified with the finest pipe organ music heard in the cathedrals and churches of this continent.

It does not take seventy years, or fifty, or thirty, for creative genius to develop the highest plane of beauty in any line of art. The significance of this seventieth anniversary lies, not in mere lapse of time, but in the enduring character of the ideals of the Kimball house.

In the giant Kimball organ of the Roxy Theatre, New York—the largest theatre organ ever built—Kimball history is merely repeating itself. Several times in the past, Kimball pianos and organs have established new precedents, and the Kimball organ for the new Minneapolis Auditorium will mark another advance. These wonderful instruments simply illustrate a principle followed by this institution from the beginning:

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where I was in for a while, and I feel that I know him better than any of my other old acquaintances except Deadwood Dick. He was always a remarkable shot, and the Indians down there attributed it to some sort of magic. They called him 'The Evil Spirit of the Plains' and so he must have seemed to them. He just couldn't miss them.

"One winter in the early seventies he was living in southwest Nebraska on Medicine Creek, with a partner called 'Blue Bill' Johnson, trapping beaver. During that time he had a very narrow escape which I think will interest you.

"They had scouted around to see if there were any Indian signs, but failing to detect them, Johnson went alone to examine the traps, and Doc started to get supper. He was mixing biscuits and making ready to bake a beaver's tail when the door opened and in came three painted Indians.

"They motioned to Carver to continue with his work, and one spoke to him in Sioux. He recognized the three as Whistler, Fat Badger, and White Antelope, all of whom were well known as very dangerous characters. Carver felt that his one hope lay in the return of Blue Bill, for as soon as supper was finished, they were sure to kill him. Naturally he didn't hurry supper very much. Once he attempted to go out after wood, but Whistler stopt him, and Fat Badger went for it. They didn't intend for him to walk out of that cabin, it was plain.

"Supper was ready and still no Bill returned, and the way the three ate reminded him of but little save that flour cost ten dollars a sack and could be bought no closer than Fort McPherson, which was one hundred miles from the camp on the Medicine. At length Doc thought of a plan which might work. He stirred up the fire with a long stick and left it lying with one end in the coals. When it was burning he snatched it from the fire and jabbed it into the faces of Fat Beaver and White Antelope, at the same time kicking Whistler as hard as he could in the stomach. In the confusion he got to his six-shooters. Three shots meant three dead Indians.

"Carver spent his summers down there hunting buffalo. At that time it was estimated there were twenty million buffalo on our Western plains. In the years of 1872 and 1873 he alone killed 5,780 buffalo for their hides, and won the title of Champion Buffalo Hunter of the plains.

"Two groups of men, one headed by Carver, were under contract to a Mr. Byfield for all the hides they secured. This Mr. Byfield lived on the Republican River, near the mouth of Redwillow Creek, and in the fall the two groups came together in camp, at Mud Springs, on the Republican. Now there were two ways of hunting buffalo. You could shoot from a screen, such as a clump of grass, and by picking the leaders carefully, get the herd to milling round and kill a large number in one spot; or you could ride into the herd and shoot as long as your horse kept you within range. Carver and his men hunted from horseback, but the other company preferred still-hunting.

"Carver's troupe had had the better season and there was some rivalry between the two bands of men. The other party was led by Curley and Big Jack, both men well known for their lawless actions in the South, where they had been for the past few years. Carver, however, was not easily frightened and as he had camped at Mud Springs first, he stayed."

When time for contract settlements came, continued Dr. Tanner, the Southern gang came to Carver's camp with the proposition that a purse of \$500 be put up for the man shooting the largest number of buffalo. With the purse was to go the title, Champion of the Plains. Carver accepted the offer and we read on:

"Each man was to have two weeks in which to condition his horse, and the hunt would last as long as the horses could run. Immediately wagons were sent to a settlement to get ammunition and horse feed. These empty wagons hurrying down the valley of the Republican to Plum Creek attracted attention and advertised the match. Pawnee and Sioux Indians came in great

numbers, and trappers and wolf hunters from all directions made camp near Mud Springs. From Fort McPherson, Lieutenant Schwatka came with a company of soldiers and several ladies to see the great hunt.

"The hunt was held on a cold winter morning when the coats of the buffalo were covered with frost as they came to the river to drink. A referee, selected by the two contestants—Carver and Curley—and two judges to help him, rode out with Carver and his opponent and their Sioux assistants, on to the prairie as the herd went down the river. Some one fired a pistol to alarm the herd. When about half of them had passed the hunters in

their dash for the prairie, another pistol shot started the contest. Carver scored first, and almost before the cow fell his Indian helper had marked her with red feathers. These Indians, mounted on good ponies, were armed with a bow and arrows. The arrows had feathers of contrasting colors—red for Carver and blue for Curley—and marked, for the judges to count, the number of buffalo killed by each man.

"It was a blood-stirring sight as the two men raced wildly after the herd, Carver in a bright red shirt, his hair flying, mounted on his white horse, Surprise, leading by only a short distance the half-naked Sioux warrior with red-feathered arrows. So the race continued until Curley's horse fell; he had prest him too hard and a ruptured blood-vessel was the result. But Carver was still shooting. The judges counted 110 red arrows, and when Doc came back his Sioux warrior carried the tails of fifty more buffalo on his pony.

"Every one gave Carver full credit for his exploit save Curley, who took his defeat badly. He swore he would kill Carver and all the other long-haired men on the plains. Had not Lieutenant Schwatka been present, Carver would probably have put him out of the way then. Curley never fulfilled his threat, but in '76 he did shoot and kill, in a Deadwood saloon, as brave a man as ever carried a six-shooter—Wild Bill Hickok. I have mentioned Buffalo Curley (Jack McCall) before.

"While he was with the circus, Carver was quite an attraction as a marksman, for he could do things with a rifle which no other man could ever duplicate. And his work with a shotgun was no less remarkable than his rifle shooting. He at one time held the championship of England and Australia, and the world championship for clay-pigeon shooting. He was the first man to use large charges of powder in a small-bore gun, and he was also the

first to score 100 pigeons straight at 30 yards' rise. His Australian record of 133 birds at 32 yards' rise is his crowning achievement with the shotgun. A stunt which he did regularly was to ride past the audience at full speed and hit six targets as he went by. In the act which he developed and with which he toured for some thirty years, he fired 1,000 unusual shots in the course of an hour.

"Doc performed before four generations of German royalty, and was decorated by the Emperor Frederick. Queen Victoria had him give a special exhibition for her family at Sandringham. The Grecian royal family, the Russian Czar, the Egyptian Khedive, and other rulers, insisted on seeing him. Frederick of Germany had been particularly pleased with the way Carver consistently shot the emperor's head out of five-mark pieces that His Majesty tossed into the air.

"During the Zulu war Queen Victoria requested a performance for the troops at Aldershot. Riding in a circle at a distance of 200 yards about a stuffed dummy, Carver placed 15 shots accurately in 14 seconds.

"There was one trick he did that I always wanted to master. I have also tried to get the secret out of him, but Doc would just grin and say it was easy. If he doesn't tell me how he does it, when he visits here this summer, I'll mob him.

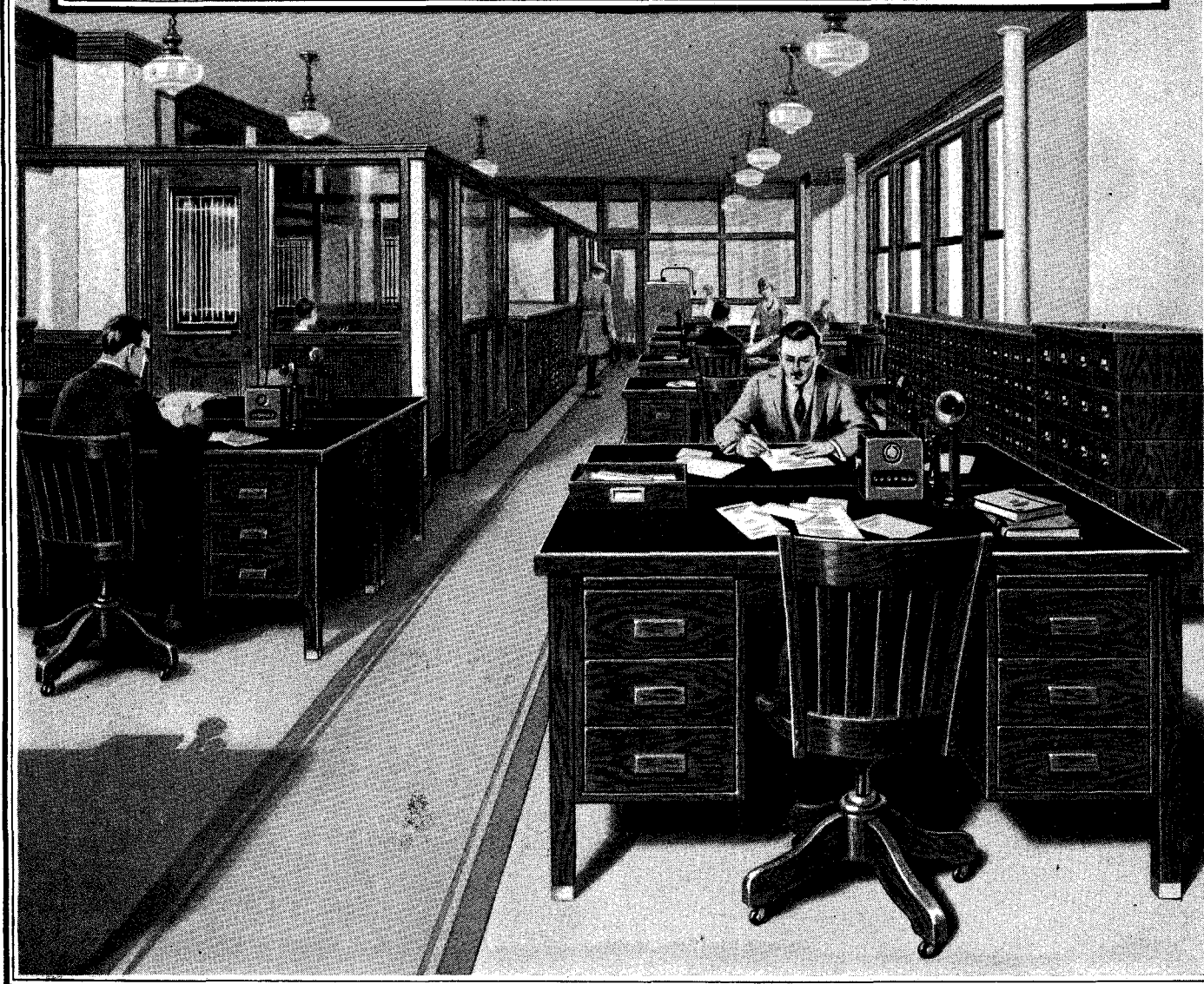
"In performing the trick, the assistant would show the crowd an orange and tell them to watch it closely. Any one could see that it was a real orange. He then threw it into the air and Doc shot it with a rifle. It isn't hard to hit an orange, but when Carver hit it, it exploded and disappeared. There were no pieces that fell. I don't know where it went, or how he did it. I've tried it, but the orange always splatters and comes down."



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Not to be confounded with Diamond Dick, his fellow veteran of the plains.

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Offices of Hobart & Oates, Chicago, General Agents Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., completely equipped with GF Allsteel

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THE desk is your most intimate piece of office equipment. It is something personal—every hour of every business day—closer to you than your most trusted associate.

Be as exacting as you like in the things you demand of your desk, and if it's GF Allsteel, you will find these definite advantages.

Permanent beauty of design and finish, fresh and new after countless cleanings and years

of hard usage. Convenience that will surprise you in its completeness. Appointments that make work easier—drawers that never stick—restful pleasing tops of Velvolum.

And every one of these characteristics last a lifetime because steel is indestructible. A new desk today is still a new desk after a generation of service. Yet the cost is no greater than you would pay for the more temporary qualities of wood.

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J. OGDEN ARMOUR: THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LOSER

A MILLION DOLLARS DAILY for a hundred and thirty-one days, the famous Chicago packer is said to have lost, and the only editor to call this an exaggeration quotes Mr. Armour as having declared that "a fortune roughly estimated at \$120,000,000 had been reduced to \$40,000,000 by the events of 1920-21." When Mr. Armour's career ended in London the other day, it was a question whether he died solvent. So the editorialists are busily drawing comparisons between his financial collapse, and that of other big losers. We are reminded, for example, of "the stripping of Indian nabobs by Clive and Hastings," and told that Bonaparte "lost more money and an empire, but France was the unlucky debtor." Also, we are reminded of Antony, "who threw a world away that he did not have," as "Octavius saw to that," and the *New York World's* Chicago correspondent remarks, after citing these cases: "It is no unusual thing for a corporation with a capital from \$300,000,000 to \$500,000,000 to lose half its assets in business slumps," but adds that while "perhaps some executive may have lost in this way as much as Armour, the money was not his." In the same paper we find a brief outline of Mr. Armour's career:

J. Ogden Armour was born in Milwaukee, November 11, 1863. Younger son of Philip D. Armour, founder of the great firm of Armour & Co., he was not originally intended by his father to assume executive control of the vast packing business. This was to devolve upon Philip D. Armour, Jr.

The death of this son in 1900 changed the father's plans. The older Armour did not long survive his favorite son, and J. Ogden Armour, shortly before his father's death, was summoned to come from Yale, a year before he would have been graduated, to share some of the responsibilities of the vast organization.

In 1891, just before he assumed active direction of Armour & Co., he married Miss Lolita Sheldon, daughter of Martin J. Sheldon of Suffield, Connecticut. Together they fostered the philanthropies which the elder Armour had conceived, and their daughter, Lolita, to whom Mr. Armour was devoted, gained world-wide publicity as a patient of the famous Viennese surgeon, Dr. Lorenz.

As his fame as a financier increased, Mr. Armour's activities became more varied. He was a director of a score or more banks, railroads, and financial institutions. Among them were the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago, and the Northwestern and National Insurance Company of Milwaukee. He also inaugurated and developed Armour & Co., Ltd., of London.

Following his company's reverses in 1921, however, Mr. Armour began to withdraw from active business life. In August, 1921, he announced his resignation from the board of the National City Bank of New York, a post he had held for many years.

Discussing the "smash in inventories" which "nearly ruined Armour & Co. during 1920-21," *The World's* correspondent goes on to say,

Mr. Armour sold all but a small amount of his personal property to help in the rehabilitation. He lost millions in the sales of 50,000 shares of St. Paul stock which cost his father, a director

in the railroad, close to par. Mr. Armour sold all his stock holdings in Chicago banks, estimated at \$10,000,000. The same bank stocks are to-day from \$100 to \$300 a share higher than the figure that Armour obtained.

He sold a part of his great estate in Lake Forest, handed the Armour Institute, the most noted technical school in the West and the pride of his father, over to Northwestern University.

His common stock in the packing company was sold to the public and more than \$200,000,000 new capital was raised. The bankers organized Armour & Co. of Delaware, with \$125,000,000 in bonds and preferred stocks. The Morris Packing Company was taken over. All these stocks and bonds have depreciated much in value since their flotation.

There are five Armour plants south of the equator, fifteen in the United States, and one in Canada. There also are approximately 400 branches in the United States to facilitate distribution.

Recently came the final blow to Mr. Armour—the scandal of the grain department. The company was compelled to restore \$3,000,000 obtained in fraudulent grading of wheat. Two of his ablest managers had been found guilty. Mr. Armour had nothing to do with the grain business, of which his nephews were in charge. He was so humiliated that he sold out the grain company.

With these losses the estate is problematical. Lolita Mitchell, his only direct heir, was given millions by her father in the days of prosperity. Mrs. Armour has large holdings in her own name. The packing business is virtually in the hands of the banking syndicate, with the two nephews, Philip D. and Lester Armour, sons of Mr. Armour's brother, Philip, as the ostensible heads.

To this same correspondent we are indebted for a genial character-sketch of Armour the man:

Mr. Armour was simplicity itself. He spent little money on himself. He ate simple foods, dressed in plain clothes, evaded society and its functions, was easy to meet and easy to talk with.

"I have no social ambitions," he said once. "My ambition is to run Armour & Co. successfully and

to give a great many young men a chance to make their way in the world. My associates in the business are my closest friends."

Altho he seldom accepted invitations to fashionable functions, he was always an affable host to his business associates and a few friends. Mr. Armour avoided, rather than courted, the attentions of the many. In the days past, his mother and his wife entertained lavishly. When he found preparations for a "party" he stole away to one of his clubs and sat down to a card game rather than risk meeting some one loaded with small talk and fine clothes. He hated dress-suits, and it was infrequently that he wore them.

Old employees of the Armour concern told many stories of Mr. Armour's kindness to them. One of these was about a man who was discharged after fifteen years of service by a department head who said he was incompetent. The case was taken to Mr. Armour, who put the employee back in his old place, with a comment worthy of Solomon:

"If it took fifteen years to find out he was incompetent, you'll have to worry along with him for the rest of his life," he asserted.

In another instance accountants complained that an old packing-house foreman refused to keep any books. Mr. Armour was asked to discharge the old-timer, but declined with this touch of sentiment:

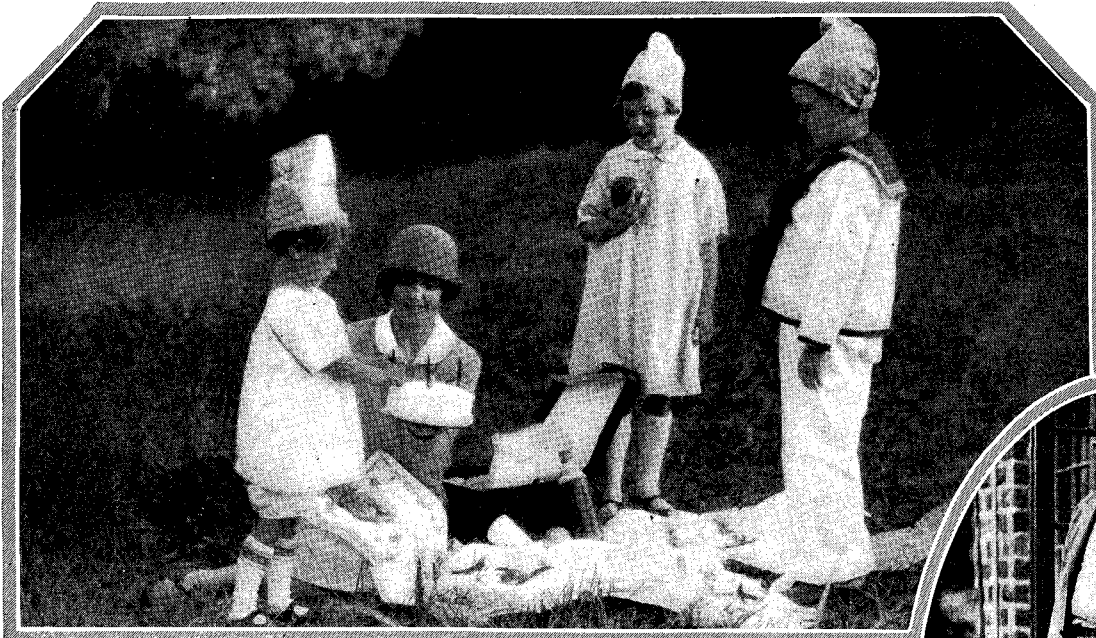
"No," he said, "that foreman taught me all I knew about



International Newsreel photograph

CHICAGO'S STOCKYARDS PRINCE

Altho his great fortune is said to have melted away almost to extinction, the Armour name will long be remembered in the packing industry.



Mrs. Pauline Siegenthaler and her three lovely children enjoying a picnic lunch at a pleasant spot near San Francisco



IRVIN S. COBB, famous author

"'Just what you need'— my doctor said"

"IT HAD COME almost to the point of a breakdown. Stubborn constipation and indigestion kept me continually wretched.

"For some time I had not even been sleeping regularly. I was told I must watch my diet or I would never get well.

"Finally I asked a doctor what he thought

of Fleischmann's Yeast. 'Eat all the yeast you want,' he said, 'It's what you need.'

"I began. To my surprise I felt a change for the better. Now my constipation has disappeared and with it all the other troubles. My appetite is good. I sleep well. And I have a wonderful new store of energy."

MRS. PAULINE SIEGENTHALER, Oakland, Calif.



"TWO YEARS AGO a severe case of influenza left me extremely run down. I suffered especially from indigestion. I was weak, nervous—tired all the time. Remembering the success I had had with Yeast once before, I began again, taking a cake in a glass of milk three times a day. Soon my energy and endurance were greatly increased. In five weeks I was entirely well."

ELIZABETH M. CROW, Birmingham, Alabama

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake are grown in a rich extract of malt and grain. They counteract the poisons of putrefaction. They strengthen the intestinal muscles.

Then your skin clears, constipation and digestive troubles vanish, the energy that is your birthright is yours again!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-103, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.



"IT WAS MY WIFE who converted me to yeast cakes. Before she successfully overcame my counter-arguments, she had convinced all the other members of the household.

"I insisted that there was nothing wrong with me. She insisted that no matter how well I felt I'd feel better if I tried yeast cakes. She pointed to her own case and to the cases of several about us as evidence. So, I decided that I might as well humor the woman.

"I promised to try yeast for a time regularly—dissolved in water. I kept the contract faithfully.

"Soon I had to confess that daily yeast—or something—was giving my system a desirable stimulation. It seemed to me that my head was clearer, that I had more zest for work, I had more zest for play, more zest for everything that entered into my life. So, on my own motion, I elected to continue the treatment.

"I have continued it ever since. I expect to keep on continuing it. I do not pretend to know just what desirable effects a yeast cake produces in the body but, so far as I am concerned, I know that it does produce them—that I have greater bodily vigor, greater capacity for working at my trade, greater enthusiasm for the job of living, greater fervor for enjoyments than I had before."

IRVIN S. COBB, New York City

This Easy Way to have your rightful health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk, or just plain in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

his branch of the business. If you can't get figures some other way, you'll have to do without them."

Editorially, however, *The World* portrays Mr. Armour less sympathetically, and we read:

He was a plutocrat out of the last generation, and as such he was no believer in soft optimism. He was savage and uncompromising; he formed his combines, mergers, and trusts with vast contempt for District Attorneys; he waged war in the Chicago wheat pit, asking no quarter and giving none. He was flinty and a little bit sinister, a Frank Norris figure, rather than a foolishly gabbling Sinclair Lewis figure. And with all his faults your Frank Norris man had a fierce sort of pride about him. Armour, in his heyday, would not have stooped to the mean adulation of authority which many of his successors show to-day; he would not have employed a public-relations counsel to sell him to the people, to put a pleasant face on shady things. When Roosevelt began to make trouble for him, he denounced Roosevelt, and exposed with dreadful frankness the motives which lay behind Roosevelt's trust-busting idealism.

Quite different is the attitude of the press in general. The *Chicago News*, for instance, quotes an old cabman as saying, "Mr. Armour didn't forget his friends; I've driven for many of the rich men around La Salle Street, but I never liked any of them better," and Glynn Griswold, in the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* writes:

I shall never forget some of the things Mr. Armour said. For instance:

"I have had some of the finest friendships any man ever had, altho mine probably have been the most expensive friends any one ever enjoyed. My friends have cost me a great deal of money, yet there is not one of them whom I can hate for it."

At this point he was not specific, but in connotation he did mention the names of two noted industrialists as tho they were but two of many. This, of course, revived memories of many large and unfortunate commitments Mr. Armour had made in association with those men and by their advice.

Another thing he said which has always remained in my mind, was this:

"I don't suppose I shall ever be happy. Perhaps no one ever is. But the thing that would make me happiest just now would be to know that I could get roaring drunk and wander about the loop for two days without any one paying any attention to me."

Mr. Armour didn't want to get drunk or to be drunk. He abhorred the idea. But the remark revealed much of his temperament and perhaps suggested something of the pathos of his life. He merely wanted to be let alone, to be out of the public eye, and to be happy as other people were happy for a while.

Those remarks of his illustrate two outstanding characteristics of the man:

First, his fealty to his friends and associates under circumstances that would have alienated almost any other man; and, second, the simplicity of an unpretentious man whose high place and great responsibilities burdened his soul as well as his mind.

There is a broad lesson in the collapse of Mr. Armour's fortune, many editors think, and unless they are mistaken it is a far from disturbing one. Says *The Wall Street Journal*: "Two recent deaths, that of J. Ogden Armour and Arthur P. Walker, call attention to something which the Communists, and even some economists, fail to grasp. It is that while accumulation of great fortunes goes forward, redistribution, or even dissipation, goes on at the same time." Reading on—

Here are two great fortunes which have been dispersed, at the best, among people of moderate means. That other great Californian fortune, the Fair accumulation, has been distributed. The Vanderbilt millions are among many holders. What became of the accumulation of John W. Gates? Who hears about the Gould millions now? What railroads does that family control? Some fortunes look so large as to be impregnable, but the economic forces which deal with them are both centrifugal and centripetal. The greater landholders of Britain, according to a recent example, have been taxed out of earning capacity. Something like one-fourth of the whole of Scotland has changed hands since the war.

Where is the great Astor estate? It is broken up, and much of it has been sold, not at any great profit when unimproved values are taxed not upon what they earn but on what our tax wasters think they ought to earn. Watch the people coming off a crowded ferry-boat. For a block or so the crowd will be apparent enough. In three blocks it has mingled with the traffic.

Whatever may be said of the Ford or Rockefeller fortunes, distribution is going on all the time. The Socialists are mistaken, if it is only a mere matter of efficiency. There is too much distribution rather than too little.

In much the same spirit the Cincinnati *Enquirer* observes:

For one who takes a philosophical attitude toward economics and its political aspects, the Armour debacle undermines one of the fears that Socialism preaches; the fear that great aggregations of capital, sooner or later, will acquire all the wealth of the world. Human experience is against it. Great fortunes are made, only to disappear, and the great balance of Time, sooner or later, serves as a distributing agent. The Armour moral is that America offers opportunities to win great wealth, but it takes keen vision, constant alertness, and real ability to maintain such fortunes, once they are acquired.

As seen by *The Arkansas Gazette*, the "melting away" of Mr. Armour's great fortune is "a striking example of the instability of wealth," for—

"Misfortunes similar to his in everything but magnitude have fallen to the lot of many other Americans. The death in actual poverty a few years ago of Thomas W. Lawson, of "Frenzied Finance" fame, was another case. And tho Europeans, as a class, are more cautious in financial affairs than Americans, not all of them escape spectacular downfall. The monetary might and masterful personality of Hugo Stinnes dominated all Germany for a time immediately after the war. But when he died, the power he had gathered into his grasp died with him, and his huge fortune was dissipated.

To the people who "are asking how it can be possible that a man once so wealthy as Mr. Armour, can have died either insolvent or very close to that point," the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Journal* replies:

There appears to be nothing very unusual about the methods employed by Mr. Armour to dissipate his fortune. Others have done a similar thing in much the same way, but not on such an extensive scale as a rule.

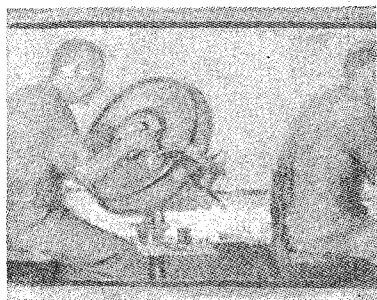
Mr. Armour spent his money in injudicious industrial enterprises which could not be made profitable, and from which the invested capital could not be recovered, and as these were large-scale enterprises into which money was put not by thousands or tens of thousands, or even by single millions, but tens of millions, he found it no more difficult to get rid of \$125,000,000 than others have found it difficult to get rid of \$125,000 or \$1,250 or \$125 by the same route.

It is convenient to speak of all this in terms of dollars, but it should be realized that the capital concerned did not consist of literal dollars, and, in the course of its various transmutations, very little of it ever took the form of literal dollars.

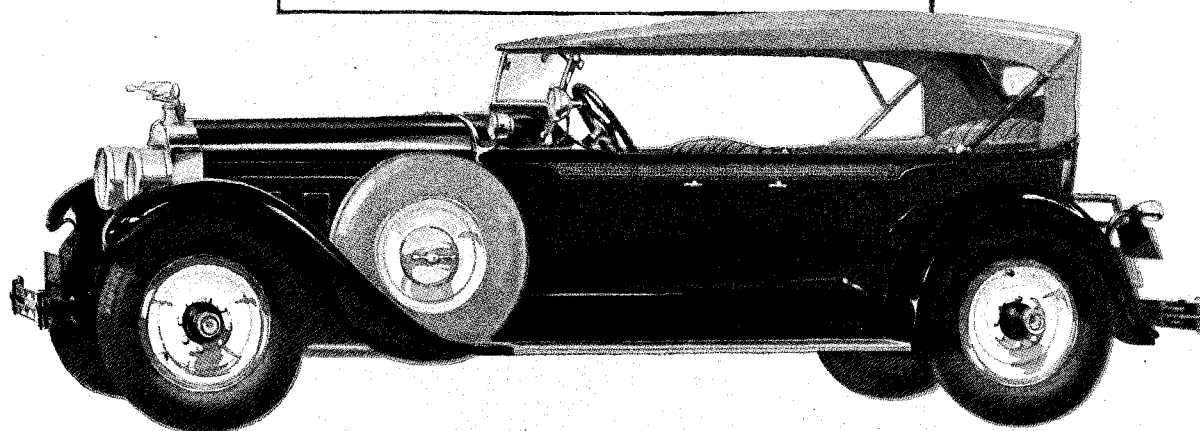
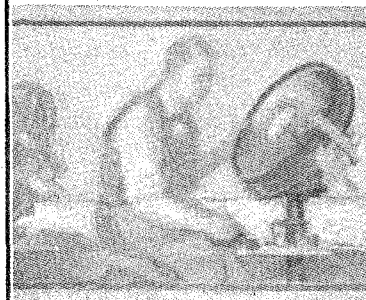
It was really just the same story over again of Hans in Luck. The hero of that adventure traded his horse for a cow, his cow for a pig, his pig for a sheep, or however it was, and Mr. Armour traded his profit-making packing-house for narrow-gauge underground railways, irrigation basins and ditches, where such things were not needed and could not be made to pay.

This Tennessee paper heads its editorial "How to Lose Money," and *The Virginian-Pilot* goes somewhat more into detail regarding the great packer's misfortunes:

When Philip D. Armour, the founder of the great packing-house which bears the family name, died in 1901, his only surviving son, J. Ogden Armour, took over the various business enterprises which his father had established and directed. At that time the Armour fortune was believed to be one of the largest in the country, and was estimated at \$100,000,000. Yet when the son died the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* estimated that his personal estate would not be more than \$20,000. Perhaps the estimate is unduly low, but Mr. Armour's friends concede that his fortune has been sharply contracted during the past few years. The path which J. Ogden Armour followed climbed the business heights and then plunged into the abyss of liquidation. Before the war, his properties prospered and his holdings expanded. But reverses during the war and post-war periods, especially those which attended the crash in the live-stock market in 1920 and 1921, forced him to part with most of his personal assets and also to surrender control of the packing company he had directed for more than two decades. He was not the only packer to suffer. One of his large competitors was forced into bankruptcy at about the same time, but where the competitor succeeded in retrieving his fortunes, Mr. Armour was never able to regain control of the properties he had surrendered.



A thousand years before the Christian era the Chinese had developed the art of fine lacquer work. Notable examples of their craftsmanship were produced in the reign of K'ang-hi (A.D. 1661-1721).



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Packard reflect the results of ages of technical experiment as well as the care and expert judgment of Packard artists and craftsmen. The rare, old lacquered cabinets of the Orient were no more perfect specimens of the finisher's art.

The beauty of Packard design is now enhanced by the charm and brilliancy of the color combinations available—all in perfect taste and all long preserved by the unusual processes which

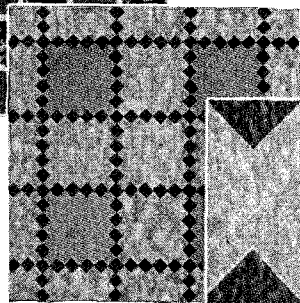
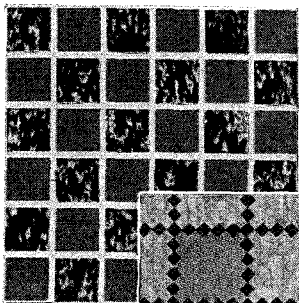
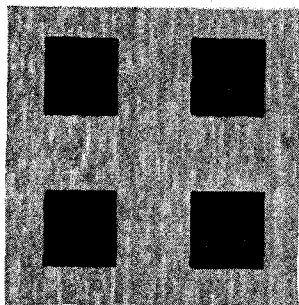
protect the artistry of Packard finish through the years.

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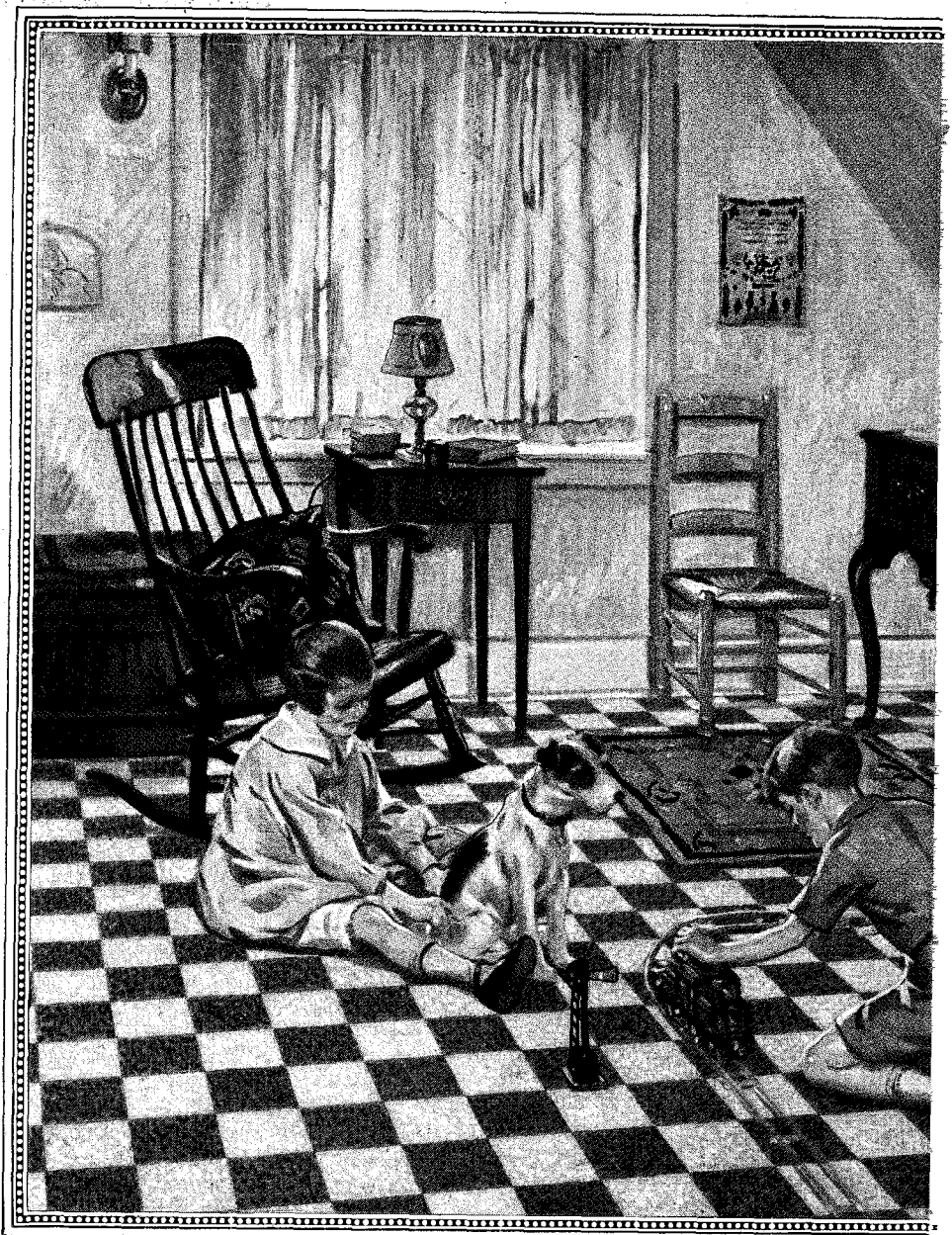


The charming room at the right is in the suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. Clair Maxwell, Westchester County, N. Y.

Below are a few of the exclusive Belflor designs available in Nairn Gold Seal Inlaids.



To the right is shown the famous Gold Seal Guarantee. Insist that this Gold Seal appear on the face of the linoleum you buy.



Pictured above is a popular Belflor pattern of Gold Seal Inlaids. Ideal for bedroom and playroom. Its resilience is a cushion for hard bumps. Its lustrous waxed surface is easy to clean and keep always sanitary; refinishing is never required. It is a natural insulator; warm in winter and cool in summer.

BECAUSE modern linoleum is finer, more decorative and more durable than any material used in residences where it is installed.

Yet the finest Inlaid Linoleum can be installed for a very modest sum will go a long way toward making the plainest house into a home.

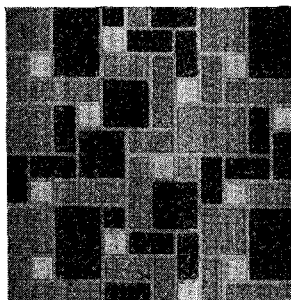
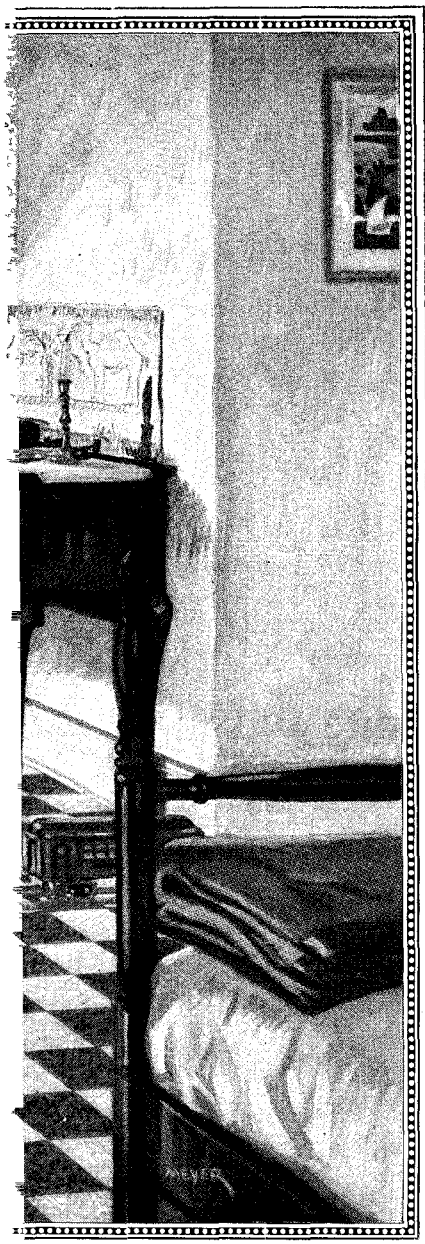
Different from any linoleum, Gold Seal Inlaids work wonderfully well and are effectually concealed by their velvety blended color effects.

All the charm, color, life, and permanence of the finest linoleum is yours to choose from in Gold Seal Inlaids, by master designers—all inlaid. Colors go through the floor stay new looking for years.



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Charm of Your Home

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y costs so little that
toward transform-
home.

ever seen, the new
r moderate cost is
f design and mar-

omfort, cleanliness
e world are yours
dozens of new pat-
sive—all beautiful
lap back, to make

Go to a good furniture or department store or floor-cov-
ering shop. Examine the *Gold Seal Inlaid*s on display. See
the wonderful results that marvelous new manufacturing
processes have produced. Ask questions. Revel in the rich
and exclusive color effects spread out before you.

Your new *Gold Seal Inlaid* floor can be laid over your
old floor in a short time with little inconvenience to you.

In new houses the expense of costly hardwood can be
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under flooring—produces an insulated, permanent floor.

*Gold Seal Inlaid*s are readily identified by the *Gold Seal*
pasted every few yards on the face of the pattern, the one
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Send coupon for *Color Scheme
Selector* and Laura Hale Shipman's
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THIS is to you who use a car until it wears out. You are not "traders." Your present car is anywhere from 2 to 5 years old—and good for many more thousands of miles. Why not get them?

But will you? It depends to a great extent on whether your lubricating oil meets the new demands which did not exist when you bought your car. They are:

1. **New traffic load.** Since January 1st, 1924, over 7,000,000 more motor vehicles have been registered. Today village streets are as crowded as big-city avenues. You start, stop, and accelerate more often than ever before. One *quick start* puts a greater load on your engine than a whole mile of straightaway driving.

So these multiplied starts and stops put an entirely new burden on your lubrication.

2. **New high-speed highways.** Concrete roads have also multiplied. Speed laws allow faster driving. Together, these two changes invite swifter travel for longer stretches than ever before. Under such driving conditions many of the "good" oils of yesterday quickly break down. A new lubricating margin of safety against this danger is imperative.

★ ★

If you drive a 1924 car, remember this: 1924 lubrication will not provide the margin of safety needed

against 1927 driving conditions.

To get the big mileage you expect from your car, you should accept nothing less than the 1927 Gargoyle Mobiloil. For Mobiloil has been continuously improved to meet the

demands of today which were not even dreamed of a few years ago.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only from crudes selected for lubricating value. It is made by the organization which has specialized longest and most extensively in lubrication.

Mobiloil is the only oil approved by 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks. If you want the longest life and cheapest mileage obtainable from your car, put Mobiloil in your crankcase.



GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick.....	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac.....	BB	A	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6.....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
<i>other mods.</i>	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet.....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80.....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
<i>other mods.</i>	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford.....	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin.....	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Flash.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Vellie.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4.....	A	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" 6.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

HOW FARES THE DOUGHBOY IN LIFE'S BATTLE?

THE AVERAGE YOUNGSTER who returned from the trenches in good physical trim—is he better or worse “for the drill and the hygienic régime of the service”? Has he “made up for the handicap of his break in civil life”? Has he “shared in the industrial prosperity of the country”?

Apropos of the fact that “an Odyssey of them” have been preparing for the Legion tour to Paris this month, “bearing suit-cases instead of packs, with no top-sergeant dictating to free travelers visiting the scenes of their former labors in France,” the above questions are propounded, and answered thoughtfully, in a *World's Work* article entitled, “What the A. E. F. is Doing To-day to American Life.” We learn of the dark and the bright sides of the veteran aftermath—on the one hand of hospital inmates and broken lives, and on the other hand of promising careers in public life, and of “102,000 farmers, 82,000 clerks, 40,000 agents and

buyers, 44,000 mechanics, 27,000 doctors, 22,000 managers, 16,000 lawyers, 13,000 railroad men, 13,000 professors and teachers, 14,000 engineers and surveyors, 5,000 realtors, 3,500 manufacturers, down to 55 trappers,” included in the 700,000 membership of the American Legion, which conceived the idea of the Paris reunion. Of the four million who marched forth, the author of the article, Frederick Palmer, remarks that they—“soldier and sailor, doughboy and gob, average age twenty-five”—were “a cross-section of the able-bodied youth of our land”; and he continues:

A cross-section they still are at thirty-five and so will be those who survive thirty years hence. How are they doing now? In the midst of the fever of the war effort the reflective sometimes asked what would be the after-effect on them of their war service.

We call the roll again when the sight of a soldier is rare in the land.

A handful are in the regular services. These got the soldier habit. A larger group is easily located. They are on the rated list of the sick and crippled, to remind us that it takes a long time to pay for a war and that the heaviest taxpayer is the disabled soldier, who is half-dead, half-alive, who can never be as other men, ambition forever stifled.

Recently I received a letter from one who is in a government hospital. Few taxpayers have the philosophy of this bed-ridden man, who, every day, all his life, will receive a bill marked “war tax.” He also would like to go to France on the tour. But he could not even be carried there. He must content himself with a dream visit.

“I am on the inside looking out,” he said, and he wrote of “beautiful driveways, walks, and lawns, Christian-spirited doctors and nurses, recreation rooms, radio appliances for every bed.”

More than \$607,000,000 has gone for the building of hospitals and the care of sick and disabled veterans. The peak number in hospital was 31,000, in March,

1922. It fell, and then rose to approximately that number again after the Act of Congress which provided free hospitalization for the veterans of all wars and expeditions even when the disabilities were not incurred in service. Of the 25,000 at present in hospital there are 7,300 of this class, all but 950 World War.

At the outset tubercular cases were in the majority. Death or cure reduced the number of these cases, and also that of surgical cases with the more prompt decision of the knife. As there is no holding a sane patient in hospital, and tubercular cases are inclined to be hopeful, many were lost because they gave up treatment too soon. To-day neuropsychiatric cases have the lead, which they will continue to hold because the insidious workings of shell shock often wait long to claim their victims, on whom they hold a wicked and persistent grip. It is prophesied that the peak of neuro-psychiatric cases will not be reached until 1947.

Not all veterans who receive treatment through the Veterans'



Photograph by courtesy of The World's Work (New York)

A DOUGHBOY BANQUET IN 1918

Feasting on the spoils of war, when all the world was in arms—the menu including “German bread, jam, and pickles taken near Lamarche, France.”



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HOWARD P. SAVAGE



WILLIAM J. DONOVAN



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HANFORD MACNIDER



MILLARD E. TYDINGS



LEMUEL BOLLES

SOME OF THE BOYS WHO WENT TO FRANCE AND ARE NOW IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Starting at the left, we have: (1) The present Commander of the American Legion. (2) The Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, who won high distinction as a colonel overseas with the Fighting Sixty-ninth of New York. (3) The Assistant Secretary of War, who was a lieutenant-colonel with the A. E. F. and won the D. S. C. (4) A Maryland member of the Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Congresses; advanced in the war to lieutenant-colonel, winning D. S. M. with three citations. (5) Past National Adjutant of the American Legion, now vice-president of a New York publishing house; advanced in the war to lieutenant-colonel, General Staff; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.



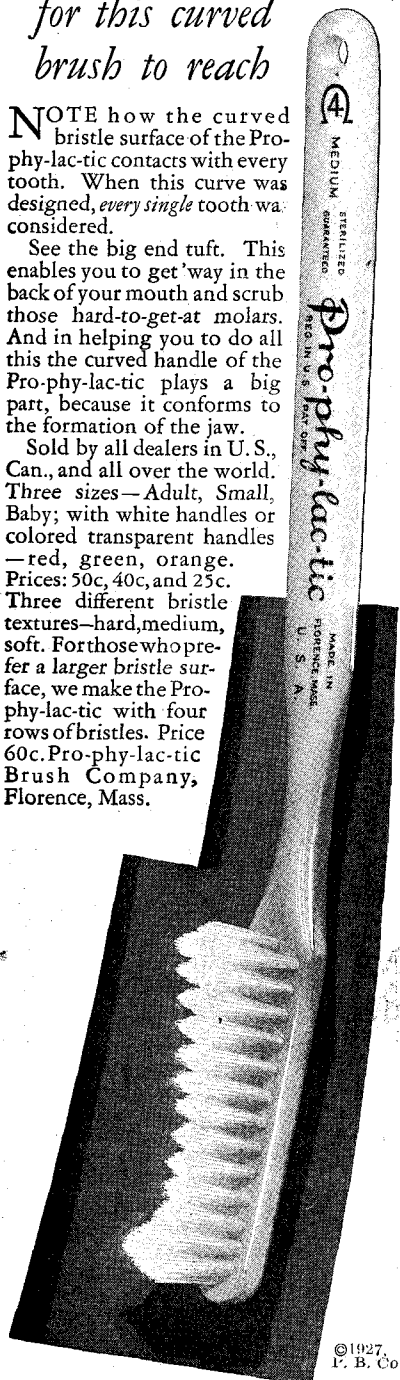
No tooth
too remote

for this curved
brush to reach

NOTE how the curved bristle surface of the Pro-phy-lac-tic contacts with every tooth. When this curve was designed, every single tooth was considered.

See the big end tuft. This enables you to get 'way in the back of your mouth and scrub those hard-to-get-at molars. And in helping you to do all this the curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic plays a big part, because it conforms to the formation of the jaw.

Sold by all dealers in U. S., Can., and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices: 50c, 40c, and 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.



©1927
I. B. Co.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Bureau or are permanently disabled, are in hospital. Not all the permanently disabled are receiving treatment. For many nothing further can be done until medical science achieves the supreme wonder of renewing bone and tissue.

The total rated list at present is 51,000, or about one out of eighty of all the men who served in the war. Add to this the total of deaths in action and you have one in forty. It becomes one in twenty-five when you include the 65,000 who died from accident or disease while in the service. Some of these would have died even if not in service, but their number is more than offset by the number who were never rated, but whose deaths may have been brought on by war strain.

Thinking in terms of all the four million who marched out, when there are no reliable figures for all to back an opinion, but judging by a wide personal knowledge and many talks, I should say there is no doubt that the average youngster who returned from service physically well is the better for the drill and the hygienic régime of the service. I am not advocating the "moral value" of war, not saying that these benefits might not come from the same kind of training in peace. It explains why most veterans are for Citizens' Military Training Camps.

The average veteran has certainly made up, and more than made up, I think, the handicap of his break in civil life. Our query ten years ago as to what good he would get out of his travel and the stir of service is answered in his influence, unconsciously absorbed, in better public surroundings as well as in war memorials that are an improvement over those of the past.

The veteran doughboy, in Mr. Palmer's judgment, has "a broader vision, a deeper feeling for the whole, which is expressed in his nationalism. He has the confidence won of service. He learned not only discipline but the meaning and value of organization and team play, which have served to advance him in civil life." And we read on:

At thirty-five he is not yet old enough to occupy key positions in business, as a rule; tho I know several who do, and who might not if they had not been in the war. But few who won decorations wear the symbol in their buttonholes.

Have the veterans shared in the industrial prosperity of the country? Recently the Legion made a canvass of the incomes of members in three towns—Glens Falls, New York, with a population of 18,000; Chanute, Kansas, 10,000; and Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, 5,500. They were highest in industrial Glens Falls. The average income was \$2,200—higher than the average doctor and lawyer in the United States, an increase in five years of 34 per cent. The number of home owners increased by 440 per cent., and that of children by 370 per cent. (About 85 per cent. of all legionnaires are married.) If these figures of one portion of the cross-section are characteristic, then certainly the veteran has prospered. As the parent of young children he is naturally interested in schools and playgrounds, and as a taxpayer he wants to know how his money is being spent.

As to success in public life, we have some figures. The age of the average Member of Congress is fifty-five. In the Seventieth Congress the number of World War veteran members will be 63: 12 in the Senate and 51 in the House. Their average age is forty-five. Senator Lawrence D. Tyson of Tennessee, sixty-six, is the oldest; the youngest in the Senate is Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, thirty-seven, and in the House is Clarence J. McLeod of Michigan, thirty-two. Representative Royal C. Johnson of Minnesota does not even mention in his Congressional biography that he won the Cross, tho many Congressmen mention all kinds of lodges and honors in their biographies.

How many veteran members will there be ten years hence, when the average age of the cross-section will be forty-five? From then on to fifty-five or sixty the cross-section will be in the prime of its power.

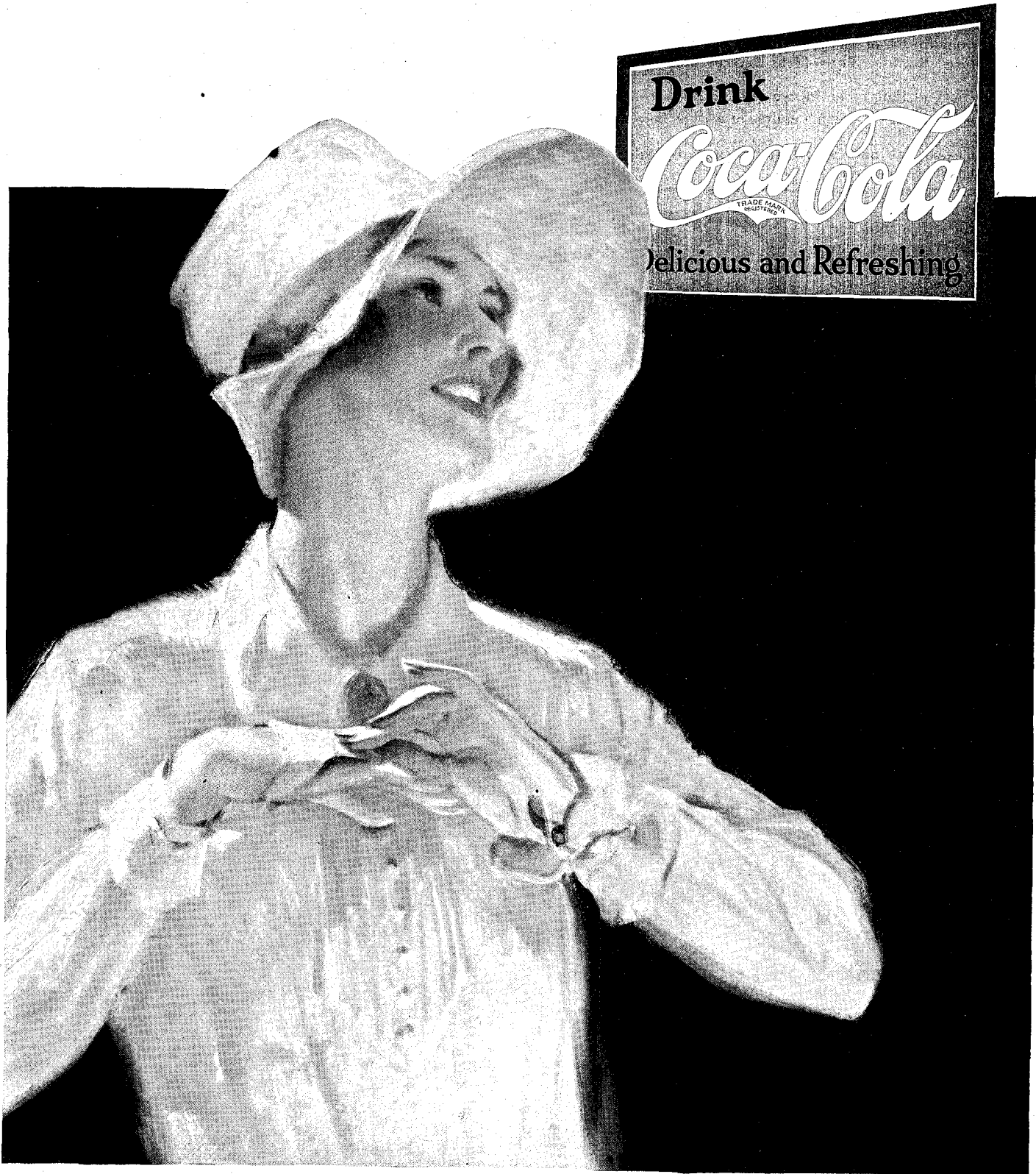
There are some veterans, however, who will be much older. They entered the service in the late thirties or forties, even the fifties. Either because they were trying to do youth's work sleeping in chill mud in the trenches or because under the terrific pressure of the Service of Supply all former habits changed, it is they that all my inquiries show paid the heaviest price from war strain, with the exception of the permanently disabled. War fatigue is still on them in many instances. They had not youth's resiliency to snap back into normal civilian life.

A dozen Teapot Dome scandals could not be so horrible as the mismanagement of the Veterans' Bureau after the war. Fortunately, it has come to better days. However, money, honestly spent, would not make the care adequate. This must depend upon personnel which has both a head and a heart. There were the deserving who needed medical care but who avoided it in their pride and determination to show that they were just as good men as they ever were. Others were "hipped on their troubles" and, falling into a professionally dependent mood, they had to be taught how to be objective as the first step to a life of usefulness, instead of becoming permanent public charges chronically "down on their luck." Still others were on the borderland of mental breakdown.

So we have developed experts in rehabilitation as in everything else. The man who has been steadily on the job is Watson B. Miller, the chief of the Legion's service. It would occur to no one that he could be replaced; I can imagine no one craving his task. He has been told he was too kind and not kind enough; blamed for not getting results and blest for getting results.

It is the genuine neuro-psychiatric cases that are baffling. There may be nothing the matter except with their minds, but that is tragic sufficiency. In the surgical cases the surgeon knows finality. He has mended the wrecked body as best he could. In tubercular cases the latest approved treatment has been provided in specially located sanitariums. But the doctor never knows if he has done his best for the ailing mind. Dr. Thomas Salmon and other psychiatrists who served in France have given of their time and best efforts to this cause without thought of fees. They have the understanding. They knew what the men went through, the source of the mental wounds. Miraculous cures have been accomplished. The job will not be finished until all not pronounced permanently insane, are cured.

Vocational training, of which we heard so much immediately after the war, has long



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Around the corner from anywhere

*Over 7 million
a day*

You'll find the little red sign at a cool and cheerful place, inviting you to enjoy the one great drink with that icy, tingling taste-good feeling and its delightful after-sense of refreshment.

Watch for announcements soon of the winners
in the Coca-Cola \$30,000 cash prize contest

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

since passed out of public memory. Its cost to date is \$644,000,000. The total number of pupils listed is 179,000, or nearly one-fourth of the present number of college students in the United States. Three-fifths have been graduated.

The letters that come in, we are told, are from the failures, or those wanting to begin a course or asking more help. Thus:

The ex-service man who had had a two-handed occupation and had learned mechanical drawing with the right hand, which was still left to him, or the ex-service man who thought he would like to be an engineer instead of a farm hand, does not write in to General Hines of the Veterans' Bureau that he has just had a promotion. Many of the failures were the result of striving to do something beyond their capacity or for which they lacked the requisite basic education. Vocational training responded to the American call for bettering one's self. The nation said to the veteran: "You have done well by me. In return, I am going to give you a chance to boost yourself." There is no doubt that the successes outweigh the failures. Vocational training was more than a benevolent gesture. It was worth while.

Now we come to the millions who returned home with their discharges without ever being rated on the Veterans' Bureau list of sick or disabled, and without taking a course in the after-war college. The after-war restlessness of service men, very acute after the World War, because of the strain of continual trench firing with modern weapons in place of the old pitched battles with simpler weapons, was no new thing. After the Civil War bands of roving soldiers in the West constituted a trouble to the authorities.

Readjustment was easiest in France, where every able-bodied man serves his term as a conscript in peace and steps as a trained unit into the ranks at his country's call; and there is resultant mutual understanding between civil and military life. French soldiers, who were often home on leave, were fighting close to the homes they defended. Their fatigue understood, knowing appreciation behind their welcome home, they slipped back into civil life so readily that France had only twelve thousand unemployed a year after the war.

The problem in America was much the same as in England, where a vast force of untrained civilians had been suddenly shot into the harness of military discipline. The bitterness of the veterans, caused by the bad policy of readjustment, is, I think, largely responsible for many of England's troubles after the war.

When the human cog stepped out of the military machine he had the light feeling of the pack off, the galling harness of

steel removed. His mind was numb from the discipline in which he had always been told what to do. He was tired, plain dog-tired, all the cells in his body demanding rest. He wanted to draw free breaths to look around, to sleep as long as he wanted to, and take nobody's orders as he fumbled at recovering a lost individuality. But with the nation under a heavy debt burden and trying to get back to normal industrial life and to realize promptly on the new opportunities of a changed world, all the manifold agencies that had the habit of drives, as

the soldier had of soldiering, now turned from exciting war enthusiasm to hurrying the returned service man to work and inducting him into routine citizenship. To the soldier the urging sometimes had the ring of "Vacation over, old boy. Off with the uniform today and snap into the grind to-morrow."

Where the Canadian veteran received \$1,500 or its equivalent, our own, hearing the talk of our immense gold credits, received \$60 from his Government. It was not enough for a complete outfit of clothing at the high prices then prevalent.

City crowds might cheer the parade of a local division from France—no cheers at all for the training-camp fellows—but when ranks were broken the veteran got the impression that his fellow citizens seemed to think that loan and welfare drives had won the war. He thought he himself had done something to win it. It was all very well to tell him that he had a great adventure. As yet that adventure did not have time's glow. It was still fresh in its strain. He could not tell them what he had been through when home folks did not know the language of the world he had just left.

This was all right, but what smote him hard was to find that while his wife or mother had been scrimping on the war allowance, the wife or mother of the ten-dollar-a-day munition worker next door had been buying a car and other luxuries. Tho a man did not fight for his country for pay, was not his family entitled to as good treatment as a munition worker's? No argument could change his view.

He grimaced when his neighbor said: "Well, that War Risk Insurance has fixt you up with a tidy nest egg, eh?" The War Risk Insurance had been heralded as a foresighted measure against future pensions. It was cheap insurance for the premiums paid for the risk of going over the top, pneumonia from trench exposure, and the influenza epidemic. But the veteran did not find it such cheap insurance in peace for his premiums. Company agents insisted that they could give him better returns at his age at lower cost—which was not quite true. Many veterans let their government insurance lapse because they took out company policies.

All this was sowing a sense of bitterness, and bitterness is a bad thing in any cross-section. The Bolshevik hunters

(Continued on page 56)



OGDEN L. MILLS CLARENCE J. McLEOD DWIGHT F. DAVIS

THREE MORE GRADUATES OF THE A. E. F.

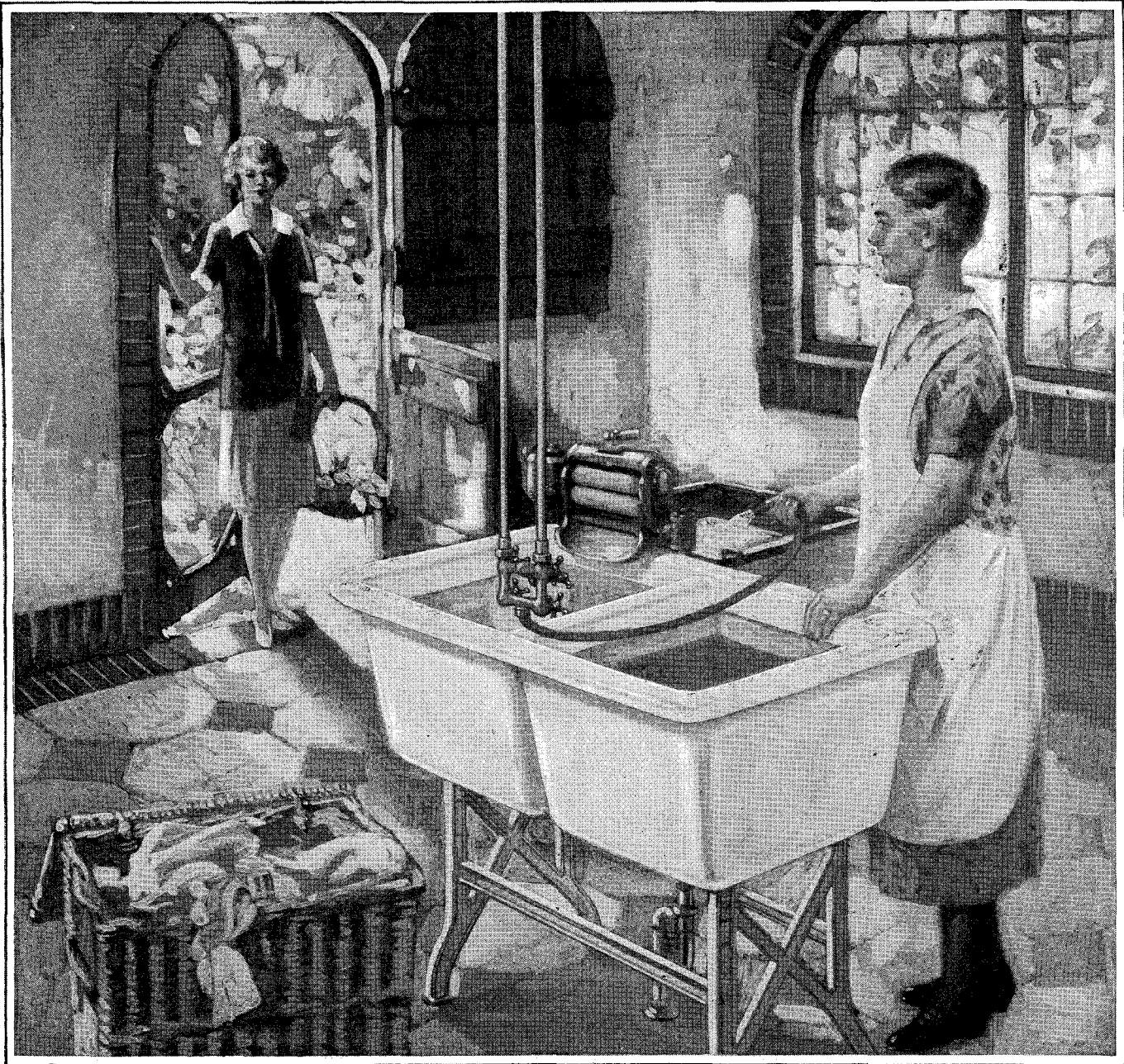
From left to right: (a) Under-Secretary of the United States Treasury and former Congressman from New York; was a captain in the war. (b) member of three Congresses, first elected at twenty-five; served in the A. E. F. as second lieutenant. (c) Secretary of War; rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel during the war.



By courtesy of *The World's Work*

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE BUDDIES

Sculptors continue to glorify them in beautiful war memorials, such as this one, designed by Augustus Lukeman for Brooklyn,



The "Four-Way" Laundry Tray

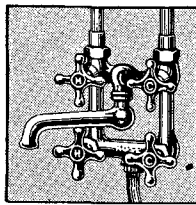
There it stands, this new "Standard" Laundry Tray, right out in the middle of the basement! It has no need like other trays to lean against the wall. Every side is accessible. Its height can be adjusted when it is installed.

The inside is free from any projection, even a faucet, on which the clothes might catch and tear. The rounded corners are easy to keep clean. The faucets are just above the tray and the single swinging-spout fills both compartments.

Faucets and spout are finished in non-corroding, non-tarnishing Chromard. There is a separate connection for the hose that fills the washing machine. Once attached it need never be disconnected. Push your electric washer right up to this new

"Standard" tray so that the wringer arm will swing out over both compartments.

Wring from tub to rinse water, from rinse water to blue water, from blue water to basket, without moving the machine. This modern tray is sturdy and white — and sturdy and white it stays, for it is made of Acid-Resisting Enamel. Soaps and powders, hard use should have no effect upon it. Acid-Resisting Enamel is an exclusive "Standard" development.



Single swinging-spout faucet fills both compartments with water tempered "just right." There is no projection inside the tray.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Write for booklet or, better still, visit a "Standard" showroom to see this tray that can simplify wash days for years to come. The trademark "Standard" A-R identifying Acid-Resisting Enamel is impressed in every "Four-Way" Laundry Tray.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

RCA Announces a complete line of Radiolas

*— for all methods of operation
— for all requirements of location*

FROM the Research Laboratories of Radio Corporation of America—Westinghouse—General Electric have come these RCA Radiolas and Loudspeakers—the greatest achievements of the radio art.

These tried, tested and perfected receiving sets are individually adapted to the different methods of operation, as well as to the exacting requirements of different locations.

RCA Radiolas set the standard for radio because of their unrivalled perfection of tone and simplicity of operation. They are designed by the same engineers who planned the leading high-power broadcasting stations. They are the time-tested sets that have been chosen for exclusive use by Victrola and Brunswick in their finest instruments.

Included in the new Radiola line are dry battery sets, storage battery sets, and, of course, the sets that operate directly from the electric light circuit.

*You haven't really heard radio until you have
listened to a Radiola and RCA Loudspeaker.*

*Ask any RCA Authorized Dealer to
demonstrate these marvelous instruments.*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

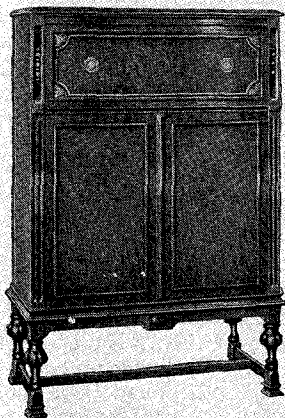
New York ~ Chicago ~ San Francisco

RCA Radiola

MADE • BY • THE • MAKERS • OF • THE • RADIOTRON

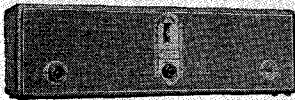


Socket Power Operated



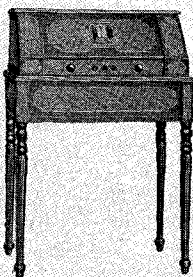
RCA RADIOLA 32—*Custom-built.* The supreme achievement of 25 years of radio research. A special custom-built combination of the famous RCA 8-tube Super-Heterodyne with Loudspeaker 104—the two finest radio instruments ever designed. Operated directly from the electric light circuit. Amazingly faithful reproduction in any desired volume over the entire acoustical range. Concealed, adjustable loop. In a beautifully grained walnut veneer cabinet.

Complete with Radiotrons . . . \$895

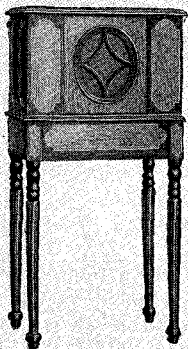


RCA RADIOLA 17—Operates directly from the electric light circuit without batteries or battery eliminators. This year's outstanding achievement in radio. The culmination of years of research to produce, for a moderate price, a receiver completely A.C. operated. Employs the new RCA alternating current tubes. Tuned with one knob. The entire set and power unit in a mahogany finished cabinet.

Less accessories . . . \$130.00
With Radiotrons . . . \$157.50



RCA RADIOLA 28—For the many who prefer the receiver and loudspeaker in separate cabinets, the 28-104 combination is the standard of comparison in the radio art. Radiola 28, with Radiotrons \$260
A.C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for A.C. operation with RCA Loudspeaker 104 . . . \$35



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104, when used with Radiola 28, provides a perfection and volume of tone production that has been a sensation ever since it was introduced. It gives a degree of musical realism over the entire acoustical range unapproached by any other form of sound reproducing instrument.

RCA Loudspeaker 104 (A.C.) \$275
RCA Loudspeaker 104 (D.C.) \$310

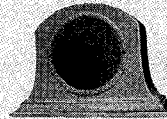


RCA RADIOLA 30-A
Custom-built

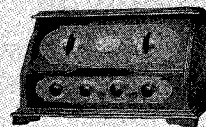
A specially built de luxe instrument, employing the same perfected RCA 8-tube Super-Heterodyne circuit as Radiola 32, but using the new Loudspeaker 100-A, an improved model of the famous 100. Selectivity, sensitivity and ease of operation identical with Radiola 32, its only rival in cabinet sets. Operated directly from the electric light circuit. Antenna coupler for indoor or outdoor aerial.

Complete with Radiotrons
\$495

Battery Operated



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100-A—A notable achievement in radio acoustics, this refinement of the popular model 100 embodies improvements in construction which give greater sensitivity and ability to handle greater volume. Faithful reproduction over the entire acoustical range. This is the speaker famous the country over for its deep, full tones. Ask the RCA dealer to demonstrate it. . . . \$35



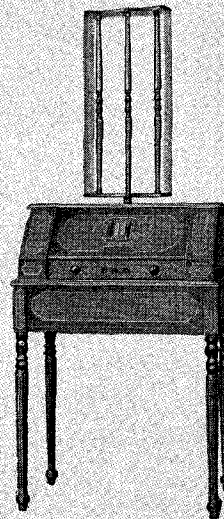
RCA RADIOLA 20—The biggest value in radio. Many times as selective as the average antenna set. A battery operated set that can readily be adapted to A.C. operation. Ideal to use with the new RCA Loudspeaker 100-A, or can be adapted for use with the finest of all loudspeakers, the famous 104.

Less accessories . . . \$78.00
With Radiotrons . . . \$89.50



RCA RADIOLA 16—The widest musical range ever achieved with one-dial control. A storage battery set of great compactness. For selectivity, sensitivity and tone quality, it sets a new standard for receivers in its price class. It employs the well-known and perfected tuned radio-frequency circuit, with 3 stages of radio-frequency amplification, detector and 2 stages of audio-frequency amplification. By use of socket power devices, it can be adapted for A.C. operation. The cabinet is finished in mahogany.

Less accessories . . . \$69.50
With Radiotrons . . . \$82.75



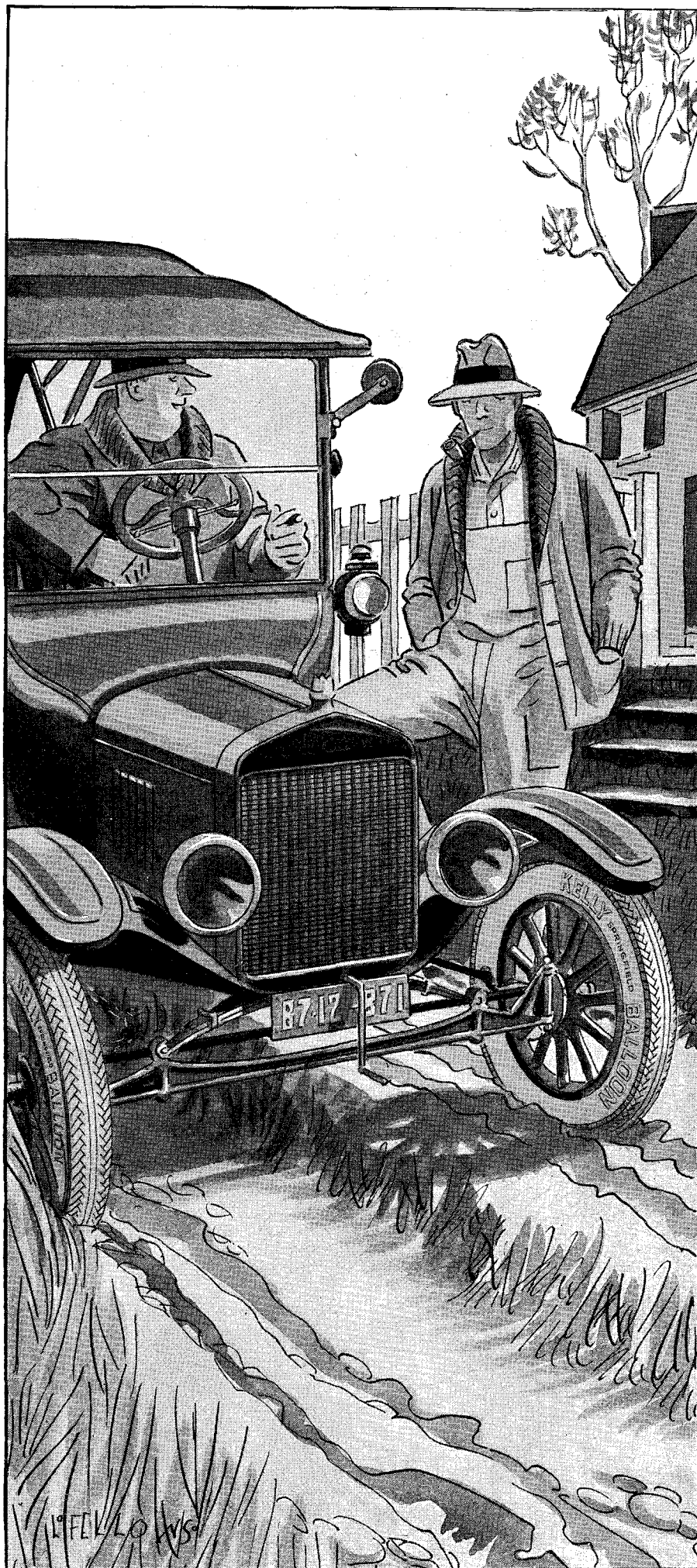
RCA RADIOLA 28—The famous receiving set that brought a new meaning to radio in thousands of American homes. Employs the tried, tested and perfected RCA 8-tube Super-Heterodyne circuit, the finest achievement in radio. In selectivity, sensitivity, and perfection of tone over the entire acoustical range, it has never been challenged.

With Radiotrons . . . \$260

RCA Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON





"Stepping high with those new Kelly-Springfields, aren't you, George?"

"Nope! Just got the best—doesn't cost any more!"

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

(Continued from page 52)

—one of whom I know asked a returned veteran who had won the Cross for valor if he were a "100 per cent. American"—were predisposing the victims of after-war restlessness to the very tendencies they were trying to defeat.

Some employers not only gave the veteran the edge but opened wide the door of opportunity to the man whose war service had singled him out from the rest. But some had short memories. Not all kept their promise to keep their places for the veterans. Some had no places to give. They were dismissing men. Others felt they would not injure efficiency by giving up to veterans places in which others had made good.

Certainly, the average veteran was at a disadvantage at the start compared to the man who had been all the while on the job. He was out of touch with his former occupation. He had missed a stage in commercial evolution. Just as he was getting his stride came the hard times of 1921-22. There was wide-spread unemployment. War taxes were pressing hard. Sentiment was waived. Huge national accretions of gold credits and vast sums owed us by foreign nations were little balm for the employer who was not paying dividends or was running at a loss.

Then came the fight over the Adjusted Compensation Act. Taxpayers saw that as the entering wedge for another period of pension legislation such as was the legacy of the Civil War. They saw it as preventing any future reduction of taxes. But the act did not pay a cash bonus. It put aside accumulating sums for the soldier, the highest being \$1,500, which he was to receive at the end of twenty years, when, according to G.A.R. precedent, pension agitation would become acute.

So far the pension wedge has not appeared. We have had two reductions of national taxes, and another is in sight. Barring agricultural depression, we have had four years of unparalleled prosperity. Time seems on the way to prove that the Adjusted Compensation Act satisfied a sense of wrong and was also a measure of economic wisdom and foresight. "But that was settled!" is the answer if the pension issue ever rises.

In a land of button-wearers, where every industry, calling, and kindred sentiment and aim are organized in all manner of associations and fraternal orders; the land of school and college class, occupational and sewing circle, trout fishing and croquet reunions, there was bound to be not only war unit reunions to fight the battles over again, but a nationally inclusive one based on the most thrilling of fellowships, that of service in the nation's armed forces in 1917-18. Its character would be in the leading and the character of its membership.

The first thought would be to liken the Legion to the G.A.R. A primary vital difference is that the Legion is the product of a foreign war, and therefore national; and the G.A.R. of a civil war, and therefore sectional. Southern veterans had to help pay the pensions which the G.A.R. won for Union veterans. All veterans share in paying World War costs. The G.A.R. was in a measure coupled up with one political party, which was dominant in the North. The Legion, which has conducted a drive to "get out the vote" of all citizens regardless of party, makes an instant out-

ery against any member who would use Legion affiliations for partizan political ambitions. It must be as non-partizan as it is national. When General Daves, a Legion member and a candidate for Vice-President, went to the St. Paul convention, he was welcome to march with his post in the parade, but his friends were informed by Legion members of his own party that he must not appear on the platform of the convention.

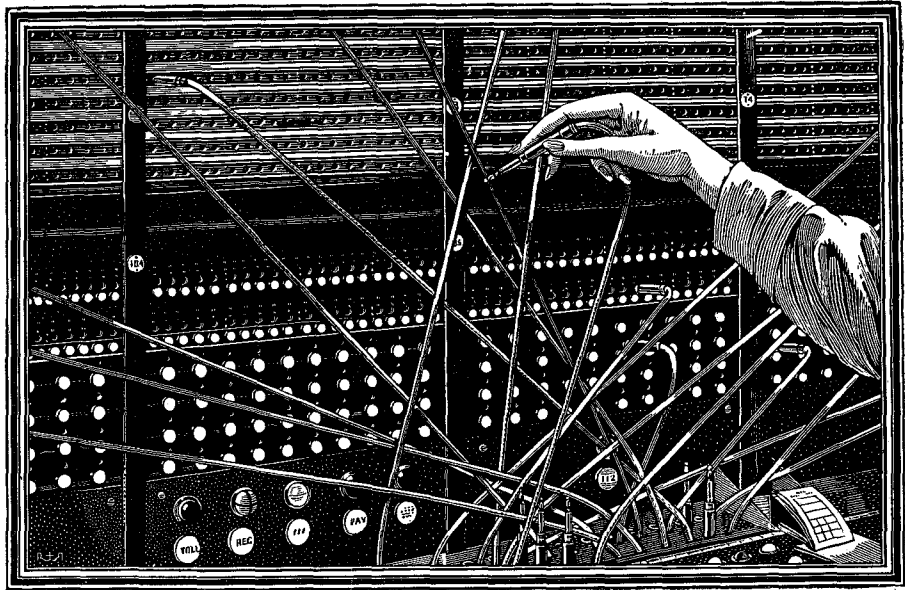
The Legion was against a cash bonus, the sentiment for which some members of Congress capitalized. It was for the Adjusted Compensation Act. It is on record in clear resolutions against pensions. That issue is behind it. Pacifists accuse it of fostering militarism through its support of Citizens' Military Training Camps, of military training in colleges, and of a national conscription law of all manhood and resources in the event of war. Radicals accuse it of extreme nationalism and opposing free speech because of its attitude toward the Reds. From the outset it was for restricted immigration, and inaugurated Americanization classes for recently arrived immigrants and language classes for the foreign-born veterans who did not know English.

It was strongly advocated that members keep up their War Risk Insurance and transform it into endowment. Out of the total of more than four millions the final list of policyholders is more than 500,000, total insurance in force \$2,220,969,823, and the average endowment \$3,410. Thus the average holder will receive \$3,410 either on his death, or in person, if he lives to the expiration of the policy. Claims of \$1,481,000,000 have been paid, approximately \$1,200,000,000 of this during the war. The Legion has appealed to veterans not to borrow money on their Adjusted Compensation Certificates, and is certain that a relatively small percentage of the borrowings so made are by Legion members.

The life of the Legion is in its posts; and in their community influence the big value of the Legion lies. It is strongest in the smaller towns, where veterans of all units know one another; and weakest in the big cities, where posts are often formed on the basis of kindred occupation or service in the same war unit, and where there is more distraction and the post meetings can not mean so much. In proportion to population, South Dakota has the largest membership, with Wyoming, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, Nevada, Oregon, Kansas, New Hampshire, Minnesota, Illinois, Maine, and Wisconsin next in order. The action of individual posts, often widely heralded, does not represent the whole, as the free-spoken whole often reminds them.

Veteran knows veteran. The posts were useful in exposing "panhandlers" who posed as indigent veterans immediately after the war. They made the disabled in their localities their care. They gave personal attention in getting unemployed veterans jobs and stiffening the "buddy" who was down on his luck, and sometimes blamed too many of his troubles to the war, when he might be responsible for some of them. His last resort is the Legion; indeed, he is referred by other authorities in the town to the local post, where he will receive counsel from brother to brother.

There is a total of 1,706 posts; Minnesota has the largest number, New York next, and the Canal Zone's two at the bottom. Many posts have led movements to build memorial buildings as civic centers.



The Switchboard

*An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



A WEB of cords plugged into numbered holes. A hand ready to answer signals which flash from tiny lamps. A mind alert for prompt and accurate performance of a vital service. A devotion to duty inspired by a sense of the public's reliance on that service.

Every section of a telephone switchboard typifies the co-ordination of human effort and mechanism which makes possible America's far-reaching telephone service. Its cords link for instant speech those who are separated by a few miles or by a continent. Its guardian operators are of the telephone army—men and women vigilant to meet a nation's need for communications.

In plant and personnel, the Bell System is in effect a vast switchboard serving a nation that has been transformed into a neighborhood through telephone growth and development.

BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

FLOWER AND INSECT AS BUSINESS PARTNERS

PROFIT-SHARING COOPERATION may be studied in one of its most ancient forms, points out a learned naturalist, in the perennial commerce between flowers and the insects which facilitate their fertilization. And this observation is strengthened by the reflection that "flowers and insects existed before they mastered the secrets of cooperation, but their great successes were made after they learned to depend on each other." As pointed out in a paper on "What Attracts Insects to Flowers?" issued by the Carnegie Institution (Washington), the question as to whether the insect is allured by the blossom's color, or its fragrance, form, nectar, pollen, or general appearance, has been debated among scientists "ever since one of them, many years ago, saw a hawk-moth fly in at his window and plunge its tongue repeatedly into flowers woven in the fabric of some tapestry. This observation led to what was perhaps the first experimental study ever made of mutual relations of flowers and insects." Of these initial experiments we are told:

Artificial roses were placed in a garden among real flowers. Not a single visitor came near them. Two showy beds of counterfeit violets, pansies, marsh marigolds, roses and buttercups were placed on a sunny sward. They, too, remained unnoticed, altho bees and butterflies were flying about. Imitation cherry-blossoms were intermingled with real blossoms on a living branch, but the bees visited only the natural ones. In the final experiment of a long series, a great number of brilliant artificial flowers were grouped at the center of a lawn surrounded by a garden in full bloom. Altho flies, bees, and butterflies swarmed over the latter, only two individuals deigned to inspect the imitations.

Until these investigations were made it was believed that color played the chief rôle in attracting insects. But these experiments led the author to conclude that most insects, in their flight to the flowers sought after, are probably guided by some other sense than sight alone.

Since this initial investigation, undertaken some fifty years ago, many experimental studies have been made, but for various reasons the results have been conflicting and inconclusive.

Hence a new series of more exhaustive tests. Nine years ago at Alpine Laboratory on Pike's Peak, we are told, Dr. Frederic E. Clements and Dr. Frances L. Long, of the staff of the Carnegie Institution, began a comprehensive and carefully planned and controlled study of the behavior of certain insects when in the presence of flowers of their choice. This study, it is explained, was designed to reveal the agencies by which insects are attracted to flowers, the effect of competition among flowers for insect visitors, and the ability of the latter to adjust themselves to new conditions among the flowers. Concerning which we read on:

In describing these experiments and in stating some of the conclusions reached, Dr. Clements says:

"Various methods were employed, such as disguising flowers, concealing brightly colored parts, removing petals, adding honey or perfume, and substituting artificial or painted flowers for real ones.

"When the bright-colored petals were reduced a half, visitors fell off to numbers ranging from a tenth to a half of the usual count. In such irregular flowers as the horsemint, when both lips were removed the visitors almost completely disappeared. The nature of artificial flowers was usually perceived by bees without the necessity of landing. As a rule these were ignored while natural flowers painted with water-colors received more attention. In some cases these were visited as often as the normal ones, particularly when the latter were white.

"The color preference for painted flowers followed the usual rule, blue being the most popular while red was the least. The addition of honey or perfume decreased the number of visits;

in some cases visitors actually became entangled in the honey without discovering its nature. However, their stupidity in such instances was more than offset by their intelligent behavior under other conditions.

"The response to inverted flowers was eloquent of the quick wit of certain species. The honey-bee showed a preference for inverted flowers of the blue pentstemon and a small bumblebee visited these as readily as he did those in normal position. Individual differences, however, were striking. Some bees ignored inverted blossoms altogether, others hovered over them, and still others attempted to alight before flying away as tho disturbed by the change. Again, some landed at the lower sepals, turned around and entered upside down. One individual landed three times at a group of inverted blossoms, tried to reach the nectar without turning over and failed in every case. Another mastered the

problem quickly, going to five inverted flowers in succession and turning upside down just after landing.

"Flowers differ widely in size, color, and form, in the amount of reward offered in the shape of nectar or pollen, and hence in their efficiency in securing pollination. On the other hand, insect visitors exhibit great differences in size and structure, in skill and industry, as well as in flower preference. Like people, they are largely controlled by habit and their potential intelligence is likewise often concealed by this fact.

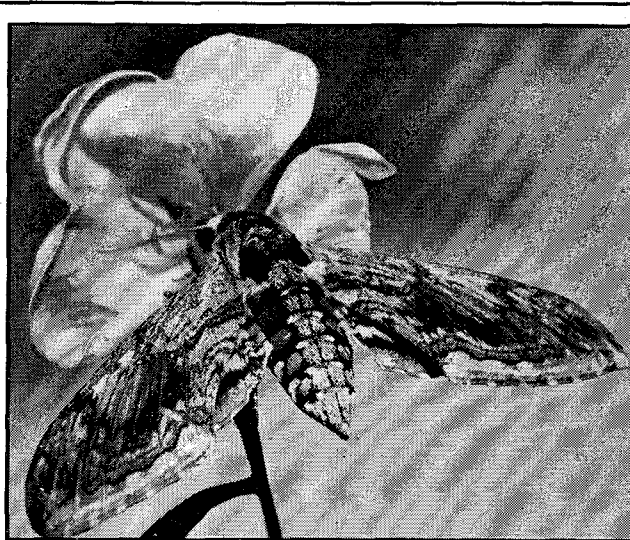
"In both insect and human worlds, the rewards usually fall to the specialist, and there is a marked tendency for bees in particular to confine their work to a certain species or type of flower during its blooming period. This is shown by study of the pollen loads carried away from the flowers for the manufacture of 'bee-bread' for the young. More than half the loads contained but one kind of pollen; while three-fourths of the remainder comprised but two, one of these usually made up 90 per cent. or more of the load. A single load alone sometimes contained as many as four kinds of pollen."

The competition between visitors for a particularly delectable nectar, says Dr. Clements, is a matter that can readily be observed, especially when it concerns large and small bees, or bees and butterflies. He adds:

"The competition among flowers in attracting insects, however, is much more difficult to discern and usually can be disclosed only by means of special experiments.

"The simplest method is to place single flowers or clusters in the midst of another plant, employing various devices to keep the 'bouquets' fresh and normal. Two species may be opposed to each other or three or more may be entered in the competition.

(Continued on page 62)



Photograph by courtesy of the Carnegie Institution, Washington

FAIR AFFINITIES OF NATURE'S COMMERCE

Mutual helpfulness has enabled these two beauties to attain their full perfection of type, and the insect knows its business too well to be fooled with an artificial flower.

To the man who says ~ "The Truck I Buy Must Last Five Years or More"



Stewart
1 1/2-2 Ton
6 Cylinder
\$1795
CHASSIS

THE Stewart buyer knows he can divide the initial cost of his truck by 5 years or more, whereas the ordinary truck might only meet his needs for half that number of years.

Stewarts have well earned their title, "America's Greatest Truck Value." Their records for long life, low cost and freedom from unnecessary repair bills are well known by users in over 500 American cities and 43 foreign countries.

Many Stewarts 8, 10 and 12 years old are still going strong. A phone call will bring one of the new improved Stewarts to your door. Write for free catalogs.

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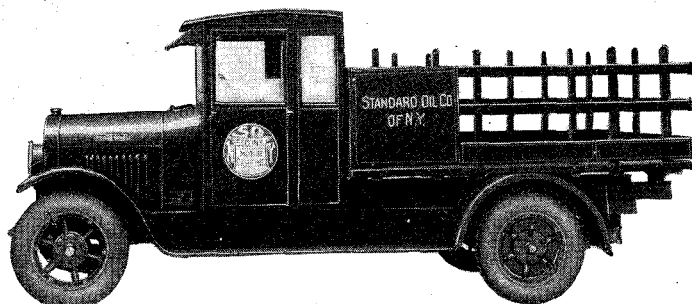
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1-Ton
6 Cylinder
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A rich, green, glorious

MELLOW with tradition, rich in beauty and resources, Wisconsin's rolling hills of forest and meadowland form one of the most favored regions in America. Twenty-five hundred lakes sparkle amid its whispering forests. Its sandy shores are washed by the blue waters of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. Its brooks and rivers go laughing down to the blue upper reaches of the Mississippi.

Here was the Indians' happiest hunting ground, the land of richest promise to the French voyageurs. Today it is a northern playground for the entire Nation. It is, besides, one of the richest dairylands on earth. And its cities, the steady growth of generations of social and industrial experience, are powerful world-famed communities. Wisconsin stands first in production of:

MILK: 9,062,000,000 pounds annually; farm value, \$187,857,000.

CHEESE: 338,305,000 pounds; value \$75,550,000. 70% national total.

CONDENSED DAIRY PRODUCTS: Almost one-third America's full output. Value \$40,204,000.

MANUFACTURED DAIRY PRODUCTS: Value \$244,865,000.

FARMING: First in silage, peas, hemp, clover and pure-bred seed. Only North Central state where farms increased in number between 1920 and 1925. Dairy farms, 178,000; milch cows, 2,050,000. Sixth in total value of agricultural products, though twenty-fifth in area and thirteenth in population. Highest average yield of farm crops. The extraordinary variety of products includes a valuable tobacco crop.

INDUSTRY: World's largest production of aluminum kitchen utensils. Ranks among leading states in production of fiber, wood and metal furniture; farm implements, automobiles, textiles; paper and paper products; paints, varnishes and stains.

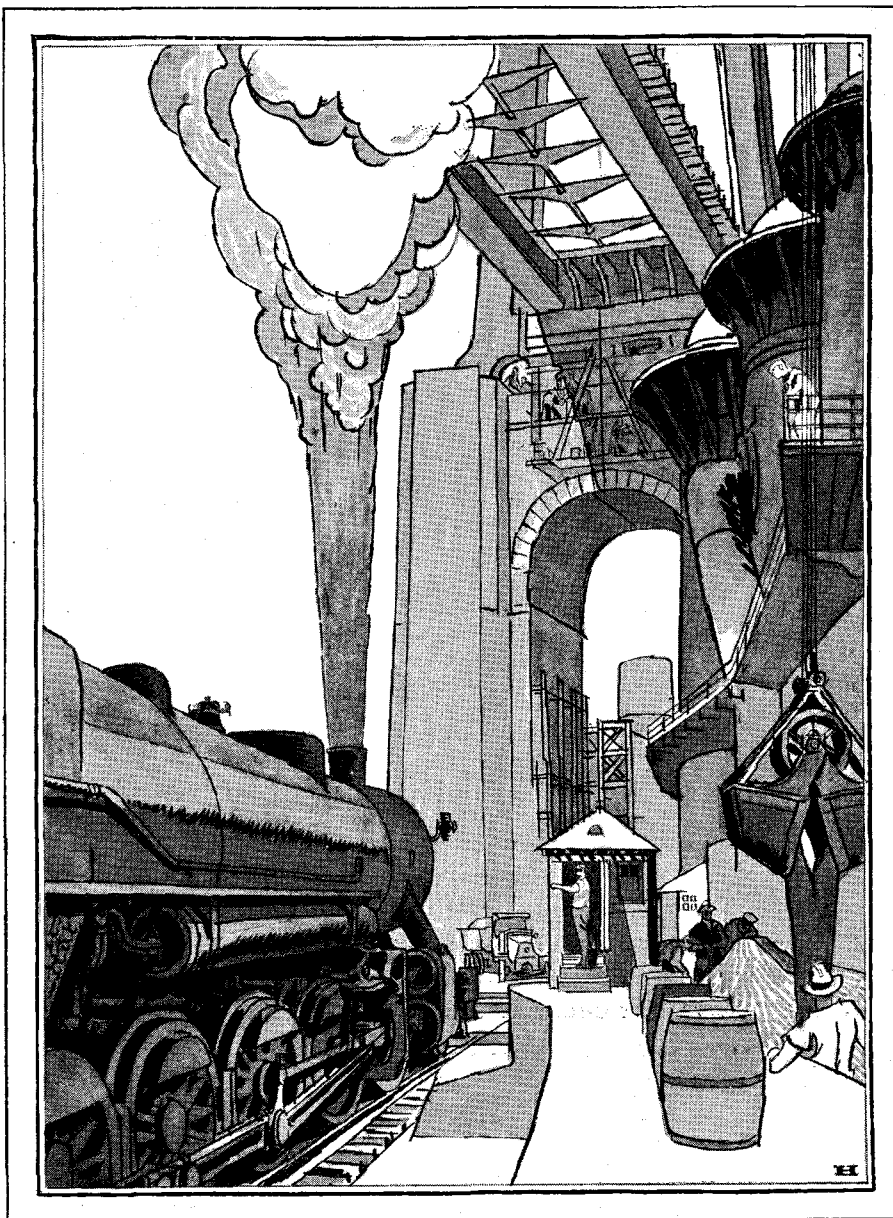
MILWAUKEE: Probably the best balanced industrial city in the world. Population of metropolitan area, 750,000. Trade depressions and industrial slumps are virtually unknown. Lowest death rate of any major American city; lowest percentage of crime. One of the greatest construction and repair railroad plants is maintained here by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

Young in opportunities

Wisconsin is not new country—except in its ever-fresh opportunities.

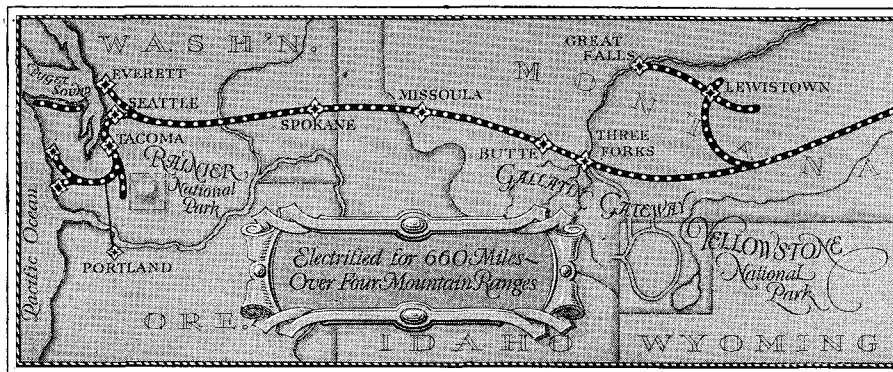
It is one of the most delightful and livable regions. Young forests cover vast areas, affording shelter to a great variety of birds and wild game. The lakes and streams are world-famous as the habitat of trout, bass, and the gamiest of fresh water fish—the tiger muskellunge. It is directly accessible to four major cities—Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee and Chicago; and its smaller cities have a cultural and industrial background that is traditional.

A new rush has commenced into Wisconsin. The nation-wide demand for water-frontage has discovered its extensive sandy shores, its sunny lakes in the depths of glorious forests, its nearness to great cities. All business is prospering mightily as the tide rolls in.



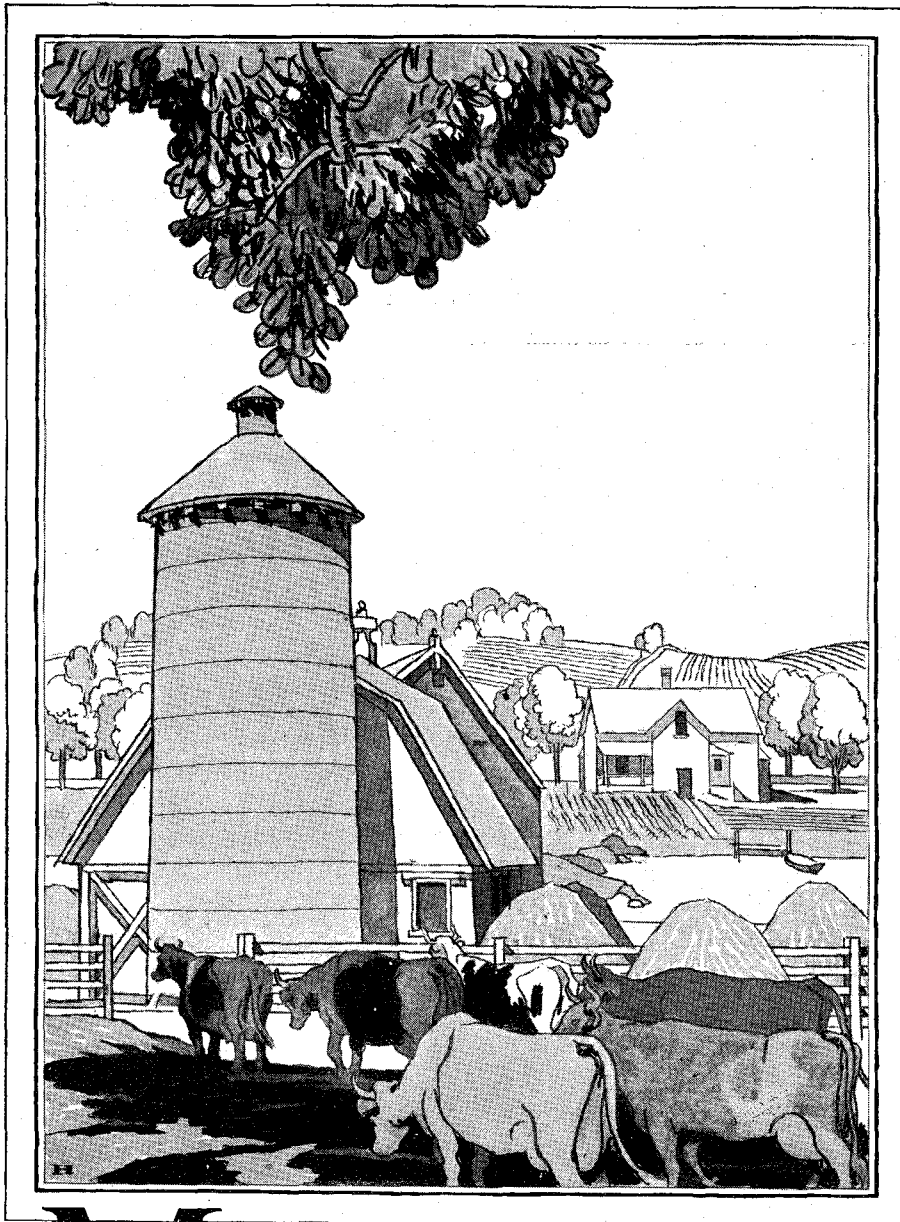
SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN
ROUTE TO THE
PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The

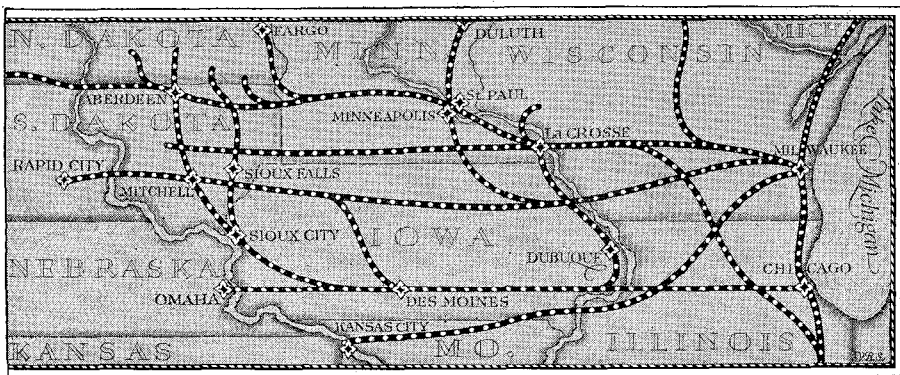


The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

state—Wisconsin



MILWAUKEE ROAD



Where the road began

RAILWAY building began in 1851 with 20 miles of track from Milwaukee to Waukesha—extending later to Madison, and then to Prairie du Chien. This line, linking Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, was the forerunner of the vast Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system.

The Milwaukee Road is now over 11,000 miles long, employing 60,000 people. It extends a network over all the enormous block that forms the northwestern fourth of the United States—from Chicago to Kansas City, Sioux City and Omaha; to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth; to Milwaukee, the Upper Michigan Peninsula, the Black Hills, all the Northwest, Puget Sound, the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific.

Growing with the great body that forms the agricultural, industrial and commercial life of the farther Middle States and all the Northwest, the Milwaukee Road has extended its trunk lines, spurs and feeders into the richest and most beautiful regions of this section of the continent. Carrying farm implements, machinery, tools, seeds, pure-bred stock, and people in an endless stream, it brings new life to the Northwest. Across the Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky and Cascade Ranges, to shipside—it is electrified. A new pioneer step is the equipping of its passenger cars with roller bearings.

See it on your way to the Coast

When you make your next western trip, take this wonderful route. You will see the most diversified scenery in America—the golden plains—lush dairy country—three of the greatest rivers in the world—four tremendous mountain ranges—the glories of Puget Sound—truly an empire of immeasurable opportunities!



Room 884, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Make a check before the region that interests you. We have the closest co-operation with Chambers of Commerce and other business organizations who will supply you with detailed information.

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| ☐ Agricultural Montana | ☐ Iowa |
| ☐ Upper Missouri R. Valley | |

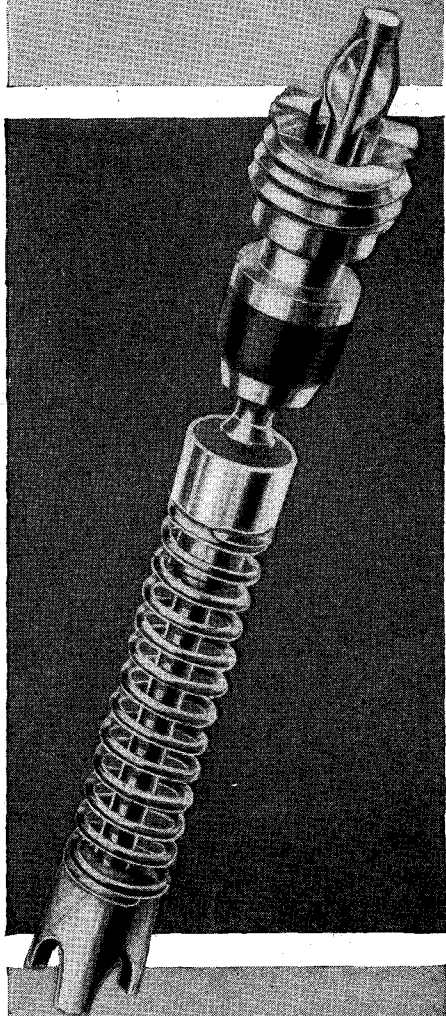
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NO air can escape at the mouth of your tire valves when equipped with Schrader valve insides in good condition screwed down tight.

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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES Continued

(Continued from page 58)

It is thus not only possible to determine the effectiveness of each flower, but also to measure the value of a particular color, size, form, or grouping, or the attraction exerted by nectar or pollen. Moreover, success is not determined merely by the number of insects attracted, since the more intelligent ones such as the honey-bee and bumblebee are the most efficient.

"In the direct competition between pink and white geraniums, the former received almost twice as many visits. In the case of the related raspberry and salmonberry, the flowers of the latter are several times larger and much more conspicuous, but the raspberry proved four times as alluring to bees, a result due to differences in nectar values. When the long tubular flowers of the horsemint were placed in competition with the open ones of the geranium, the latter was three times as popular with bumblebees. Since the two flowers were similar in color and nectar supply, this is to be explained by the greater difficulty of landing and securing nectar from the long tube of the former. Further proof is supplied by the fact that bumblebees often bite holes near the base of the tube and secure the nectar without rendering the usual return.

"Careful examination of all experimental results in this field places beyond question the conclusion that insects are drawn to flowers by both color and odor and, once at them, are guided in their movements by form and such markings as stripes and dots. A striking fragrance will attract insects from a distance, while color exerts its effect only within a radius of thirty feet, it seems. Form operates chiefly within a few feet, and the guide-lines of a flower only after the insect lands upon it.

"Bees in particular have excellent memories, and after the first visit are guided by memory alone. They remember not only places, but also colors, odors, and shapes, and need no watches to tell them, for example, when the nectar flow of buckwheat takes place during the day. It is an illuminating experience to watch a bumblebee fly to a lotus plant, visit every one of the yellow blossoms and touch none of the orange flowers, in which the nectar flow has ceased as they fade to this color."

It is here that Dr. Clements reminds us of the fact that flowers and insects were not always partners. He continues:

"The flowers of a hundred million years ago must have possessed little color or nectar; probably it was chiefly the pollen that attracted insects then. The latter were unspecialized and inefficient. Once the mutual relation had been established, however, evolution and advancement of the two went forward rapidly, step by step. As flowers began to store and protect their nectar, greater intelligence and skill were demanded of insects. As nectar pits became deeper, tongues became longer, landing platforms were erected, and guide-lines marked out. Flower and insect acted and reacted upon each other, until to-day the highest types of both have reached a level of efficiency in which they are indispensable to each other."

In conclusion Dr. Clements pointed out that this interdependent relation constitutes one of the oldest profit-sharing types

of cooperation on record. It is an arrangement wherein the flower gives the bee and butterfly nectar in payment for pollen which these insects transfer from blossom to blossom. For the plant this transfer is vital to the production of seeds; while, for certain of the insects, flowers are the sole source of food supply.

Dr. Clements very aptly observes:

"From the standpoint of mutual benefits this is one of the most successful cooperations in the world in spite of the fact that bees often seem to take unfair advantage by feeding pollen to their young, and also in spite of the fact that insects do not always keep their engagements. This unreliability of insects has made it necessary for flowers to retain ways of transferring their own pollen in case of need. There was a time when direct pollination was the rule, but an exchange of pollen between different flowers or plants, accomplished generally by agency of insects, proved so beneficial that it is now an all but universal practise. Indeed, self-pollination has become a makeshift to be employed by flowers only when insects fail them."

CATCH A PYTHON BY HIS TAIL

THE monster serpent's interrupted lunch—one antelope, freshly killed—lay beside him. His head wove slowly to and fro as he contemplated the white man and his "boys" from the shadow of an evergreen bush. His supple body, coiled menacingly, looked as big around as a man's thigh to Wynant Davis Hubbard, who relates in *Popular Science Monthly* that in all the years he had been catching African big game alive, he never tackled a snake as large as this one, and was doubtful as to the most successful method of securing his dangerous quarry. He had heard of noosing pythons, and while he tells us that such a reptile can inflict a severe bite, its most deadly weapon is its tail, which can "strike a blow which will snap a man's legs as if they were matchsticks. Thus, while noosing the snake's head undoubtedly would prevent its escape, it would also leave fifteen to thirty feet of writhing muscle lashing around furiously at the end of the rope!" Immediately, however, another plan suggested itself to Mr. Hubbard—

"We've got to get it by the tail," I thought. Why not use forked sticks, the most reliable catching implements any hunter can have? Quickly my native boys cut four heavy sticks about five feet long and deeply forked at one end; also a long, light pole with which to poke the snake. Then I outlined the plan of attack.

"Mangineera, Kaputang, and Towl," I said to them, "each of you take one stick—give me one, too. Now, I will push the snake with the pole and try to make it straighten out and move away. If it does, we four will approach quietly, and when I shout we will pin the snake down with the forked sticks. I will take the tail. Mangineera, you take the head. Kaputang and Towl will be between. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Inkos," they answered.

"You other boys," I said, turning to the rest of my helpers, "stay close in case something happens."

Approaching within four feet of the coiled



Good old P. A.!

THEY say that "no other tobacco is like it." I want to go a step further and say "no other experience is like it!" And I'm ready to prove *that*. Just get yourself a tidy red tin of long-burning Prince Albert. Throw back the lid and release that tantalizing aroma.

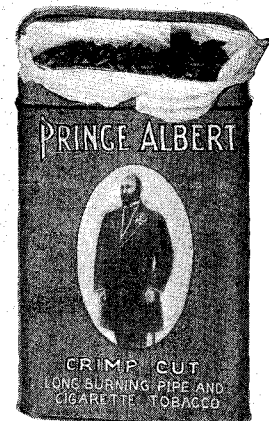
No more appetizing fragrance ever floated out of a package, you'll agree. Then tamp a load into your old jimmy-pipe and light up.

Here is the supreme test—that *taste*—that Let-me-at-it, Gee-how-I-like-it taste! Never have you experienced anything like this, Men.

Cool as a drink from an artesian well. Sweet as a pear, ready to drop from the tree. Mild and mellow as October sunshine, yet with that full, rich tobacco body that bangs your smoke-spot in dead center on every fire-up. A thrill you can repeat from morning to midnight.

Not the least of Prince Albert's many virtues is that it doesn't bite your tongue or parch your throat, no matter how swift your pipe-pace. I could tell you a lot more, but I want P. A. to tell you *in a pipe*. For *that* is testimony no seeker-after-truth can question. Get some Prince Albert now and find out!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

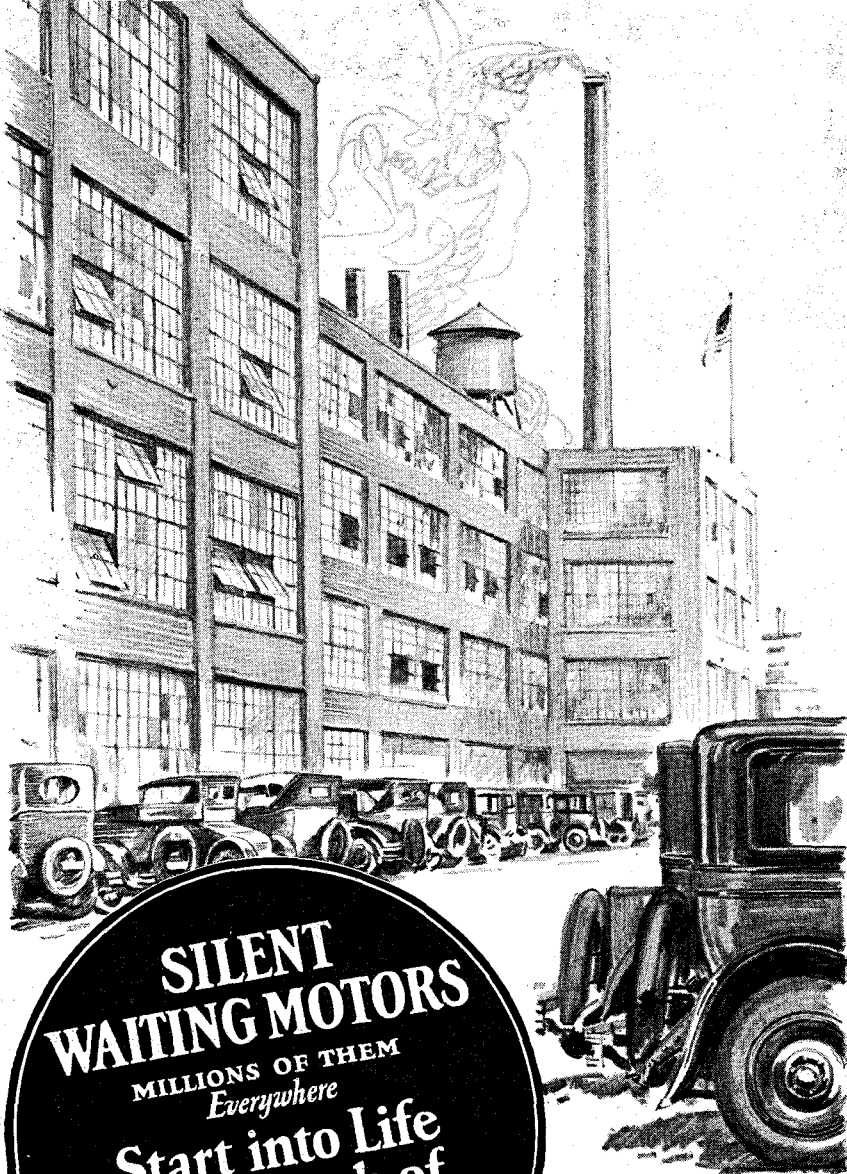


PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

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BENDIX DRIVE



"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES *Continued*

mass, quietly so as not to alarm it, I poked it gently with the long pole. If it had lunged at me, I would have had to run. But luck was with us, for the big brute slowly uncoiled and straightened out as it prepared obligingly to crawl away!

"Come on, Mangineera. Gently now. Watch its head, boy." I was almost whispering my directions. All three boys were walking stealthily alongside the slowly moving creature.

I got up close to the tail. I could see the entire shimmering length.

"Now!" I shouted.

Down came the four sticks together. The boys grunted as they put their weights to the poles. I pushed with all my strength. The great snake hunched up in bunches between the sticks, trying to free itself.

I called to the other natives, who had been watching open-mouthed. They rushed up and we had eight more clutching the slippery body. Mangineera slid his hand down and found a hold just back of the flat head.

"All right, now," I ordered, "pick it up." The python must have weighed a hundred pounds. It writhed and buckled; I could feel the powerful back muscles flow under my grip. But finally we managed to stuff it into a huge sack that one of the boys had brought. Then we tied the bag to a pole and carried our prize back to my main animal-catching camp at Tara, Northern Rhodesia. There we took it out and measured it. It was exactly seventeen feet, five inches long!

And there the python became a lodger at the "zoo in the veldt," which was described in a previous article in *THE DIGEST*. Catching dangerous animals alive, which are kept there until they are sold to European and American zoos, is the most thrilling sport in the world, and in Mr. Davis's opinion it far outclasses hunting to kill, for—

It is a game in which human wits and strength are pitted against the power and cunning of wild beasts, with the chances of victory on a fairly even basis.

By odd coincidence, the only other python I ever was fortunate enough to capture was found within a week of the first. This time, however, the battle nearly ended disastrously for me. Apparently the snake had just finished its dinner, for about a third down its length was a bulge the size of an antelope. That the victim had been a ram was evidenced by the horns, which projected until they almost punctured the snake's skin.

Again we came down with our forked sticks; but this time I was caught off my guard. Instead of keeping my eyes on the dangerous tail, my attention was diverted to the bulge in the snake's mid-section. In that moment two of the great coils switched about my left leg!

"Hold it, Mangineera, hold it!" I yelled, seeing the boys hesitate.

The pressure on my leg was terrific. A little more, and the leg would break. I called to Kaputang to try to pry the tail loose. He made a brave effort, but his fingers weren't strong enough. Then the snake jerked me off my feet. I yelled for more boys. Finally three of them, digging and gouging with their fingers, managed

to work the tail loose and to hold it. Two more boys joined in the tug, and little by little the five unwound the snake. From that day I have had a healthy respect for the constricting power of the python.

Some of the most strenuous sport the collector ever engaged in came during an expedition from Tara down into the valley of the Zambesi River after wart-hogs, ugliest of all mammals, and we read that:

On this trip I had with me some twenty-five Kongo and Barotse native carriers, and seven hunting dogs. As my object was to capture, and not to shoot wart-hogs, our method of hunting was quite different from that employed when out to kill.

Usually one goes hunting alone or at best with only one boy; but I had at least fifteen. We hunted in a long line. First came my two keenest Kongo trackers armed with assegais or spears, and carrying short lengths of rawhide with slip nooses on the ends. I followed with a rifle and rawhide; then came, in order, two gun-bearers, the dog-boys, each with two dogs, a boy with water-bags, a boy with an ax, and the rest carrying extra rawhide, lassos, cameras, and food.

It was tremendous sport, yet one of many perils. The wild boars are great fighters, and clever, too. Since the ordinary bush does not give them an even chance to fight, they almost invariably head for some ant-bear hole they know of, and slide into this backward. Failing this, they make for a thick thorn scrub and back against a tree.

Never will I forget the chase one fine boar gave us, while the tropical sun beat down at a temperature of 110 degrees.

This fellow saw us just as we came to one end of a clearing where he was feeding. Instantly he made off, and we tore after him. He raced for an ant-bear hole, and I caught a fleeting glimpse of him as he slid into it backward in a cloud of dust.

As we surrounded the hole, panting and cursing, suddenly the boar burst out in a volcano of dirt.

"Run, run!" yelled Towl, leaping backward. Mangineera poised his spear, but I shrieked and stooped him.

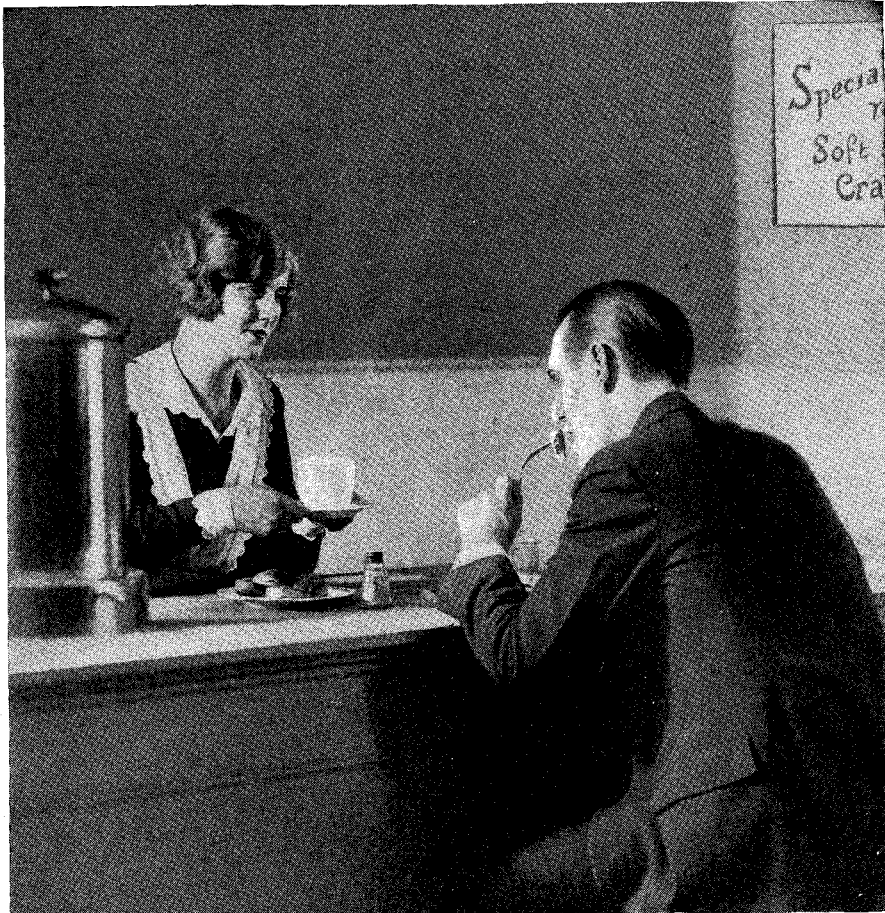
For the moment, flight was the better part of valor, so off we went, while the rushing boar tossed two dogs with side sweeps of his razor-like tusks. Within half a mile he found another ant-bear hole, this time large enough to protect him. But we had good dogs. Three of them disappeared down the hole. Subterranean rumblings and yelps rolled up out of the dirt, then out burst the hog, scattering us in all directions. One of the dogs was impaled on a tusk, but the hog shook it off and disappeared in a mass of thorns.

There the dogs cornered him. When we arrived on the scene, breathless and torn by thorns, we saw the boar backed against a tree, with a circle of dogs snarling and snapping at him.

"Three of you boys sneak around behind," I directed. "I'll go up in front and get his attention. While he's watching me, you grab one of his hind legs and roll him over."

Catching sight of me, the wart-hog, disregarding the dogs, charged straight at me. Thinking that one of my boys would grab a leg, I let him come.

And he came! I jumped just in time. The hog almost gored me. Straight up in the air I went, the hog rushing under my wide-spread legs. As I came down I performed a feat any contortionist might be proud of. Bending double, I caught one



"—sandwich, coffee, apple pie—an' please hurry it up!"

Do you gulp lunch?

Do you "grab a bite"? So many of us eat to get it over with. And how we pay about two hours after!

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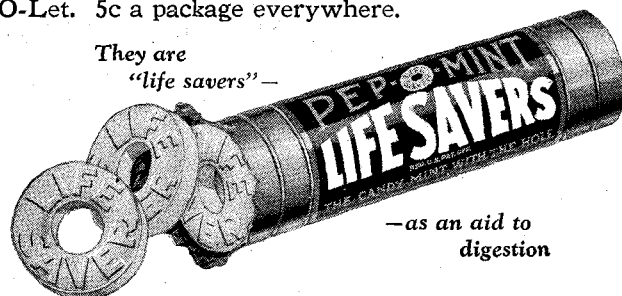
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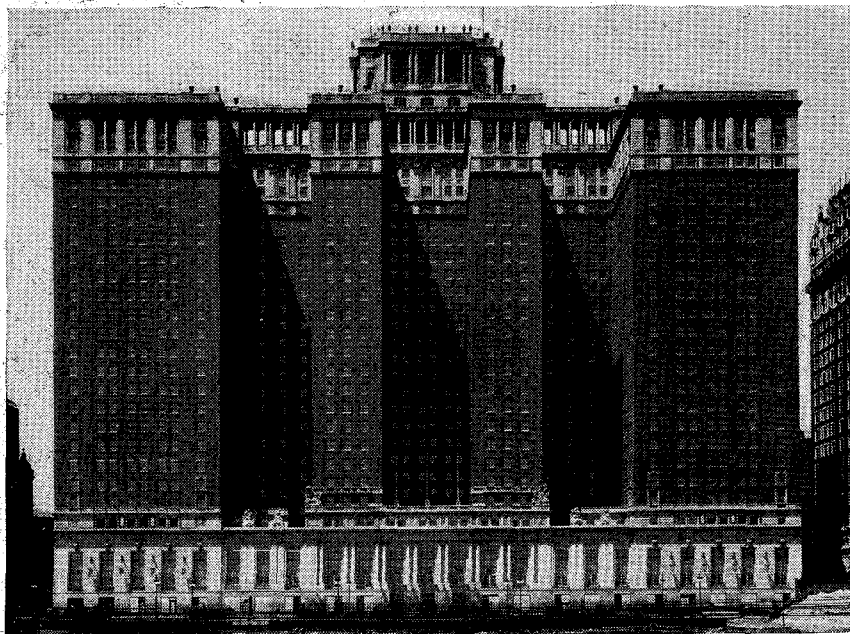
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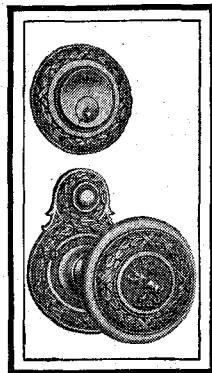
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**BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES***Continued*

hind leg of the beast, and with a jerk threw him on his back.

"Grab him!" I shouted above the din of squeals and yells. "Hold his head—tie up his snout. Now his legs!"

In a minute the boar was our prisoner. He proved to be about three years old, with tusks projecting five inches.

Animal catchers at least have plenty of variety in their lives, observes Mr. Hubbard, for if they are not after such easy things as pythons, or having fun chasing wart-hogs, they try bagging something bigger.

The capture of Yank, a heifer elephant about six years old, was a typical example. I had been trailing a certain herd of elephants near Choma for several months. We had managed to bag two—a "tiny" baby still drinking milk and yet to cut its teeth, and a bull standing about four feet and a half high.

The third time we got up to the herd, we found them feeding. From the top of an ant-hill, we looked them over for a good calf. Yank, lying beside her huge mother, looked about right.

A shot was fired, but failed to kill the cow, which rushed off with the rest of the herd. The pack of dogs, some fifty of them, took after Yank, however, and cut her out from the rest. Then, while the dogs were fighting with Yank, and we and our natives were yelling encouragement from our vantage points on ant-hills and in trees, the big cow suddenly returned. She had come back, in response to the calf's trumpeting of rage and fear.

The old cow made straight for a bunch of natives atop an ant-hill, where stood the aged Schamisas, an elephant hunter of long experience. We could see him motioning the boys to stand their ground. Then the cow charged, ears out, trunk dangling wickedly, tusks shining dirty white in the sunlight. Quick as a flash, Schamisas let fly his long elephant spear. It struck home between the elephant's shoulder and neck, the razor blade sinking deep. The cow backed away, screaming, as if she had been hit with both barrels from a .600 express rifle.

Meanwhile, Yank was proving too big for the dogs. They couldn't play her out. And no man dared chance a run on the ground, for the calf was breaking trees ten inches thick like so many matchsticks. Finally she escaped and disappeared.

Several times after this we got up to the herd, but each time Yank was missing. And when at last we did find her, she was very weak and thin. She must have been wandering alone for days. Again we cut her from the herd, but this time she did not stop to fight. Instead, she struck off through the bush, with white men, natives, and dogs in hot pursuit. Reaching the Choma River, she swam across, and on the opposite bank turned to fight.

All afternoon, in the intense heat, she fought the dogs off. But toward evening she began to tire. She drew water from her stomach and sprayed it over her head. After another hour of fighting, this gave out and she stood throwing sand and dirt over her head and back.

Finally one native, braver than the rest, got her by the tail. Yank whirled, but the native hung on desperately. Then she

charged off, dragging him for some hundreds of yards, until he was forced to let go. Then another took a chance with the tail. He clung grimly. I motioned the boys to come on. They came in a mob, and a moment later Yank was buried in a sweating, grabbing, tying crowd of whooping blacks.

Three days after Yank's capture, she allowed us to ride her. She fed quietly and behaved respectably. An elephant is much too intelligent to fight after it once understands that it can not win, and after it sees that it will be treated kindly if it obeys orders.

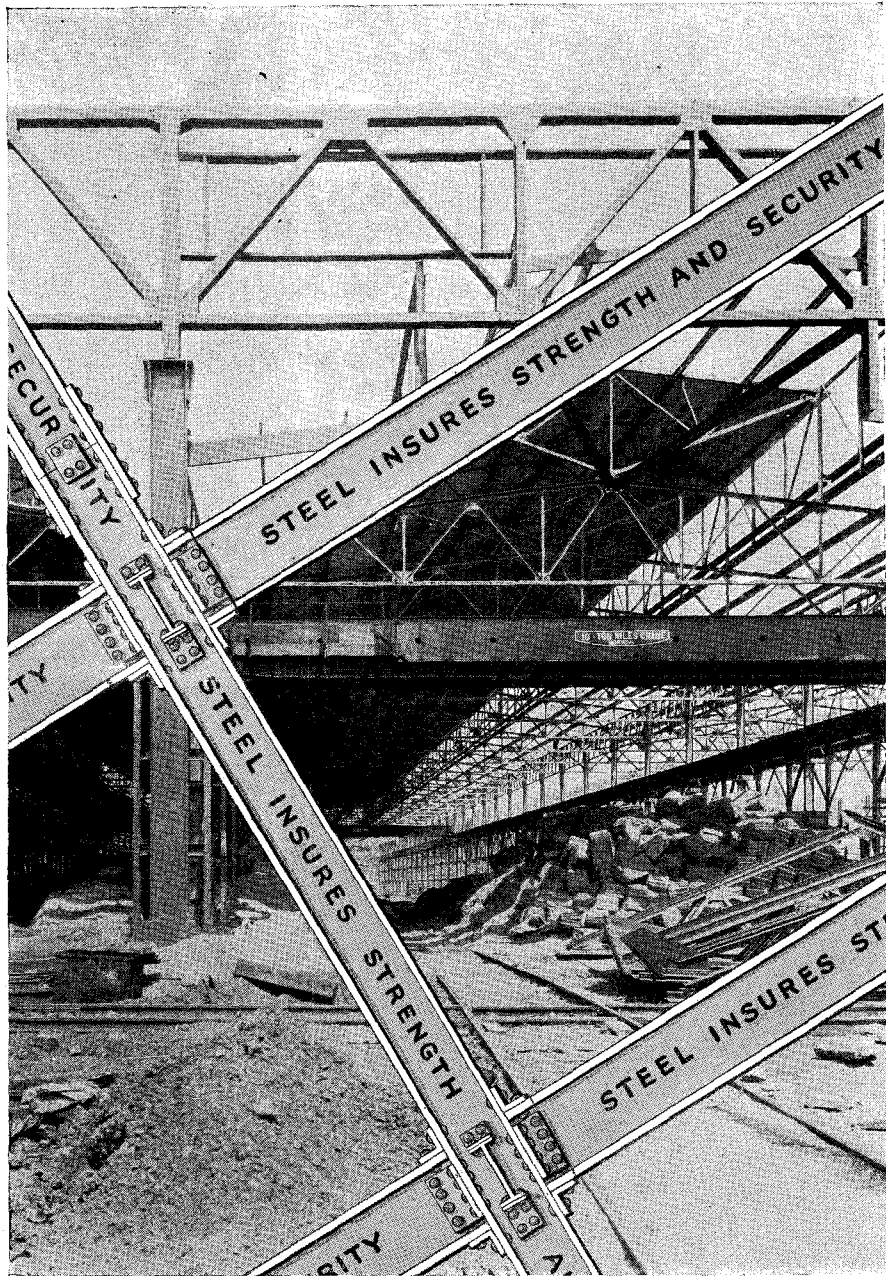
WHEN THE BIG MONKEYS TROOP HOME FOR SUPPER

CHIMPANZEES, seven or eight of them, came shambling in single file home for supper along the path their great flat feet had worn through the African jungle. In the dimly lighted grove of towering cotton-trees, through whose leaves the late sun scarcely penetrated, they seemed strangely human. An eager watcher, J. L. Buck, peeked through the screen of vines concealing his precarious perch in a tree crotch, to describe the procession for us in *Asia Magazine*. Thus:

An old, broad-shouldered, hairy, tawny-black male led. I strained my eyes and stretched my neck to catch every move. Behind the leader followed two full-grown females, one with a baby. When I spied that young one, I remembered that I was a collector. I wanted that little rascal for the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens. Then I watched the others file in. They arrived like men weary with travel, and immediately began to eat the greens in the grove, "falling to" without any false motions. After they had eased their first hunger, they broke into a jangling pow-wow, crying half in greed and half in glee. Then, again, they snapt at the red covering of the oil-palm, scooped up the wild fig-leaf, and smacked their loose, whistling lips over the Christmas-tree leaf.

I should have liked to show my friends at home those chimpanzees as they reached out their long arms for their supper. No animal I have ever known eats with more gusto than the chimpanzee; in his wild state, as may be surmised, he lacks the table manners I have sometimes trained in him in captivity. The picnic continued for a long time. Now and then, when the young ones tried "to tear each other's eyes," as Dr. Isaac Watts wrote in the poem, the elders took a hand. Once a mother cuffed a pair soundly, and then went back to her own supper. Once two youngsters rolled over, kicking hands and feet and spitting like devils. The leader stopt his meal long enough to end such "funny business." He seized one little codger by the shoulder, set him down hard on the ground and then turned to the other. That settled them. The old fellow's scoldings had run through the chimpanzee's vocal range, "Go, go, go," ascending through five notes of the octave. He clearly meant, "Hush up, or I'll give you something to cry for!"

Meantime I watched, fascinated. The scene was so like holding the mirror up to human nature! For, when those chimpanzees had fed, they "paired off" like folks at a church sociable. I watched the leader start up a tree with one female,



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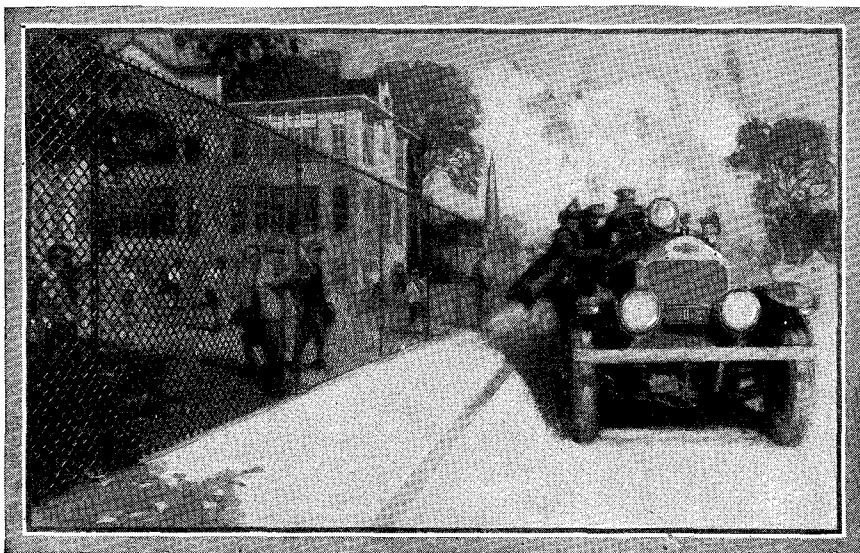
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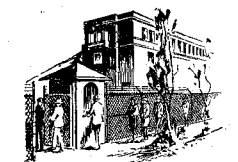
The siren shrieks, the fire truck thunders by. Danger threatens—but even greater danger lies in the path of regular traffic. Speeding cars, reckless drivers often approach without warning. A child dashes out of the unfenced school ground into the street—another accident!

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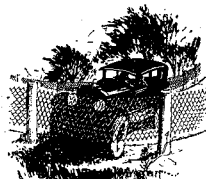
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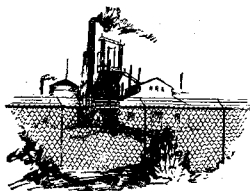
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

while the mother ape melted into the dusk beyond my sight. The old ape took a tree fairly near me, going up first, stopping now and then for his mate. She seemed in no hurry. Perhaps she was overtired. As I watched, I thought of many men who wait for their women and who, when they are ladies' men like this old fellow, enjoy it. The female soon lodged herself on a bough below her mate, but he stretched his arms down as if to say, "Come on up. It's mighty fine here." The by-play dragged on; I imagined I caught a sly look upon her face that meant, "If I'm worth having, I'm worth coming for!" But at last, at twilight, the question was settled. Two long forearms eased down a hulking black body, and the old ape swung below. A few grunts arose from her, in crescendo and wooing, unlike her squeals down among the wild-fig leaves. As the darkness thickened, I saw him sitting with his weird old face bent over upon his forearms while his lady scratched his back, and silence fell upon the jungle.

ON CULTIVATING A TASTE FOR THE GENTLE TARANTULA

TARANTULAS make interesting companions once you are used to them. Who can tell that they may not comrade the rubber-plant, and crowd out the goldfish and the canary as a great American institution of the home? "One can not exactly call tarantulas pets, for they do not respond to petting, as, for instance, a cat does," says W. J. Baerg of the University of Arkansas. Their response is like that of a goldfish, he tells us, altho extolling them as far superior to the finny ones. In his opinion the huge, hairy spiders even have a decided advantage over the canary, for while they can not sing, they do not dislike captivity, and a caged bird is so obviously a captive that it does not please many of us. It often shows that it longs for freedom, while the tarantula does not care. As for the bad reputation the tarantulas have achieved, they are really harmless, continues their champion, as well as being pleasing in appearance, altho he admits that this may be an acquired taste. Of the wild tarantula's habits he tells us, in *Nature Magazine*:

Tarantulas are common in various parts of Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California. They may be found in burrows or under stones on hillsides. The burrows they either construct themselves or appropriate from a gopher or other rodent. Near the University of Arkansas there is a colony of twelve or more tarantulas that live on a stony hillside. It seems they prefer ground that is fairly free from weeds and grass, and only partly shaded. The various tarantulas that I have under observation are kept in large battery jars. These are partly filled with soil and are covered with a screen-wire top. The soil furnishes amusement to the spiders, for they like to dig long and winding tunnels. All through the year they must be provided

with water, and during spring, summer, and early fall they are fed every five or six days. For a meal a full-grown tarantula takes a large live grasshopper, or two small ones. A large cockroach is rather a delicacy. To simplify the matter of providing food, cockroaches are reared and kept in wire cages. These are especially suited for the young tarantulas that would not undertake to attack a live and kicking grasshopper. When sufficiently hungry, the tarantulas will accept a catalpa worm, but they seem to regard caterpillars as rather inferior articles of diet.

The tarantulas apparently find captivity very agreeable, and are easily kept in good condition. One of them which I have called Jael (there is a good deal of determination in her disposition) has been in the laboratory now for nearly seven years. Its age I am estimating at fourteen years. Another one, the largest that I have, is probably at least sixteen years old, and possibly much older. On account of its great age it has been named Mrs. Methuselah. Its body measures two inches and a half in length. The ages as estimated are based on observations on the rate of growth, especially in the young spiders.

In the fall, late in September and in October, the males and females mate. In the following summer each female deposits from six hundred to seven hundred eggs, which are placed in a thick-walled cocoon. At this time the tarantula shows considerable interest in the welfare of her offspring. In the field the females may be seen during the day guarding the cocoon which has been placed near the entrance of the burrow. It seems that sunlight aids in the hatching process. If a guarding female is disturbed she will hastily move the cocoon to the bottom of her burrow. If cornered she will rear, open her fangs and prepare to defend her brood. This maternal instinct, if I may call it that, is rather unstable. When a female is disturbed in the process of egg-laying, she is quite likely to devour all the eggs. When I took a cocoon away from a female several times, opened it to count the eggs and observe, hatching she became weary of my interference and devoured the whole mess.

The young, it seems, for the first half-year, grow but very little, then for four or five years they grow rather rapidly. During this time they shed the skin, or molt, about twice a year. Later they grow very slowly and molt but once a year. Unfortunately for them, we are told:

Chance for survival of the young spider is exceedingly small. In the colony of ten to twelve females, that I have observed for a number of years, probably not more than two or three out of five thousand young live to maturity, or an age of seven or eight years.

Molting is a very critical time in their life. For several days preceding, the spiders appear ill, they sit very still and refuse all food. On the day before molting, they often lie on their back and when picked up are entirely limp. The molting process begins when the upper skin of the fore part of the body (from its resemblance to the upper covering of the turtle it is called the carapace) splits along the side; through this opening, which gradually widens, the tarantula gradually oozes out. The process requires about an hour. The skin over the abdomen is very thin and delicate. During the molting process it

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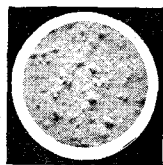
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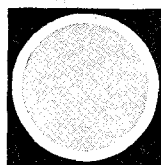
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES *Continued*

may tear and the spider quickly bleeds to death.

Since the tarantulas shed their skin periodically as long as they live, they possess the great advantage of being able to replace lost appendages all their life. For instance, one tarantula lost the left hind leg in August, 1921. A year later when she molted a new leg appeared. It was rather short and slender, but was used like the others. In this matter of replacing legs, the tarantula follows the example of crawfish. When a leg is wounded anywhere, the spider discards the whole leg a few days later and then proceeds to grow a new one.

The entrance to their burrows or to their residence under a stone is during spring and summer usually covered over with a thin silken dome. This is a reliable sign that the owner is at home. In some instances the holes are merely lined with silk around the edge. In either case it is very easy to recognize the holes occupied by tarantulas. In these holes the spiders spend most of the daylight hours. At night, except during the winter months, they come out to forage. The males during the mating season may be seen in the daytime outside of their holes.

In foraging, as well as in finding the other sex, the tarantulas rely entirely on the sense of touch. If a grasshopper comes in contact with one of the legs of the tarantula, it promptly rears on the four hind legs and then with great swiftness strikes the insect with the front legs. One can easily observe this by touching a hungry tarantula on the front legs or pedipalps. It is well to use a little caution here, for the tarantula may bite soon after striking.

The blackish tarantulas that are sometimes brought to the United States in shipments of bananas are believed to be more deadly than the rattlesnake. In their native home, Central America, they are regarded in the same light. While visiting in the Canal Zone I was interested in the habits of a rather large tarantula that is quite common there. In an effort to obtain a considerable number of this species, I advertised in the local daily paper, offering ten cents for every live tarantula brought to the laboratory. Not one spider was brought in. This, in spite of the fact that the natives will gather, in addition to parakeets and monkeys, young boa-constrictors, to get money from our sailors or other visitors. The natives there commonly call these spiders antelopes, referring to the alleged jumping habit. Our own species are said to jump various distances, varying from ten to twenty-five feet. It is as unreasonable for a tarantula to jump as it is for a blind man. When popular opinion is unanimous and completely wrong, it is entirely logical that one should seek for explanations. Unfortunately, tho I have looked, I have not found them. I am unable to say how the numerous tales of horror originated.

It seems a remarkable feature that altho the tarantula has eight eyes it does not use them any more than a blind man does his, observes Mr. Baerg, and he continues:

It distinguishes day and night, and that is all. When out walking or hunting it uses its legs as a blind man uses a stick; that is to say, the tarantula carefully feels



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its way as it walks along. That is why I have said that it is about as unreasonable for a tarantula to jump any distance as it is for a blind man. Regardless of the eight bright eyes the tarantula sees no more than an earthworm which has no eyes, and yet knows when it is day or night.

Bright light has a striking effect on these large spiders. In Ancon, Canal Zone, where they may be seen at night sitting in front of their burrows, I learned that a bright light, such as given by a small acetylene lamp, seems to charm them. They sit quite still, even tho the light be held very close. By taking advantage of this, I had no trouble in getting many specimens; for while they were dazzled by the light I would put my hand in front of the burrow, and finding their retreat closed they would sit still and allow themselves to be put in a suitable container.

Their response to bright light has another advantage. They are a delight to the photographer. Altho the spiders when taken out of their earthen domiciles appear to be exceedingly nervous and agitated, once under the lamps furnishing the light for the exposure, they at once sit quite still. This applies to both young and old ones, but more to the latter.

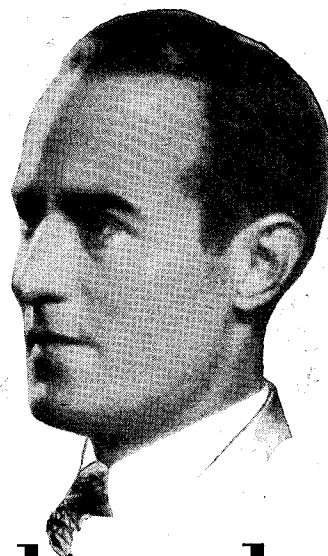
One reason the young tarantulas have but a slender chance for survival is that they seemingly have difficulty in securing suitable small insects to feed on. In the laboratory, they are very difficult to rear. The task of providing a constant supply of such insects as plant lice is not very easy. Even when this is done, the young tarantulas rarely survive. When the spiders have reached the age of two years, they are easily cared for. They will then readily secure a grasshopper, cockroach, or caterpillar placed near them.

Out of doors the existence of even the older tarantulas is very precarious. A large wasp with black body and reddish-orange-colored wings collects tarantulas for the larder of its own offspring. The wasp is known as Pepsis, or tarantula hawk, and is rather formidable in size and appearance, when compared to the tarantula. When the wasp attacks the tarantula, the latter makes a strong effort at self-defense. Many people who have observed such a combat consider it a remarkable performance. If the wasp comes out victorious, she places the paralyzed tarantula in a burrow where it furnishes food for the progeny of the wasp. Commonly neither the wasp nor the tarantula comes off victorious.

Easily the most dangerous enemy that tarantulas have is man. Nearly every one when meeting with one of these handsome creatures, if he has any courage, will promptly kill the spider. Such an act is then considered of sufficient importance to have a place on the first page of large daily newspapers.

Regardless of the fact that fear of tarantulas has persisted since ages long past, and is now prevalent all over the earth, it is nevertheless largely without foundation of facts. The tarantula that is most common in the southwestern United States is entirely harmless. It will not bite when handled. During a period of eight years I have taken many of these, have handled them frequently, and have never been bitten when I handled them. I have been bitten several times, but only when I induced them to bite. This was done in an experiment by which I learned that their poison has no noticeable effect on man. In these tests I learned also that as a rule it is rather difficult to induce the

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—simply an artist's impression
of a young man as he looks
today, and as he would look
without his hair.



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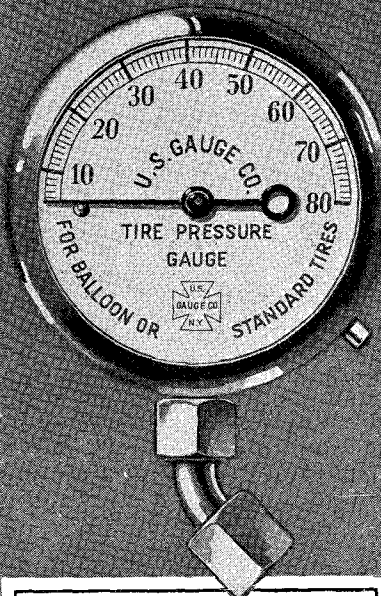
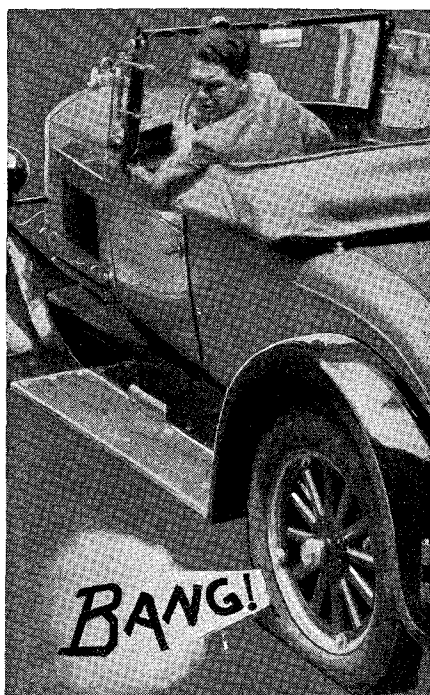
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

tarantulas to bite. Often they must be teased for a good while to make them cooperate.

Our tarantulas, therefore, may well be considered as interesting outdoor neighbors that deserve protection. They are harmless to man. In fact, they are better than harmless, for they feed on many insects such as grasshoppers and others that are destructive to crops. There is nothing in their habits to make them offensive or undesirable, and much to make them interesting and good.

VISITING DAY AT AN EAGLE'S TREETOP NURSERY

TWO broad shadows crossed and recrossed above the climber's head, and the screams of the eagles were incessant. The man—greatly daring, altho armed only with a camera—had buckled on climbers and safety ropes and started up an ancient oak tree, in a high crotch of which was a great platform of sticks. Above that structure, when the man first espied it, brooded the snow-white head of the bald eagle's mate, "her keen yellow eyes searching constantly the aisles of the forest." That splendid crown of white had betrayed her to the eyes of Ben East, who tells us in *The Nature Magazine* that as far as he could see the nest through the leafless branches of the oak, he could also see the head of the brooding mother. 'Twas "deep in the northern wilderness, in a mixed forest of pine and oak, where here and there the bleached spar of a dead spruce thrusts its barren tip up into the summer sky," and the ancient oak of the eagle's choice was much the tallest tree in that part of the forest. Some of the sticks of which the aerie was built were "as long as an Indian's bow and as thick as a man's wrist, woven together as carefully and firmly as the twigs in the nest of a cat-bird." So wide and solid was this nursery of eaglets, with its central bed of grass, that "a deer might lie upon it in comfort." Mr. East dubs the male eagle Sky-King, adding that he is tempted to say "my friend, Sky-King," because "that is how I have come to regard him since that May day when first I saw him, a regal, white-headed sentinel, perched on his lookout tree, a dead spruce a hundred yards from the oak—voicing in wild, shrill screams his anger at the intruder who had dared to invade the solitude of his wilderness domain." When, on the occasion of that first visit, the climber was rewarded with a view of the nest, it struck him as "a marvel of construction, woven painstakingly, and of material worthy of a king's home." As he describes it:

Great dead branches of oak, spruce and pine were laced and interlaced, and the whole structure lay balanced among the branches as firm as a part of the tree itself. Under the nest the ground was carpeted

with a thick tangle of the dead sticks, dropt by the eagles while at work.

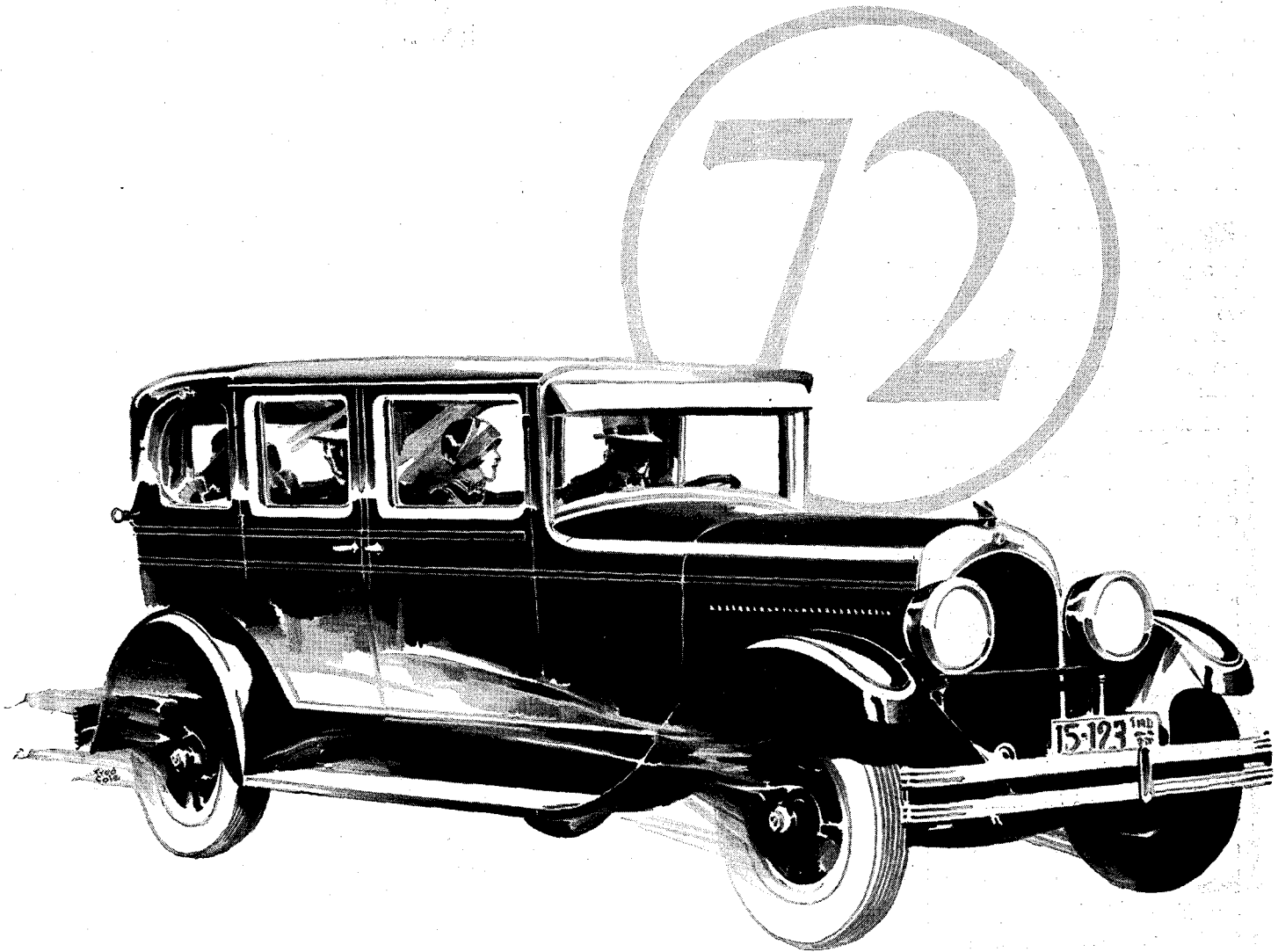
I raised my head above the rim of the platform, and the secrets of Sky-King's home were revealed. Three white eggs, nearly round, and a little larger than a duck's egg, were bedded in the heap of soft dry grass in the center of the nest. But three weeks passed before I visited this home again. There were weeks of warm spring days, during which I thought often of the mother eagle, motionless and alert at her tedious but happy task, and of Sky-King, perched on the spruce spar, keeping watchful guard. About them was the unbroken silence of the forest, with few creatures on the ground or in the air that they need fear. I did not blame them that they had resented my intrusion. Royalty has a right to pursue its domestic affairs in solitude if it chooses.

The screams of Sky-King warned me again as I came to pay my second call, even before I recognized the landmarks about the place. This time his mate was not brooding. She stood beside the nest, as tho she had dropt some task at my approach. I studied Sky-King this time through my glasses, before he decided to leave the dead spruce. At each angry scream, the golden simitar of his beak parted. He half spread his wings, and threatening rage showed in his every gesture. While I climbed up both eagles hung close above the tree, wheeling and screaming. I came abreast of the nest and raised myself eagerly on my climbers, to look in. The weeks of patient brooding had borne fruit. The three white eggs were transformed into three fuzzy, gray eaglets, that lay sprawled out on the soft lining of the nest, sound asleep.

Three babies they were, but of course, not triplets. Like all birds of prey, Sky-King's mate had begun to brood the day her first egg was laid. That egg had been first to hatch, and the eaglet that came forth from it was at least two, and perhaps four or five, days older than the youngest of the brood. The difference was plainly apparent in size and strength as they staggered up at the sound of my movements in the near-by fork of the tree. In one detail, they were alike, the eyes of all three holding the proud, fearless stare of Sky-King's race!

There came, unexpectedly, a soft breath of wind from behind and above me. I looked up to see Sky-King wheeling by, no more than a foot from my face. He did not check his flight, did not scream, nor thrust out his cruel yellow talons in my direction. He only floated by on broad, set wings, as tho he would watch closely my dealings with his young. Did I not say he was my friend? Time after time while I stayed there beside his nest, he swooped down through the branches, coming so close each time that I could have reached up and touched him, and yet he made no threatening gesture. When I climbed higher, away from the immediate vicinity of the nest, he and his mate likewise mounted, far above the tree-tops and, before I had finished and climbed down from the tree they had perched together in the top of a dead pine two or three hundred yards away, where they watched me with only an occasional warning scream.

Of the truce that was between Sky-King and me, I am sure his eldest son knew nothing. The baby eagle raised himself erect at first sound of me and faced me fearlessly. He was too young to scream, but he opened his heavy, curved beak, and half-spread his clumsy, down-clad wings, exactly as Sky-King had done from his perch on



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES Continued

the spruce spar, and greeted me with savage hiss after hiss of anger. He even tottered a few helpless steps toward the edge of the nest nearest me, to drive home the threat.

The youngest of the family, too helpless to stand erect on his faltering legs, watched me steadfastly. The second upraised himself, bracing and balancing with his uncertain outspread wings, and did his best to support the threats of his elder.

Beside them on the far edge of the nest, Sky-King and his mate had established the family pantry and laid in a store of provisions to last for days. There were five big suckers, laid in a neat row, some of them partially covered by the grass in the nest. Of these one had the silvery, shrunken appearance of a fish long dead. The others were fresh-caught fish, that they must have taken themselves by plunging after them into the shallow waters of a near-by lake. One was still wet, and the talon marks along his back oozed fresh blood. Mixed with the suckers was a motley array of smaller fish and some partly eaten ones that defied identification or count.

Partially covering the store of food were several clusters of green pine needles. What did the eagles want with them? Were they a salad addition to the fish diet? Did the fresh fragrance of the pine tips serve to dilute the odor of decaying fish? Or did this covering of needles serve to aid in preserving the food from decay? I do not know, but, at least, there were no pine needles in the nest when I visited it first. Apparently Sky-King had fed his family a straight diet of fish. There were no bits of fur or feathers in the nest to testify to a meal of any other description.

A month later I paid a third visit to the home of Sky-King. A cold, northeast wind lasht the forest, bearing with it a steady, chill rain. The mother eagle was at home, settled closely on the nest with her back to the storm. Her proud white head was streaked a dirty gray by the rain. Her great wings were half-spread to make a broad canopy above the eaglets. The wind whipt through the branches of the oak, turning her drenched feathers up the wrong way, and the cold rain sluiced down upon her through the leaves. If ever a mother bore discomfort with quiet stoicism, for the sake of her young, Sky-King's mate was bearing it. She sat, uncomplaining and motionless for hours, shielding her precious eaglets from the storm that was drenching her.

What of Sky-King himself? Was he hidden away in some dry spot in the forest, where the cold rain did not penetrate, shirking completely his share of the responsibility and discomfort of rearing a family? Sky-King answered presently for himself. He came wheeling in over the forest from the direction of the lake, without warning, like a shadow out of the gray mist of the rain, and alighted on a dead branch above the nest. He clung with one foot. In the other he clasped a limp fish, its tail flapping in the wind. While his mate shielded the young family from the storm, he had gone down to the lake to catch their supper. How he spotted the fish, in the wind- and rain-swept water, I do not know. Spot it he had, and his strike must have been swift and sure.

The mother eagle slept away from the nest at his approach, and soared to their

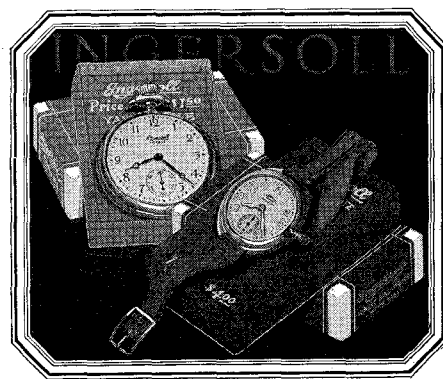
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lookout tree. There she perched, a bedraggled figure, robbed entirely of her queenly dignity and beauty, even her white tail stained and sodden with rain. Yet, she was proud motherhood.

Sky-King dropt down to the nest, put down his fish, and stood to one side, watching. He did not tear it to bits, or make offer to feed the eaglets. Whether they were big enough to help themselves, or whether he did not yet think it supper time, I could not tell from my post on the ground. He left them after a few minutes and perched near his mate in a dead tree-top.

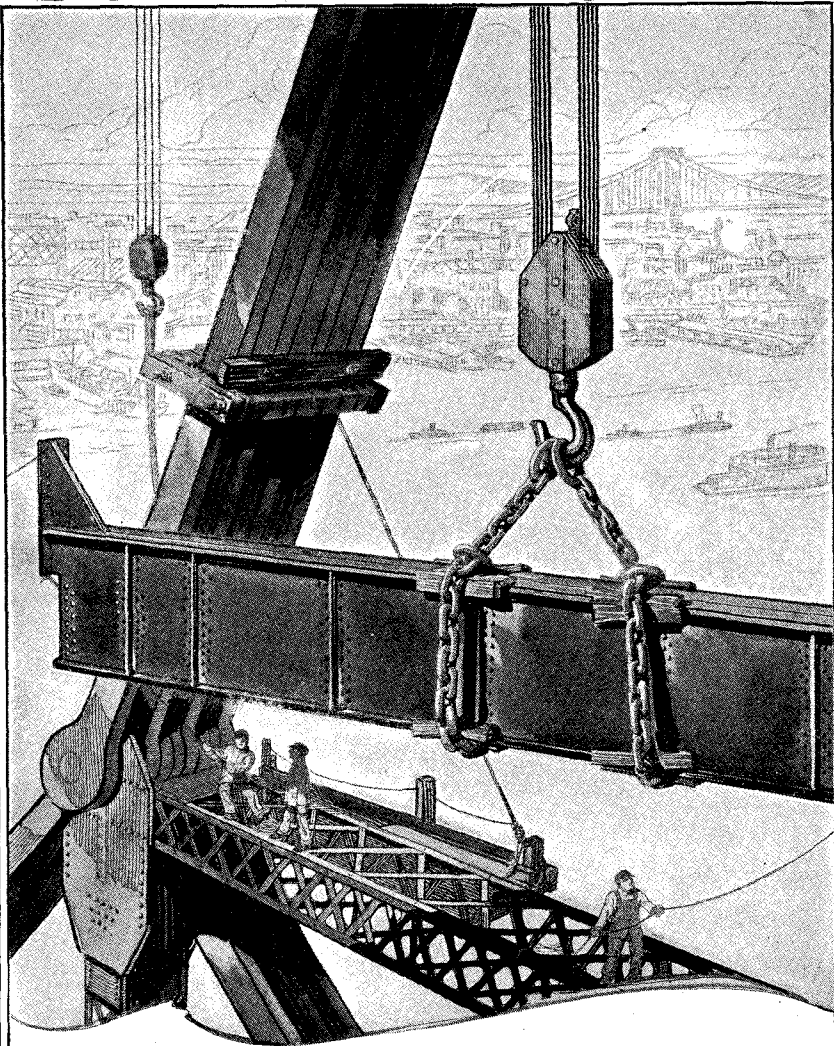
Two days later I went back for a final visit to Sky-King's home, climbing the big oak to the nest again. The eaglets had thrived on their fish diet. I found them big, brown fellows, the eldest well fledged, and nearly ready for flight. They snapt and hissed savagely at me when I first came in sight above the rim of the nest, but before I had finished working they were settled quietly down again on the big platform, watching me with fearless steadfastness, yet without trace of open hostility. Perhaps by now they had been made a party to the truce Sky-King had declared with me.

No longer was there a supply of food on hand for the next meal. I knew from the strong, curved beaks, and the big yellow feet, armed with long black talons, that Sky-King had not fed them that rainy afternoon, because they were big enough to help themselves.

HOW WHALES SLEEP

WHERE and when do whales sleep? This question is asked and partly answered by Robert W. Gray of Exmouth, in a report to the scientific journal, *Nature* (London). Mr. Gray is the son of an old whaling captain, and has had many opportunities for first-hand observations on voyages in the northern seas. Says a reviewer in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

Whales are warm-blooded creatures, related to the fur-bearing animals that live on land rather than to the fishes of their natural habitat; it is assumed, therefore, that they require sleep in much the same manner as land-living mammals. Once in a while they have been caught asleep at the surface by whalers—usually with fatal results to the whale. A whale suddenly aroused by being harpooned thrashes about for a few moments instead of diving at once, as whales do upon being harpooned while they are awake. For this reason old-time whalers used to arouse sleeping whales by rapping sharply on their boats before casting their harpoons, because the startled floundering of the monsters might smash or swamp their craft. But whales found sleeping at the surface are a comparative rarity, and Mr. Gray agrees with other whalers in believing that they require more sleep than they have been observed to take. He is of the opinion that they can sleep under water, and quotes statements to the effect that they may sleep under ice-fields. But sleeping under water, for an air-breathing mammal, has its difficulties. Mr. Gray inclines to the opinion that a sleeping whale, whether at the surface or submerged, does not breathe at all, but closes its blow-hole tightly to exclude water and slumbers while literally holding its breath. He calls



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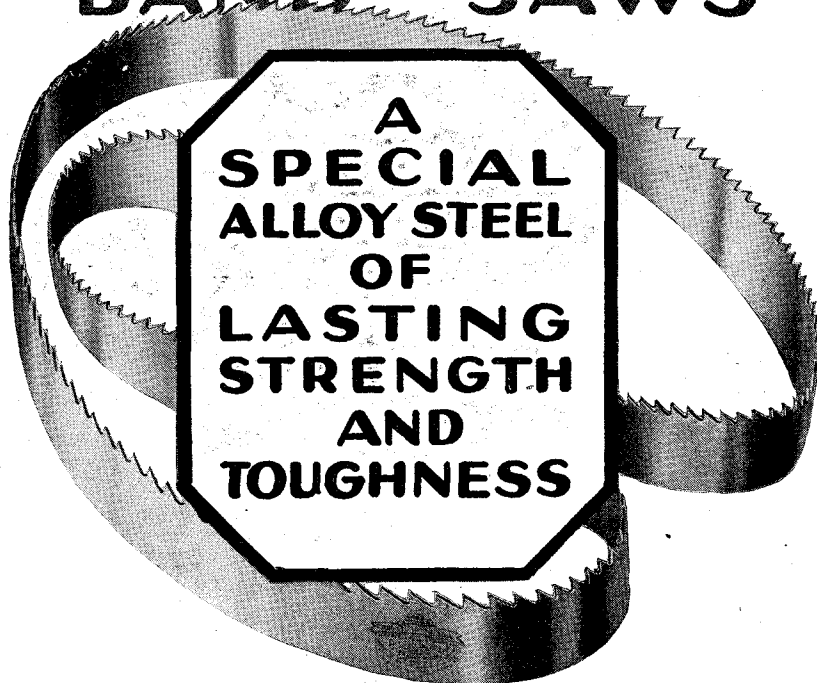
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES Continued

attention to the fact that harpooned whales frequently remain submerged for as much as an hour, exerting every muscle in their fight for life, and reasons that the very-much-reduced breath-requirement of the sleeping animals would make it possible for them to remain submerged and sleeping for several hours before it became necessary to come up and "blow."

LIFE IN HOT WATER

MANY forms of animal life that inhabit the geysers and thermal springs of Yellowstone National Park and similar regions the world over appear to thrive and enjoy life, according to an article by Prof. Charles T. Brues of the Bussey Institution, which will appear in the forthcoming number of *The Quarterly Review of Biology*. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

Professor Brues has conducted investigations in Yellowstone Park, and assembled data from studies in other parts of the world, all of which indicate that practically all of the principal fresh-water forms of life, and many that inhabit brackish or briny waters as well, are represented in the populations of these steaming baths. None of the animals favor the hottest waters, which reach temperatures between 190 and 200 degrees Fahrenheit, tho plants of lowly classification can live in these places. The animals live in the cooler parts of the springs, tho even in these the water is continually as hot as the hottest summer day at noon. Thus, he found water-beetles in water of 90 to 100 degrees, the larvæ of a species of horsefly at 91 degrees, a water-bug at 96 degrees, snails at the same temperature, and bloodworms at 120 to 124 degrees. He found a small animal related to the crayfish in slightly cooler but still tepid water, and identified it as the same species that lives in the arctic in ice-cold ponds.

Temperature is not the only problem these animals have to solve. When the water is warm it holds but little oxygen in solution, and they have to breathe somehow. Some of them, like the mosquito "wrigglers," do so by coming to the surface for air, while others seem to have adapted themselves to the small supplies of this necessary element afforded by the water. Moreover, the water frequently contains an excess of carbon dioxide in solution, and sometimes poisonous chemicals, such as sulfureted hydrogen gas and arsenic, and they have to be able to withstand these. Finally, the water always has either limestone or silica in solution, and the former is especially ready to precipitate if the temperature drops a little, threatening constantly to enclose in a mummy-case of chalky material any small beastie lucky enough to be caught away from water not enough to keep the stony material properly dissolved.

Quick! An Antidote.—DRUGGIST'S ASSISTANT—"Good Lord—I just made an awful mistake!"

DRUGGIST—"Wh-what'd you do?"

ASSISTANT—"Gosh, I put up four pimento sandwiches on white bread for a fellow that always wants them on rye.—*Judge.*"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

NEW PROBLEMS OF LIFE

WHENCE came we? Whither do we go? While we are here, what are our relations with things about us? These fundamental questions have always interested men. Authors are still discussing them, often from new and intriguing points of view, as is shown by Henry de Varigny, who reviews several recent books on the subject in an article entitled "Considerations on Life," contributed to the *Journal des Débats* (Paris). He writes:

Was life inevitable? Was it necessary that inanimate should yield to animate matter? We may properly put this question. In a work by L. Garrigue, entitled "The Origin of the Universe and of Life," the author answers it in the affirmative. He closes his first volume—the only one that has yet appeared—with the conclusion that "produced by the play of atoms whose immense energy, stored up in the sun, is slowly dissipated, life is only one phase of the return of matter to its primal state, the ether—a lightning flash in the evolution of the universe." Perhaps it is a necessary cosmical disease! The work is a curious one—possibly the physicist might call it conjectural. For we know little yet of the evolution of worlds.

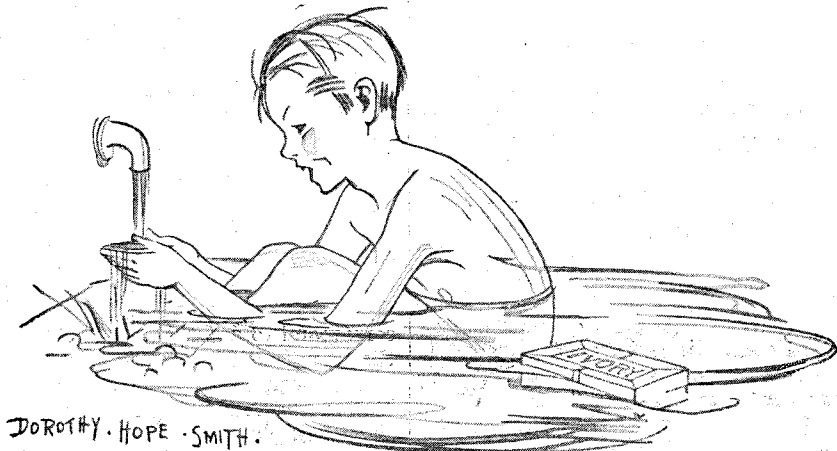
Another book, by Henri Colin, professor in the Catholic Institute, entitled "Matter and Life," treats exclusively of the origin of life. This author is not looking, Mr. Varigny tells us, for the metaphysical "why," but for the physical "how." We read:

He does not inquire why the bull has horns, but how horns came to grow on the bull, which is quite another thing. When he has acquired them, the bull uses them as he will.

The author is to be congratulated on his scientific reserve; he does not attempt to reconstruct the steps by which brute matter has assembled itself into living beings. He is content with seeking what circumstances must have attended the appearance of life.

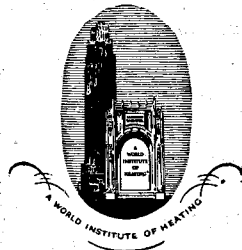
Two great facts dominate it as we find it to-day. All creatures breathe and require oxygen; they burn up their elements, thus producing carbonic acid and heat. On the other hand, plants, which also breathe, have the faculty, due to their chlorophyll, of utilizing the carbonic acid of the air, fixing the carbon as a food-reserve and freeing the oxygen. Here a difficulty appears. We know of no sources of free oxygen in inanimate nature. This would appear to come entirely from vegetation, which gets it from carbonic acid by the aid of chlorophyll and solar radiation. Did the primitive atmosphere contain any oxygen before the appearance of life? Possibly, for oxygen is the most widely diffused chemical element. At any rate, it seems certain that very stable equilibrium now exists between the consumption of oxygen by animals and its liberation by plants. The proportion of oxygen in the air remains fixed, so far as we may judge. On the other hand, evidently life could not have begun in the animal form, which has need of foods that nature can not provide; neither could it

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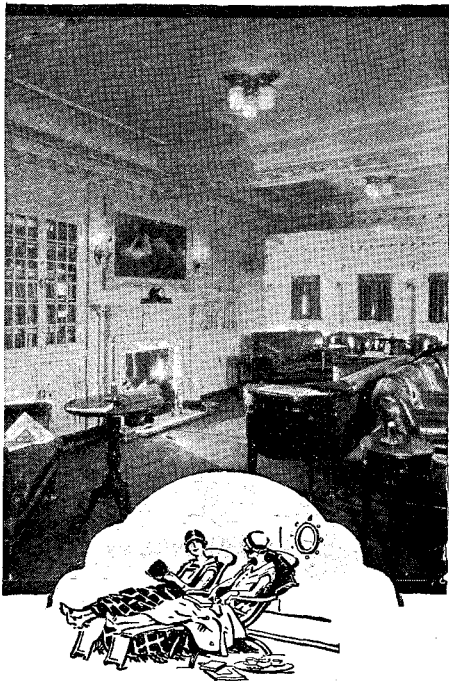
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

have arisen in the vegetable forms provided with chlorophyll. It must have originated in the one-celled, self-nourishing *protista*, capable of living on inorganic salts and of producing organic matter, the beginning of humus. We must thus admit, as Professor Colin justly says, that we shall probably never know what were the oldest living forms. These have been fossilized and buried in geologic strata of the greatest depth, and generally completely disintegrated and destroyed by erosion.

The mystery is thus profound, since the oldest known fossiliferous rocks, containing a considerable number of the higher invertebrates, would logically appear to correspond to a relatively recent period of the evolution of life.

The beginnings of it escape us. And Kelvin and Arrhenius declare that when they took place, there must have been no oxygen; on the other hand, we see, or at least we have every reason to believe, that at present there is only one source of free oxygen—the decompositions of carbonic acid by green plants. Could light alone, in these far-off ages, have been able to effect a slow decomposition of this gas, as Arrhenius supposes? But oxygen thus freed must have formed a thousand occasions to unite in various compounds with other elements. It is manifestly very difficult to trace back atmospheric history to the period of the appearance of life.

Professor Colin, in his carefully written, very readable book, has evidently pounded a much bigger problem than he can solve. And he admits it with praiseworthy humility. Many hypotheses and suppositions are admissible, and he states and explains them, but a hypothesis is never more than a hypothesis; and the edifice built on one is fatally weak. Besides, we must not overlook a present fact of somewhat somber significance. The air contains only a few ten-thousandths of carbonic acid, and this must be diminishing. All our domestic and industrial combustion pours into the air quantities of carbonic acid, yet there is no evidence of it. Why? Because this acid, very active chemically, unites with a host of elements and augments the planetary stock of carbonates. Can we bring about a divorce? Yes; by the expenditure of energy and of hydrochloric acid. At what cost? Already life appears difficult and expensive. What will it be in years to come? Professor Colin has no illusions on this subject.

Meanwhile, let us amuse ourselves, say some. Let us philosophize, say others; for while the fruits of science are bitter, it is more decent!

To those who are interested in these questions, Mr. Varigny recommends two very curious and meaty articles, by the geochemist, W. Vernadsky, in the *Revue Générale des Sciences*, on "The Multiplication of Organisms and its Rôle in the Mechanism of the Biosphere." He says:

The biosphere is the layer of the earth's crust extending from about five miles above sea-level to the same distance beneath it. All life is contained within it. Mr. Vernadsky does not bother himself about how it appeared; what interests him is what it is doing, cosmically considered.

The biosphere would appear to be a mechanism for catching and storing up

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reserves of energy. Life absorbs solar energy and uses it in manufacturing living substance. This arrangement, at present, assures the existence of the free oxygen of the atmosphere—also the constancy of its proportion.

Living matter puts in motion, to an incredible degree, the dead matter of the biosphere. Because of life, this is necessarily the theater of mutations, transformations, reactions constant and innumerable; life determines a sort of trembling fermentation by which the biosphere assumes an active character and becomes a generator of work and energy. For the geochemical energy of living matter is always greater than that of an equal mass of dead matter.

The chemical work of life, in the same biospheric layer, "determines with an intensity always more and more evident, an uninterrupted current of chemical elements—an incessant exchange with the surrounding medium of dead matter."

The biologist will read with vivid interest of the calculation and methods by means of which Mr. Vernadsky develops his thesis. One of his propositions is that the quantity of life on the globe can not be unlimited; there can not even exist more than a maximum number of individuals of each species. And the ratio between the numbers, for the different species, is not arbitrary but depends on the speed with which each is able, in the absence of obstacles, to spread over the whole earth. This speed is very variable—a few days for bacteria and thousands of years for the large mammals.

On what does this depend? In the last analysis, according to Vernadsky, it is a function of the properties of gases—that is to say of the respiration and the exposed surface of the organism. The struggle for gas plays a capital rôle in nature. But while, in the lower forms of life all the energy and all the gas are utilized for growth and multiplication alone, with higher forms they are used in part for other purposes.

Vernadsky's remarks on life as a planetary factor are very interesting. In this connection it is proper to refer to a recent address of the astronomer Jeans, in which he asks—rather ironically—whether life is a planetary disease, or rather if it is not creative reality *par excellence*, the only one that animates matter. The former conception is somewhat fanciful, but Mr. Jeans believes in the latter, thinking that the primordial physical process of the universe is the conversion of matter into energy, into radiation, and also its dissipation and degradation.

The philosopher will dwell particularly on the final page describing the two phases of the biosphere. It appears as of equally great importance in biology and astronomy. "Living nature is at bottom based on measurement and number. The weight, dimensions and number of the generations of organisms—the speed of transmission of life—are quantitatively determined by the size of the planet and its gaseous matter.

"In the second place, there is a determinate order in nature. The idea of chance appears less and less and produces the effect of child's play. The idea of immutable order which is derived from the scientific research of to-day is a notion which separates clearly the concept of the scientific universe of the near future from that which is continually receding from us and which obtained during our youthful years." Mr. Vernadsky sees coming a new scientific representation of the



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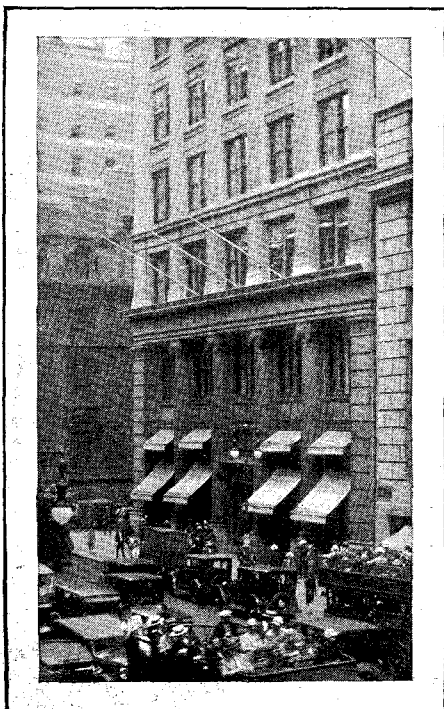
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION Continued

universe. We may congratulate ourselves. In any case, new ideas are always captivating; and then they pass the time and exercise the mind. We see that life has various problems. Some are old ones and of doubtful solution; here are others, which will meet perhaps the same fate—but which will broaden our horizon.

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING

A COMPLETE metal roof, properly connected with the ground, is a more effective protection against lightning than the standard form of rod, according to R. D. McDaniel, of the Grain Dealers' National Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Indianapolis, writing in *Making Markets* (Pittsburgh). The general public, especially in farming communities, is now pretty generally sold on the need for lightning protection, according to Mr. McDaniel. Scarcely a farm building of any consequence, he asserts, can be found in the Middle West, at least, that is not protected from lightning damage. He goes on:

Complete statistics on lightning losses are lacking, for, unless considerable damage to property or personal injury is caused, a lightning stroke causes no comment. Perhaps the most complete records are those of the mutual insurance companies specializing in the insuring of farm property. These records indicate that protection is about 98 per cent. or 99 per cent. efficient. Many of the farm mutuals, in fact, will only insure protected property, while others make a substantial reduction in rates on such buildings.

Generally speaking, it is usually considered that a building to be protected should be equipped with a standard rodding system. There has been, indeed, much controversy among manufacturers of rods and among various "authorities" as to the essential features of the component parts of such a system. For instance, should the material used be iron, copper, or aluminum; should it be solid or woven, and, if solid, of round or square cross-section, how many points should there be, and how high, and should they be plain or ornamental—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The question at once presents itself: Why not a grounded steel roof? Well, why not? In an address on "Lightning," before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, in September, 1924, Mr. F. W. Peek, Jr., of the General Electric Company, gave a very conclusive account of his experiments with high voltages in which the actual conditions incident to lightning discharges were simulated as nearly as possible. Mr. Peek said, "It seems that the best results can be obtained with plain inconspicuous rods," and "A grounded metal roof would seem almost ideal protection."

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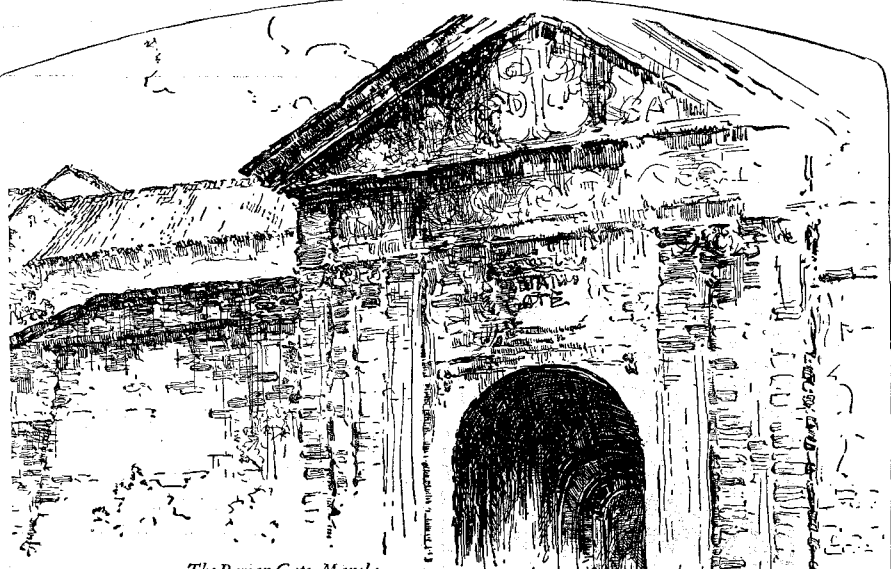
grain elevators in the world, which class of risk is perhaps more susceptible to lightning damage than farm properties. These are usually the highest buildings in the vicinity, of frame construction, and contain more or less highly combustible dust which is easily ignited by a static spark. In our twenty-five years' experience we have not suffered a lightning loss of any consequence on an elevator having a properly grounded metal roof. This, to us at least, is sufficient evidence that the protection thus afforded is adequate.

Experiments carried on by the German scientists Kayser and Rumker proved, some forty years ago, a lightning flash to be really a series of flashes, and that the succeeding flashes do not necessarily terminate at the same point as the initial flash. It is generally accepted that the first discharge ionizes a path through the atmosphere which is followed by the succeeding flashes. This path, however, may be shifted about by the wind, thus causing what appears to be the same "stroke" to strike in different places. Rumker tells of one instance wherein there was a shift of as much as thirty-six feet. This perhaps explains why rodded buildings are sometimes struck and damaged. In the case of a grounded metal roof, however, such a shifting would have no detrimental effects.

The phenomena of sparks occurring between two pieces of ungrounded metal in a charged atmosphere upon the breaking down of the static condition is well known. Where there is highly combustible material such as dust, lint, or chaff in immediate proximity to the metal, a fire may be caused just as much from lightning as tho the building had been in the path of the discharge, whereas it may have been half a mile distant. Mr. Peek in his experiments demonstrated the impossibility of causing sparks between points within a completely enclosed metal tank either by direct stroke, electromagnetic induction, or electrostatic induction. Under certain conditions it was possible to obtain small sparks by electromagnetic induction in partially enclosed metal structures. A completely metal-clad building approaches very nearly the first condition—certainly the latter—which leads us to believe that such a structure, properly grounded, is not only practically immune from damage from direct lightning strokes, but is also fairly safe from damage due to induced static discharges within the building itself. This is protection not obtained with a rodding system on a non-metal-covered structure.

The building must be completely covered—roof, sides, eaves, and cornice—before protection can be obtained from grounding the siding. If the roof only is metal, then it must be grounded directly; if roof and sides are metal, but eaves and cornice open, then the roofing and siding must be bonded. For the bonding and grounding standard lightning-rod cable is preferred. Joints must be tight without soldering and care taken to avoid bends of less than one foot radius. Furthermore any masses of metal such as a track for a hay fork should be bonded to the roof or siding or grounded independently. Chimneys, other than metal, if projecting above the ridge of the roof, should be protected with an aerial terminal attached to the roof.

The ground connections are all-important. The more such connections, the better protection. For a square or rectangular building not exceeding, say, thirty feet to a side, grounds on diagonally opposite corners are generally sufficient; for an L-shaped building three grounds are necessary, etc. When in doubt, play safe—



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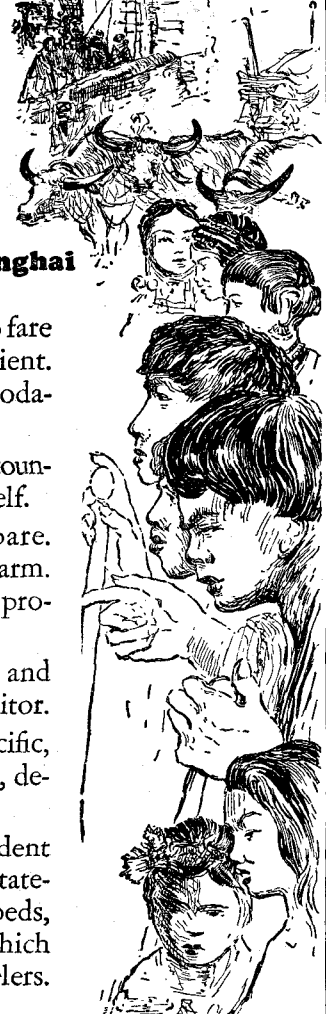
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

the purpose of the system is to furnish a path of low resistance to the earth, and the resistance of the ground connections varies approximately inversely with the number of such connections. These connections may be made by driving a one-inch iron rod to permanently moist earth (at least eight feet), or by extending a section of standard cable in the same manner. All the above—and more detail might be added—may seem somewhat involved, but actually such a system is quite simple. Lightning is utterly devoid of sentiment and does not hesitate to take advantage of a shoddy piece of workmanship; care should therefore be taken that the bonding and grounding are carefully and completely done. Connections, of course, must not be made over a rusted or painted surface, nor should it be expected that loose or rusted-out iron will offer any worthwhile degree of protection.

Just as there is no question but that a lightning-rod system is well worth its cost on non-metal-covered buildings, so it is true that even more security is obtained at considerably less cost by bonding and grounding if the building to be protected is covered with metal. The fact that lightning protection can be obtained at a very low cost, usually, a cash outlay for only a few feet of cable, should prove interesting to the purchaser of sheet metal who is desirous of obtaining a building both weather-proof and lightning-proof.

SALT WATER TO QUENCH THIRST

IT seems foolish; yet we are assured that it is both logical and effective, provided there is not more than 1 per cent. of salt in the drink. This is about the proportion of salt in bodily fluids, and any beverage with less simply lessens the normal salt content of the body, stimulates excretion, and renews one's thirst. This, at any rate, is the conclusion of a recent German investigator, whose work is reviewed in *Le Journal* (Paris). We translate the remarks of this paper as follows:

Seeing that wine is now so dear, the simplest thing just now, say many persons, is to drink pure water. Is it not the most natural drink? It is that of all animals—the most healthful, the most innocuous.

Well, the thing is not so simple as all that! From the standpoint of dietetics, we know that unlimited quantities of water can not be taken, neither during meals nor at any other time. Water-drinkers, who are almost always fundamentally dyspeptics, do themselves no good in this way, and sometimes even aggravate their trouble. This is because they drink too much water. It is cheap, and if pure it can cause no sort of intoxication. There is no reason, they think, why they should not take all they want.

But a new and unexpected fact has just been brought to light by the work of a German physician, Dr. Starkenstein. It is that pure water is perhaps the least satisfactory thirst-quencher.

This is why: To allay thirst, we must replace the water that the organism loses through perspiration, respiration, and the kidneys. The aqueous balance whose disturbance causes the sensation of thirst by acting on our brain centers, assisted by



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the disagreeable feeling of dryness in mouth and throat, can be regained in this way.

But when the loss of water is excessive, as in very hot weather; when we perspire freely, the need for replacement suddenly increases; we must drink. If we have recourse to pure water, as we naturally do, we commit a physiological error.

Pure water, when taken into the body, is quickly eliminated through the skin and kidneys; it even stimulates the two secretions, and the necessity of drinking again is soon apparent. Thus it is a true saying that "the more one drinks, the thirstier he gets."

That the water we drink may remain in the organism, repairing the loss in a durable way, it must be taken in an "isotonic solution," that is to say, one having the same proportion of soluble mineral salts as the blood serum and the various other body-fluids (about 8 parts in 1,000). It is then incorporated into the albuminous constituents of the body without loss. If it lacks these soluble salts, it causes the salty content of the blood-serum to fall off and becomes slightly irritant or excitant to the emunctories, the sweat-glands, and the kidneys. There is more perspiration and excretion, and the thirst reappears.

The experiments of Dr. Starkenstein fully confirm all this. That the liquid relief supplied to the organism may be effective, it must be durable. Now the water is less retained when it is more pure, more lacking in salts and more nearly like distilled water.

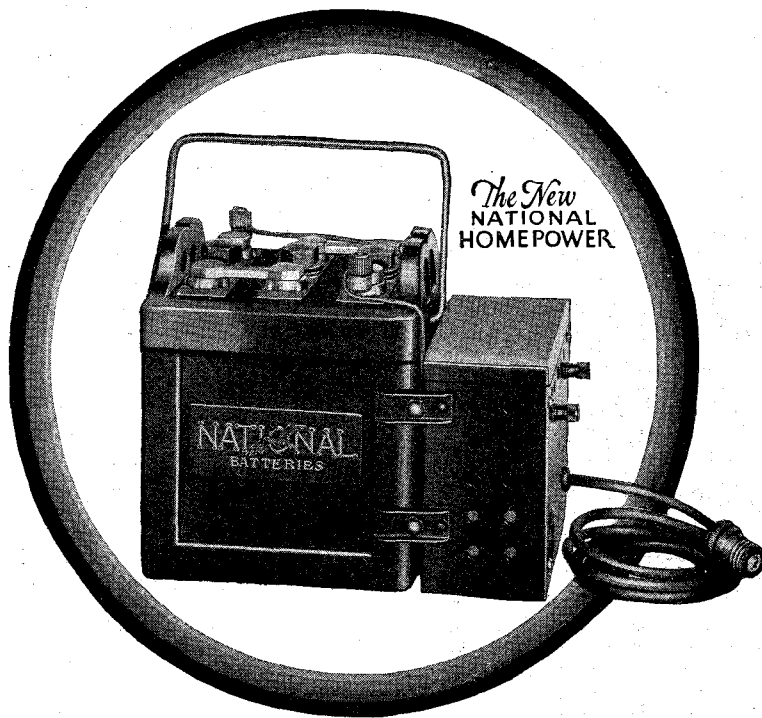
Sugared waters, including tea and coffee, are not worth much more; for the sugar is quickly used up by the tissues, and the liquid reverts to pure water. Milk is still worse, since it contains lactose, which is diuretic. Tea and coffee are also diuretics by reason of their caffeine, and many herbs used similarly contain potassium nitrate, which acts in the same way. Carbonic acid is also diuretic, which excludes as thirst-quenchers all the gas-charged drinks—beer, champagne-cider, sparkling wines, soda-water. The most objectionable drinks are those that act on both the kidneys and the perspiration, such as hot tea and coffee.

The water best adapted to relieve thirst is thus that which by its saline content approaches nearest in this regard to the composition of artificial serum, that is to say, contains 8 to 10 grams of salt per liter. The alkaline salts of the mineral waters and the natural lemonades—bicarbonates and citrates, are inferior to it, because these are also diuretic. Common salt is preferable, because better retained by the tissues.

To advise drinking salt water to quench thirst may seem a paradox, and yet it is pure truth. Besides, in such slight proportions the salt can scarcely be tasted.

Also, if this quantity of salt (.8 of 1 per cent.) be added to the drinks condemned above, its taste will be totally disguised and the useful effect will be produced. But this proportion must not be exceeded. Above 1 per cent., saline solutions are hypertonic, and provoke thirst anew.

These investigations were made by Dr. Starkenstein to find the best drink to recommend to workmen—glass-founders, miners, etc.—in whose occupations thirst is a torment, the excessive perspiration diminishing their nerve-power and their effective production. He recommends simply the addition to their drink of a slightly heaping coffee-spoonful of salt. It seems to me that each of us, during the heated term, might also do well to make use of his idea.



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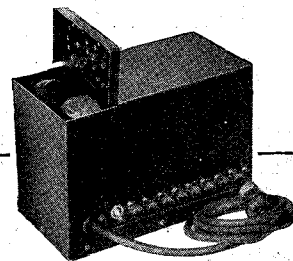
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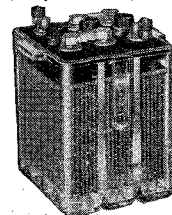
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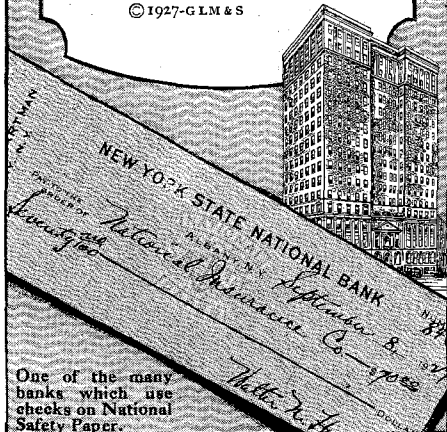
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

EFFECTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN TRADE TREATY

"A VERITABLE economic Locarno" is the enthusiastic term which *Le Soir* of Paris applies to the commercial treaty signed in that city by France and Germany on August 17, after many months of extremely difficult negotiation. German economic experts hail the treaty as "the first practical fruits of the recent international economic conference at Geneva," according to the Berlin correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*. "Business has again made peace while politicians merely talked it," remarks the *New York Nation*. "A treaty such as that which has just been signed," says the *New York Evening Post*, "may well be as important as the treaties of Locarno, when it is founded, as this trade agreement seems to be, upon actual economic needs."

The signing of this treaty was by far the most significant European event of either a political or economic nature in many months, declares Wilbur Forrest, the Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Perhaps it is even more important politically than commercially, he adds, because—

It serves as an opening wedge, not only to political rapprochement between the two great former enemies, but to better relations between Germany and France's eastern European satellites, especially Poland, where the most virulent germs of another European war exist. Tho the agreement is operative for only eighteen months, there can seem to be little doubt, in view of the benefits which are certain to follow for the two countries, that it will be extended for a longer period at the end of that time.

While tariff figures are as yet unannounced, and many must still be voted when the French Parliament reassembles, immediate advantages for the two countries are briefly as follows: French agricultural products hitherto almost barred from the German market may now flow over the German border. While France has little grain for export, she has an abundance of wine, which Germany consumes at the rate of some eight million tons annually.

On the German side chemicals, electrical equipment and mechanical articles, including German toys, will be plainly marked "Made in Germany." German porcelains and many other articles will benefit from France's minimum tariffs. Germany again will set up her consulates in Alsace-Lorraine, and German establishments may locate in certain French colonies and protectorates.

European tariff walls in other directions are sure to fall because of this treaty, Mr. Forrest continues. Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium, which have been waiting for this event, may now be expected to sign commercial treaties with both France and Germany. Out of the "most-favored-nation" clauses in all these treaties, we are

told, a new general tariff is likely to be established, bringing all Europe closer together and perhaps leading "even to a sound commercial treaty between France and the United States."

The signing of the Franco-German commercial treaty is greeted by the *New York World* as "the first breach in the trade barriers which have been raised since the war on the Continent of Europe." We read further:

This agreement foreshadows an increasing complementary relationship between French and German industry, and it is in line with the dovetailing of the German coke industry in the Ruhr with the French iron industry in Lorraine, as effected in the international steel agreement of last autumn. The forging of strong industrial ties in this way between the two countries offers a greater assurance of peace than any other arrangements which diplomacy or statesmanship can devise. It calls to mind Dr. Stresemann's speech of last April to the German machine manufacturers, to whom he declared that "political pacification can be assured only through an economic accord."

The *Chicago Daily News* looks upon the treaty as "the result of negotiations begun three years ago by the Liberal Herriot Government of France," and even suggests that intelligent leaders of industry in France and Germany may have "prompted and guided Briand and Stresemann at both Locarno and Geneva." The *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, however, traces the happy outcome back to the Dawes plan—thus:

The Franco-German trade agreement is the first step in the anti-tariff direction. This agreement would probably have been impossible if France and Germany had not already signed their names to the Locarno security treaties. And the Locarno treaties were made possible by the successful application of the Dawes plan, which had removed the reparations problem as a daily cause of irritation between France and Germany. The Dawes plan is the foundation of Europe's economic peace.

On the far-reaching effects of the treaty the same *Chicago paper* has this to say:

What we have here is the beginning of compliance with the so-called bankers' manifesto issued last fall, when financiers and industrialists of many nations expressed their belief that the creation of a vast system of tariff walls was impeding Europe's recovery. Europe now has a tariff system which injures Europe as much as the United States would be injured if each American State levied a tariff against the products of other States. France and Germany, with high tariff walls between them, have suffered as Illinois and Indiana would suffer if they were separated by tariff walls.

Now the French-German tariff wall is distinctly lowered. And now Germany is expected to turn to France's ally and Germany's continuing enemy, Poland, for a

trade agreement of the same sort. And other nations, too, may join in tearing down tariff walls. In time this work may spread to almost all of Europe and even to the Near East. Should this be done, the nations of western Europe will be able to increase their trade with the backward nations of the Balkans and of Asia Minor. And it is to these eastern countries that western Europe must look for a real stimulation of its prosperity.

In general, each country grants the other tariff concessions on articles which its nationals do not produce, explains *The Nation* of New York, adding with an accent of surprise:

Germany has also agreed to practical exclusion of her citizens from Morocco. Her steamship lines may enter Moroccan ports, but the agencies there may not be conducted by Germans. No better proof than this treaty could be adduced to prove the old adage that misfortune makes brothers of us all. Germany, with the necessity of carrying a huge indemnity and recreating her foreign trade, realizes the need of French markets, while France, staggering under a huge burden of debt and a depressed currency, has to keep her industrial wheels turning or perish.

According to the Treaty of Versailles, the *New York Journal of Commerce* reminds us, Germany was forced to grant one-sided most-favored-nation clauses to all the Allied countries for five years. Early in 1925, however, that compulsion ended, and Germany began getting her materials from former neutral nations. France at once felt the difference. The paper just mentioned continues:

After 1925, the loss of the German market was felt both by the iron mines in Lorraine and the textile industry in Alsace. Irrespective of commercial needs, German industrialists imported their iron ore from Sweden, Spain and other countries, while the imposition of high tariffs made it unprofitable for German importers to purchase semi-manufactured textiles in Alsace. Thus the lack of a commercial treaty between the two countries greatly interfered with economic intercourse.

The new treaty may lead indirectly, the *Chicago Daily News* hopes, to substantial reduction and eventual withdrawal of the Allied armies of occupation in the Rhineland. The *New York Journal of Commerce*, however, takes a different view of that phase of the subject, saying:

If the conduct of foreign affairs were in the hands of bankers, traders and business men, the assumption that economic factors control the political relationships of States would probably fit the facts. But the truth seems to be that evidences of political regeneration are few. The distrust that has proverbially characterized the intercourse of those responsible for guiding the foreign policies of France and Germany has not been dissipated. The fact that German and French traders find a reciprocal advantage in exchanging goods does not in the least convince the nationalistic Frenchman that it is to the interest of his country to reduce the number of French troops that are quartered in the Rhineland. In fact, opposition to a substantial reduction is very strong.



"I want to do something useful, something great for Paris," Napoleon declared to his minister Chaptal. "What do you suggest?"

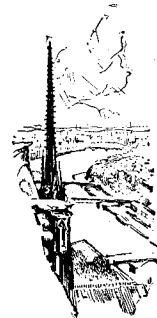
"The city must have a better water supply or growth is impossible," the minister replied. He thereupon described a method for bringing water from the Ourcq River.

"Good!" exclaimed Napoleon. "Send five hundred men to La Villette tomorrow to start digging."

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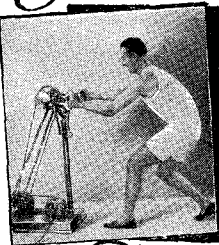
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

HOW BUYING FOR SCHOOL BOOSTS BUSINESS

SOMETHING like three-quarters of a billion dollars is being put into the tills of American merchants during these weeks when the school season is opening through the outfitting of boys and girls and young men and women for school and college. In fact Mr. J. C. Royle remarks in a Consolidated Press Dispatch from New York that this estimate is most conservative. There is the shoe item alone, which will account for many millions. Somebody has estimated that 75,000,000 pairs of so-called school shoes are worn out each school year. Of course some of the buying is accounted for by the regular seasonal change from summer to fall clothing, "but nearly every young person of school age will have some article which the starting of school specially imposes." As Mr. Royle goes on to say:

This school-buying is a regular affair and manufacturers, distributors, and retailers prepare for it as such, but there are indications that the buying will be on a slightly broader scale than usual this season. Prosperity exists in most of the sections of the country and even in those where conditions have not been specially good the buying power has not been impaired.

Conditions have shown marked and rapid improvement in the shoe industry. Factories in New England and the Middle West and other sections of the country are working at full speed. Stocks in the hands of retailers are not high and the demand is brisk. The hide and leather markets have advanced and the position of those commodities is very firm. Prices of shoes also are firm.

The hosiery manufacturers fully are prepared for the demand for silk and wool stockings. The knit-goods trades expect to do very well owing to the demand for sweaters and jersey-cloth dresses. Cotton has advanced and rayon is firm, but wool has shown only moderate rises in price recently. Prices of shirts and collars have not shown any marked changes, altho there have been some price cuts in the latter articles. Silk hosiery is a factor in the clothing of all female inhabitants, even the children, at present.

The new styles of rubber footwear promise to advance sales of rubbers and overshoes materially while the raincoats and waterproofed fabrics will come in for wide attention. Cap manufacturers have put themselves in a position to supply a heavy demand for boys' head coverings. The woolen-goods manufacturers are still unsatisfied with the situation, but prices for the cloth have failed to show advances.

The vogue for football has resulted in the stocking up of large quantities of football equipment by the department stores and sporting-goods houses in the boys' sizes.

The opening of the school year also means the expenditure of millions of dollars for books. In some cases the school authorities are the buyers and in some cases the parents, but the sales are registered none the less.

It is the best season of the year for sales



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One of the most delightful books on China ever published, appearing at a time when public interest in the "Celestial Empire" is aroused to an extent unequaled since the Boxer Rebellion in 1900.

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The author, an American girl who went to China, learned Chinese, read Chinese books, prayed in Chinese temples, ate Chinese food and lived with the Chinese, presents a charming story of her personal experiences and graphically describes the little known things regarding the habits, customs, arts, and every-day life of the Chinese.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ENGRAVINGS

It is surprising what a mass of accurate and unusually interesting information the author provides. A number of photographic illustrations prove fascinating, while the explanations of various art objects, many of which are illustrated, permit one who has Chinese curios and antiques to identify them and perhaps read their symbols and markings.

PRAISED AT HOME AND ABROAD

"A Griffin in China" offers a fascinating close-up of China, old and new, presented in an appealing manner."—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times*.

"This particular foreigner saw a lot in China—her immemorial customs, her people, and her reactions to the onslaught of Western Civilization. Miss Wimsatt writes with grace and distinction."—*John O'London's Weekly, London*.

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of writing paper, and this industry has been none too well situated for some time and needs all the encouragement it can find this fall.

The school-furniture companies are now through with the big part of their year, but there will continue to be large reorders until the number of pupils is thoroughly determined in each section and seating arrangements are made advantageously.

The bus manufacturers anticipate a big volume of sales as a result of the trend toward the use of buses to carry children to and from school in various localities. There were 32,778 school buses in operation in this country last season.

OUR RAILWAYS AS A "COOPERATIVE ENTERPRISE"

THE railways as they were conducted last year were "the country's greatest cooperative enterprise," declares *The Railway Age*, commenting on some final statistics for 1926 that have only recently become available. A great cooperative enterprise should, it remarks, "yield increased benefits to everybody concerned, and this the railways did":

The largest beneficiary was the public. The average rate per ton per mile it paid declined from 1.098 cents in 1925 to 1.082 cents in 1926. This may seem a small decline, but applied to the freight business handled it saved the public about \$120,000,000. In addition, the public collected an increase of about \$30,200,000 in taxes, making the total amount that it saved in rates and secured through increased taxes about \$150,000,000.

In spite of the reduction of rates there was an increase in total earnings due to the handling of a largely increased traffic. Deducting the increase in taxes which the public got from the increase of \$257,000,000 in earnings leaves \$227,000,000 of the increase in earnings to be accounted for. Over \$96,600,000 of this was received by employees in increased wages, there having been an increase in the number of employees and also an advance in their average compensation. There was a decline in purchases of coal, but an increase in purchases of materials and supplies which made the net increase in the purchases of materials, etc., for operating purposes about \$32,000,000. Almost \$5,500,000 more was paid out in equipment and joint facility rentals, and there were other increased expenses amounting to about \$1,000,000, which left for the owners \$92,000,000 increased net operating income.

The benefits to public, employees and owners mentioned aggregated \$339,000,000, of which the public received 44 per cent., the employees 28.5 per cent., and the owners 27.5 per cent. The investment of capital and the cooperation of shippers and employees with the railways made increased efficiency of operation possible. This increased efficiency of operation promoted the welfare of all concerned, and it is the only thing that ever has or ever will do so.

His Worst Enemy.—A flat guaranty of \$300,000 or 40 per cent. of the gate receipts has been offered Jack Sharkey for a return battle with Jack Sharkey by Tom Goodwin, matchmaker of the Suffolk A. A. of Boston.
—Unidentified Clipping.



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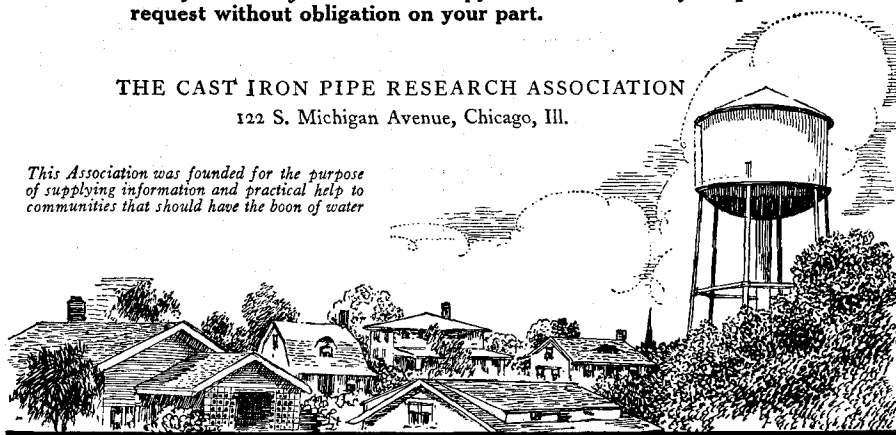
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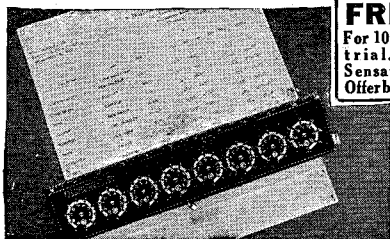
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 23.—Miss Florence Anderson, of Los Angeles, is wounded by bandits attacking a Southern Pacific train near Acaponeta, Nayarit, Mexico, and dies two days later in a hospital.

August 24.—Twelve persons are killed and twenty injured in a wreck on the Southern Railway of England.

Mayor James J. Walker, of New York City, reaches Berlin on his European tour.

August 25.—Fifteen persons are killed and forty injured (including two Americans) in a wreck on the Mont Blanc cog railway.

It is announced that the Cosgrave Ministry has won both of the by-elections held in Ireland on August 24, and that a general election is called for September 15 preparatory to the meeting of a new Parliament on October 11.

During the Japanese naval maneuvers in the Sea of Japan, four war-ships crash, one of them sinking, and 129 Japanese officers and men lose their lives.

The Northern Chinese Army under Gen. Sun Chuan-fang crosses the Yangtze River between Nanking and Chinkiang.

August 26.—A Red uprising is reported in the Mexican State of Jalisco.

J. St. Loe Strachey, editor and journalist, dies in London at the age of sixty-seven.

August 28.—Edward F. Schlee and William S. Brock, of Detroit, arrive in Croydon, England, after a twenty-three-hour flight from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on their air tour around the world in the monoplane *Pride of Detroit*.

James J. Walsh, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, resigns from the Irish Cabinet.

August 29.—Viscount Cecil of Chelwood resigns from the British Cabinet.

Brock and Schlee, world flyers, leave Croydon and reach Munich.

DOMESTIC

August 24.—It is announced in New York that the Mackay Companies have purchased the Federal Telegraph Company with its radio communication system on the Pacific coast and elsewhere.

Charles H. Tuttle, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, speaking in Atlantic City, calls our system of criminal procedure a disgrace and a menace.

August 25.—Paul Redfern leaves Brunswick, Georgia, alone in the monoplane, *Port of Brunswick*, on a 4,600-mile non-stop flight to Rio de Janeiro.

Edward F. Schlee and William S. Brock leave Curtiss Field near New York on the first lap of their round-the-world flight in the *Pride of Detroit* and land at Old Orchard, Maine.

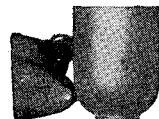
Schlee and Brock leave Old Orchard, Maine, and reach Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

August 27.—Robert T. Jones wins the national amateur golf championship at Minneapolis.

The world flyers, Brock and Schlee, leave Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.



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—Boston Transcript

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications

abnormal.—"J. E." Bridgeton, N. J.—*Abnormal* means deviating from the normal. A person described as "abnormal" may be either above or below the normal; if above, he is correctly described as *supranormal*; if below, as *subnormal*.

automotive.—"J. B. B." Brooklyn, N. Y.—The correct pronunciation is *au'to-mo'tiv*—au as in *haul*, first o as in *obey*, second o as in *go*, i as in *habit*.

Beau Geste.—"E. G. R." Ishpeming, Mich.—This is a heroic deed. The correct pronunciation of the phrase is *bo jest*—o as in *go*, e as in *get*.

buckaroo.—"C. J. D." White Plains, N. Y.—The word *buckaroo* is a variant spelling of the word *buckayro*, which is a corruption of the Spanish (or Mexican) *vagüero*, and means a cowboy, or herdsman. In Spanish, the letter *v* is sounded quite like our letter *b*; and as the accent is on the second syllable in this word, *que*, the corrupted spelling *buckayro* is quite understandable. Further corruption has produced *buckaroo*.

condiment.—"E. R." Okmulgee County, Okla.—Educated persons pronounce the word *condiment* with the accent on the first syllable. It has been so pronounced ever since the dictionaries indicated the correct pronunciation of words.

hiccough.—"R. G. U." Delavan, Wis.—There is no dispute among lexicographers as to the preferred and etymologically correct spelling of the word *hiccup*. The spelling *hiccough* was introduced in the seventeenth century under the erroneous assumption that since the manifestation of the ailment somewhat resembled a cough, the spelling at least should indicate that view-point, but the pronunciation remained unchanged.

The origin of the term was undoubtedly onomatopoeic; therefore, in early English there were various pronunciations, and a great variety of spellings for these pronunciations.

The early terms for the ailment were *hick*, *hicket*, *hickcock*, and *hiccup* (or *hickup*), and no less than twenty-nine spellings to indicate these sounds are recorded. Of all of these spellings the one that has persisted through the years is *hiccup*.

medieval.—"T. B. M." Kansas City, Mo.—The preferred pronunciation is in four syllables, *mi'di-é-val*—first and third *i*'s as in *police*, second *i* as in *habit*, a as in *final*. An alternate pronunciation is *med'i-é-val*—e as in *get*, first *i* as in *habit*, second *i* as in *police*, a as in *final*.

mile, Easter day.—"S. E. S." Laurel Hill, Fla.—(1) The *mile* was of standard length long before the *yard* was in use, for it was established before the Norman invasion of England, while the *yard* was not standardized until the reign of Henry I.

(2) *Easter day*, according to the decree of the Council of Nice, is the first Sunday after the paschal full moon, that is, the full moon that occurs on the day of the vernal equinox, March 21, or on any of the 28 days following that date. Consequently, the earliest date on which Easter can fall is March 22, and the latest is April 25. It is considered the great movable feast of the Christian year.

noblesse oblige.—"H. B. L." Schenectady, N. Y.—This expression means, "nobility obliges: a phrase implying that nobility of birth makes a high standard of conduct obligatory." The phrase is pronounced *no'bles' o'blig'*—o's as in *go*, e as in *get*, i as in *police*, z as in *azure*.

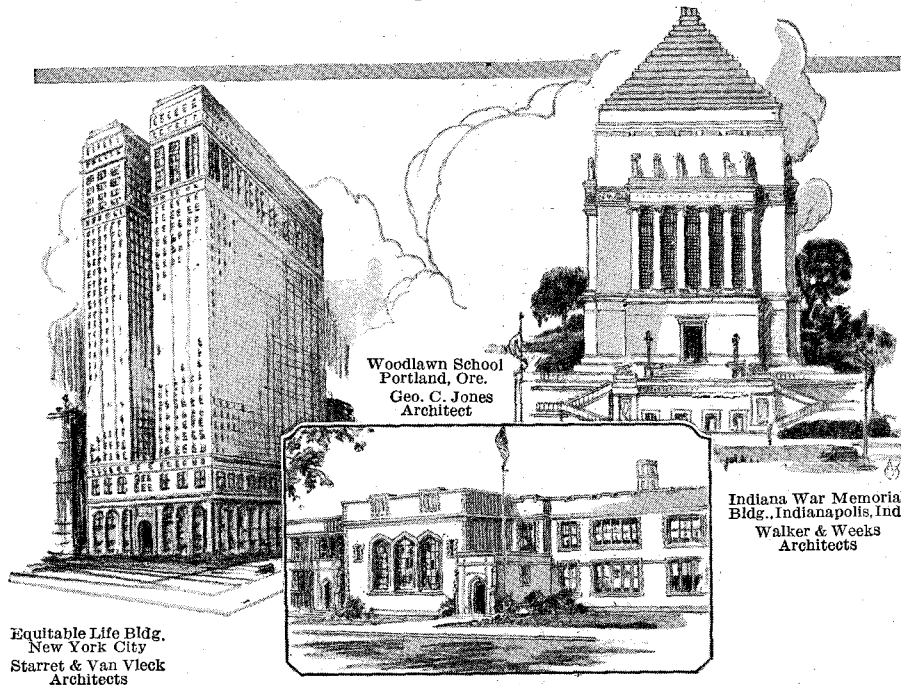
Peabody.—"W. W." Morristown, Tenn.—This name is correctly pronounced *pi'bod-i*—first *i* as in *machine*, o as in *got*, second *i* as in *habit*.

plant, plantation.—"M. G. D." East Chicago, Ind.—*Plant* and *plantation* are both words that we have taken directly into our language from the Latin, the second term being used by Pliny, at least, to mean a planting. Naturally, *plantation* is the later term, and was derived from *plant*, not from *plan*.

subjunctive.—"K. B. E." Los Angeles, Calif.—The subjunctive *were* is the grammatically correct verb to use in the sentence you submit—"Even if the contract in question *were* between companies who were dealing at arm's length, etc."

Sunday.—"C. B. V." Chihuahua, Mex.—The observance of Sunday as the Christian Sabbath, or day of rest and worship, dates from the time of Paul in celebration of the day of Resurrection—the Lord's Day—as distinct from the Hebrew Sabbath which preceded it—our Saturday. In the second or fourth century A.D. (authorities differ), the Roman emperor officially determined that the first day of the week should be Sunday. In the light of this, the Lexicographer is at a loss to explain the significance of the Mexican calendars to which you refer placing Sunday as the seventh day.

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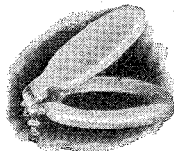
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Tweet! Tweet!—Fires that sweep the swamps may burn the nests of woodchuck and other birds.—*New York Times*.

Instalment Eats?—The ideal home is one where the only things they ever get on time are the meals.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Where the Shoe Pinches.—"My wife has run away with a man in my car!" "Good heavens! Not your new car?"—*Keystone Motorist*.

Flying Tigers.—It takes about fourteen days for the mosquito eggs to develop into man-eating mosquitoes.—*Pine Bluff (Ark.) paper*.

Nice and Homey.—SHE—"I'll be a sister to you." HE—"All right, sis, lend me a quarter."—*Life*.

Cold Dogs.—FOR SALE—Reasonably, practically new police puppies, 2 mos. old; subject to refrigeration.—*Ad in the Atlanta Journal*.

Easily Satisfied.—POLICEMAN—"Yer can't go there, Miss; it's a one-way street." LADY—"But I only want to go one way."—*Punch*.

Naughty Bullet.—Tacoma, July 27.—By Associated Press.—William H. Thompson, federal Prohibition officer, was shot and probably wounded.—*Unidentified clipping*.

Life's Darkest Moment.—SERVANT—"My lord, Messire Poloni Spaghetti has called." BORGIA—"Confoundit! And there isn't a drop of poison in the house."—*London Opinion*.

Dolling Up the Bow-Wows.—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$7,000 to assure more artistic hot-dog stands seems to indicate that the best is none too good for the wurst.—*Mexico City News of the World*.

Speaking of Comfort.—The first large floor will seat 600 persons, then there is a double gallery that will seat an additional number of people with upholstered seats.—*Credited by the Macon Telegraph to a West Virginia paper*.

We Know That Attitude—Dear daughter's attitude toward bed, Her ma doth surely peeve; She thinks that it's no place to go— And it's no place to leave. —*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Spilling the Lingo.—They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in Greek, but their laughter changed to astonishment at my ready reply. "I wanna roasta bif san'wich, str-r-rom-berry pie, two cup skawfee," was the simple and clear statement I made without hesitation.—*Life*.

Modern Magic.—Jud Tunkins says you can't get something for nothing unless you run a restaurant with a cover charge.—*Washington Star*.

Agin' Everything Wet.—New Market, July 7.—The Indiana Anti-Salmon League will furnish the speaker for Sunday night's services.—*Crawfordsville (Ind.) Paper*.

Matutinal Warbler.—A prominent vocalist says that when singing we should clench something in our hands. We generally do. It's the soap.—*Boston Transcript*.

Lord of Creation.—MAN—with wife and team to work on farm.—*Ad in a Rhode Island paper*.

Turn Out the Gas.—ESKIMO PAPA—"Great scott, Mabel—is that sheik gonna stay all night? He's been here two months already!"—*Life*.

Line Forms on the Right.—Have position open for a typist. Would prefer one who can take dictation. Salary \$90,000 per month.—*Ad in the Galveston News*.

Not Even an Empty?—"De invention of de safety razor," said Uncle Eben, "stopt a little of de killin'; but dar ain' no sech thing as a safety hip-flask."—*Washington Star*.

Lifting the Fallen.—Members and fiends are urged to attend the Sunday school and Bible class which will continue as usual at 10:00 A. M.—*Church notice in a Montana paper*.

Uplift Worker.—HE—"Yes, my father has contributed very much to the raising of the working classes." SHE—"Is he a socialist?" HE—"No, he makes alarm clocks."—*Buen Humor, (Madrid)*.

One on the Cop.—COP ON SHORE—"I'm going to arrest you when you come out of there." MAN IN WATER—"Ha. Ha. I'm not coming out. I'm committing suicide."—*Yellow Jacket*.

Trying to Beat the Game.—SHE (at beach)—"It's awful to meet one of the boys you were engaged to last summer." HER FRIEND—"It must be." SHE—"I just ran across Dick and he wanted the old engagement renewed without giving up a new ring."—*Boston Transcript*.

Resuming a Habit?—For the first time in several months, County Judge Frank G. Mirick late Friday married Mrs. Manilla Roberts and Virgil A. Bailey, both of Pueblo.—*Pueblo (Col.) paper*.

New Virtue.—SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (giving moral lesson to class)—"And what qualities should you ask God to give you as you grow up? Truth, Honesty, and what else?" WISE CHILD—"Sales resistance."—*Life*.

Time for a Hot-dog Castle.—The town is growing by leaps and bounds, and if we can stir up a few more enterprising business men we will be a "city" before we know it. The latest additions are Mr. Alfred E. Ericksens Second Hand Store and Mr. Con Gronseth's Shoe Shining Stand. Who's next with some new line of business?—*Sutton's Bay (Mich.) paper*.



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LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER: "That young Smithers is calling on Sally again, and they've turned out the light."—*Life*.

Studies and Splashes.—Wanted to rent 3-room apartment furnished or unfurnished, with access to bath by school teacher.—*Ad in an Ohio paper*.

No Hurry, Here's Your Hat.—Des Moines Register, telling of Ban Johnson's resignation: "The resignation, which is to become effective on or before November 1, 1927, or earlier if possible."—*Denison (Ia.) Bulletin*.

Spur to Agility.—"Darling," she said, breathlessly, "one feels as we speed along that life is really and truly worth living." "Yes," he replied, "and, judging from the way the pedestrians dodge us, they feel that way, too."—*Weekly Scotsman*.

Deserve the Worst.—MOLLY—"Won't you play something more, Professor?" THE PROFESSOR—"It's getting late. I shall disturb the neighbors." MOLLY—"Oh, it doesn't matter about them—they poisoned our cat last week!"—*Passing Show (London)*.